MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 26

DECEMBER

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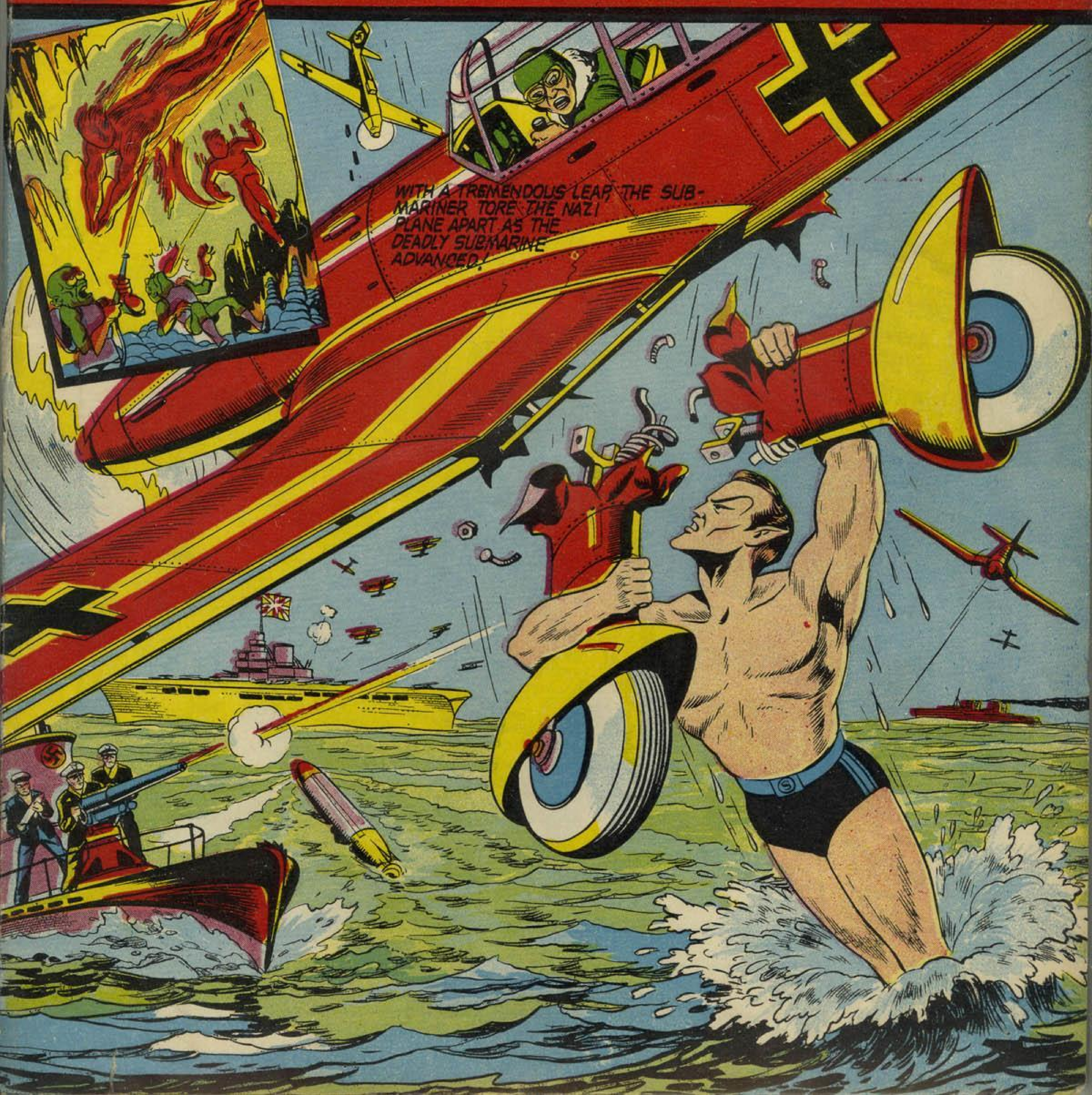

WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP THE SUB-MARINER TORE THE NAZI PLANE APART AS THE DEADLY SUBMARINE ADVANCED!

Smashing THRU AGAIN!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THE MAGAZINE YOU PROCLAIMED the KING OF COMICS!

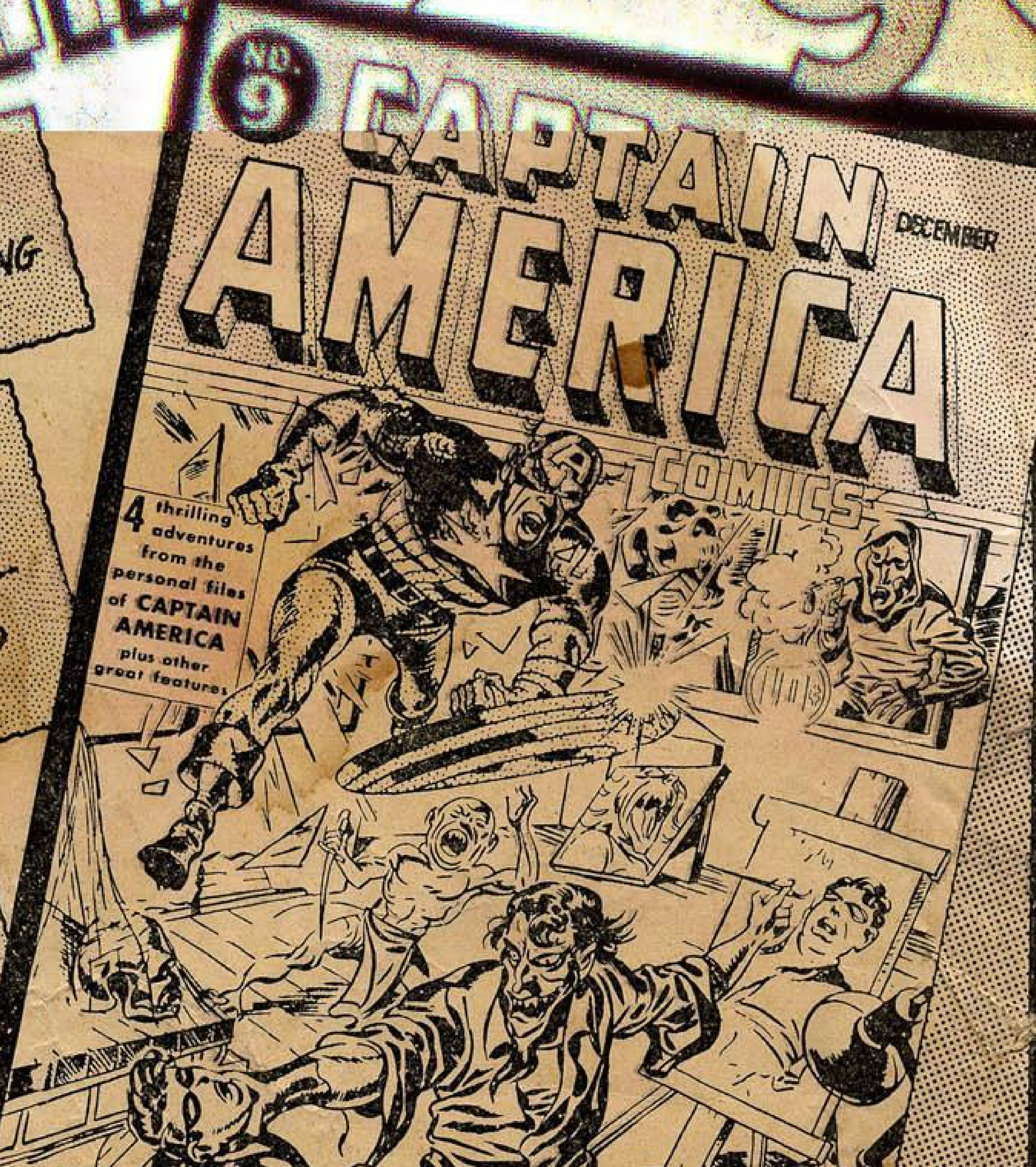
No 9

The GREAT, NEW CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS, ALLIED WITH NEWER, MORE AMAZING STORIES THAN EVER!

In THIS ISSUE, MEET THE MOST SINISTER MENACE OF ALL TIME AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE CONFRONTED BY -- THE BLACK TALON -- DEMON KILLER WHO CAN NOT BE STOPPED! -- AND THREE OTHER CAPTAIN AMERICA THRILLERS!!

Also SUCH GREAT, EXCITING CHARACTERS AS --- FATHER TIME HEADLINE HUNTER *and* HURRICANE AND A FULL PAGE OF SENTINEL *of* LIBERTY NEWS!

DON'T MISS THIS BIG ISSUE!!


No 9
CAPTAIN AMERICA
DECEMBER
COMICS
4 thrilling adventures from the personal files of CAPTAIN AMERICA plus other great features

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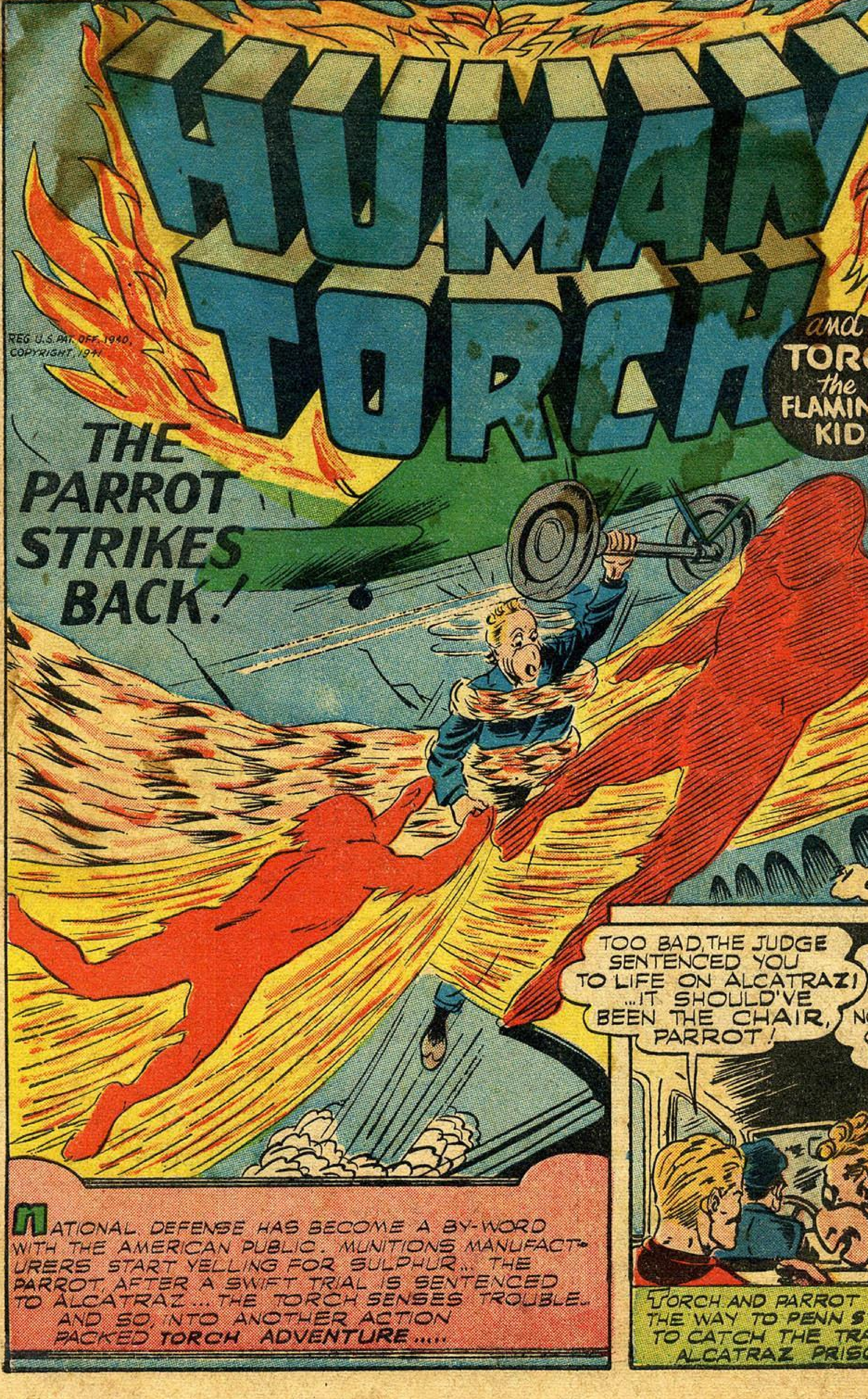
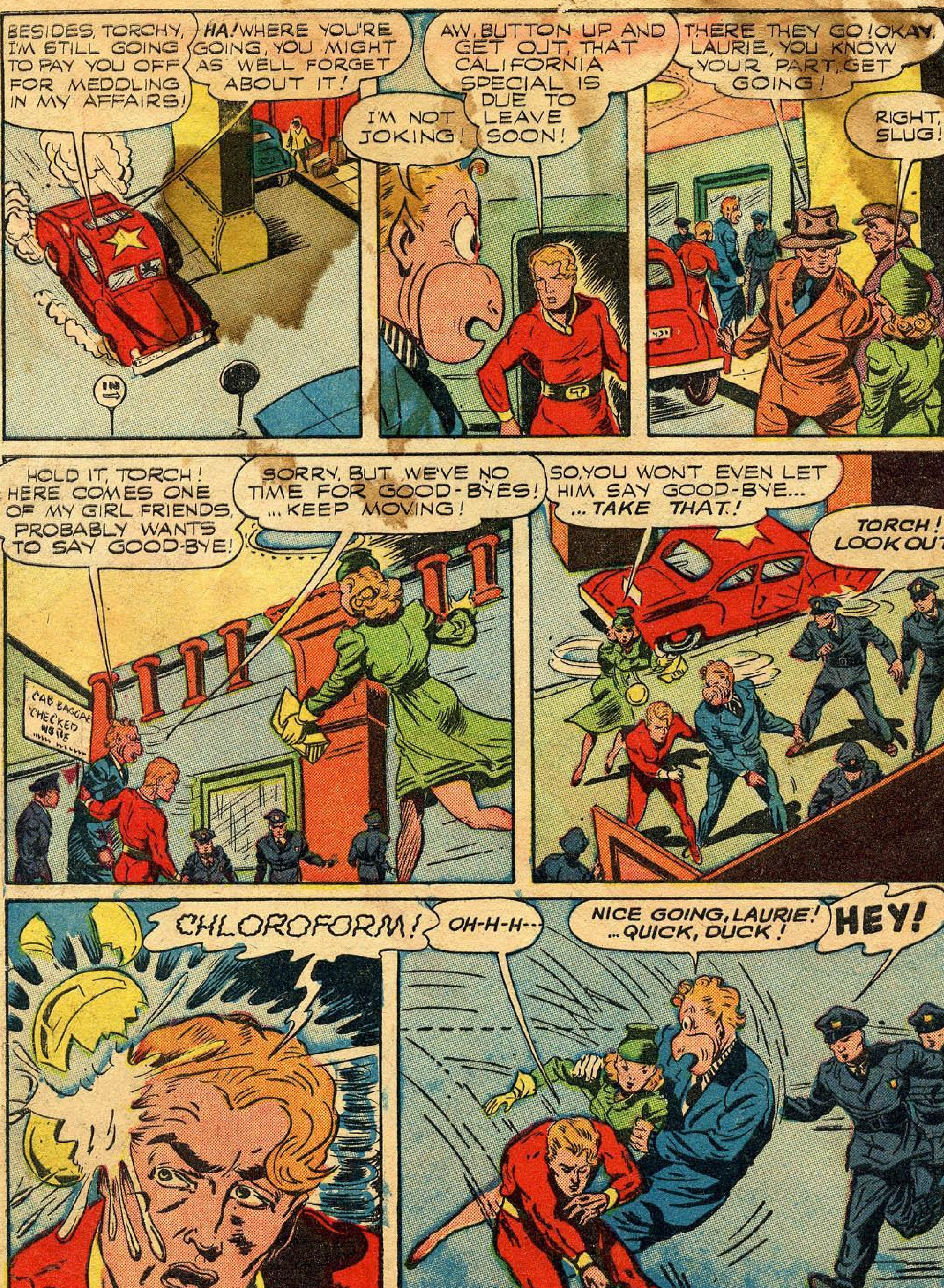
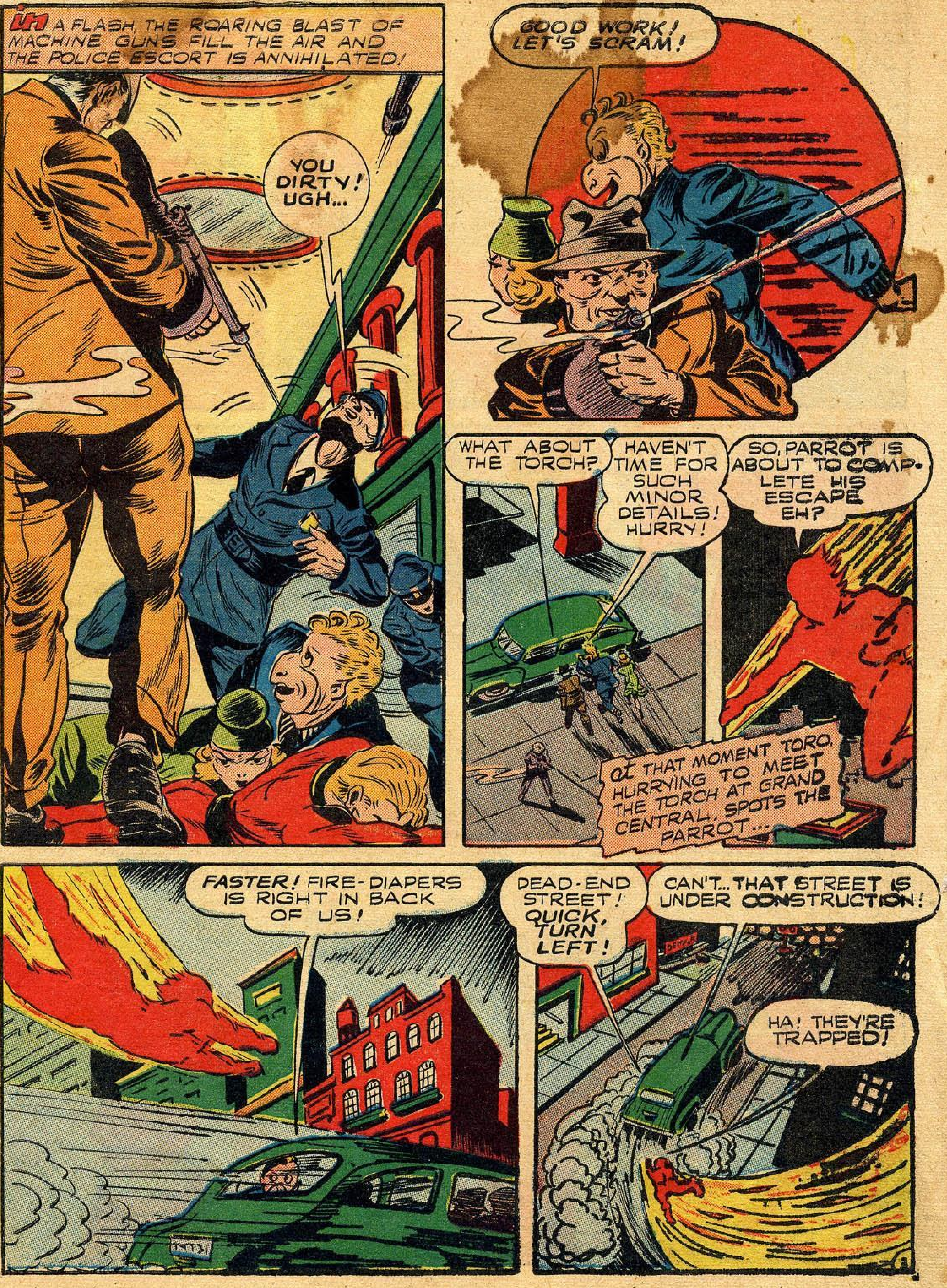
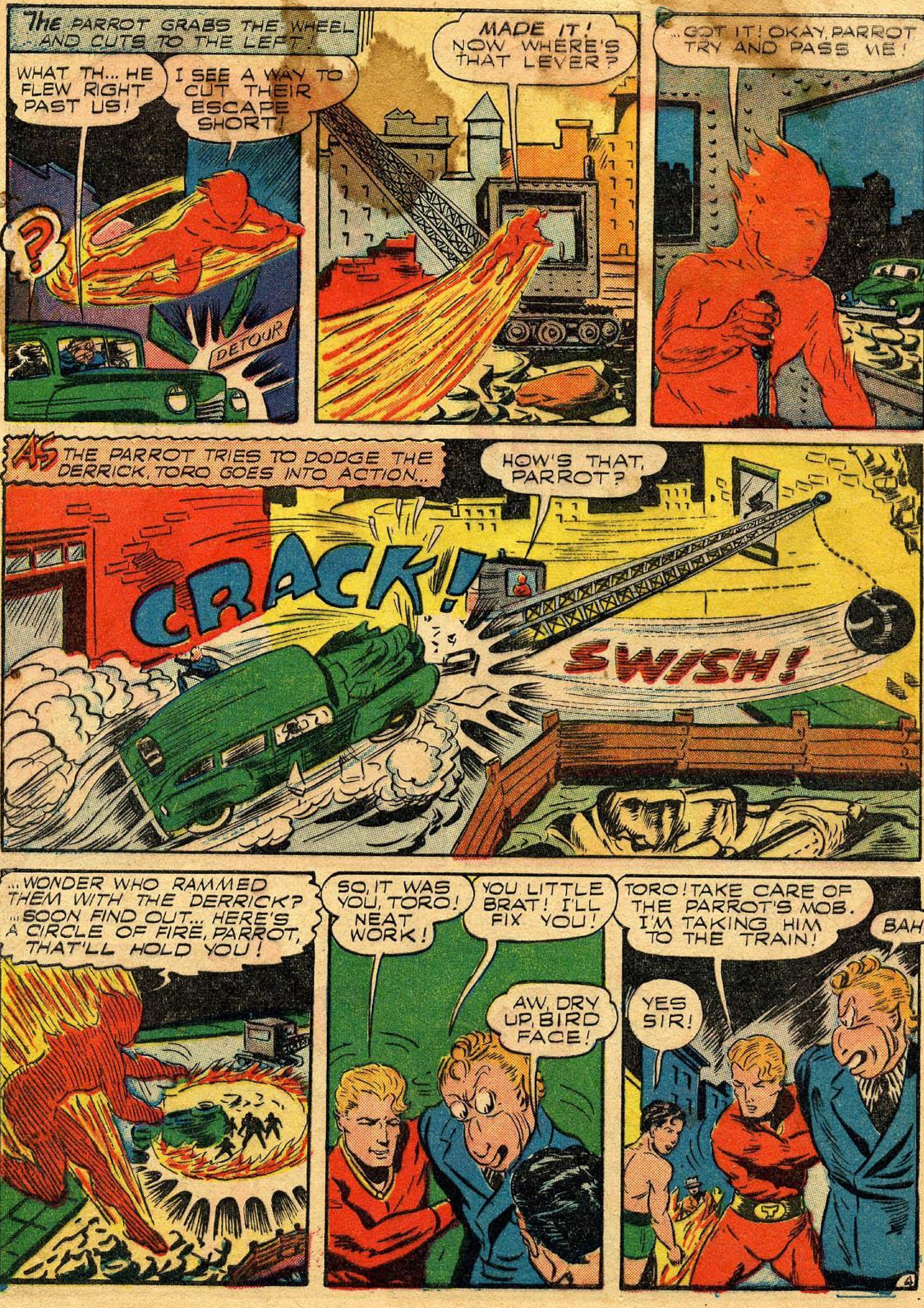
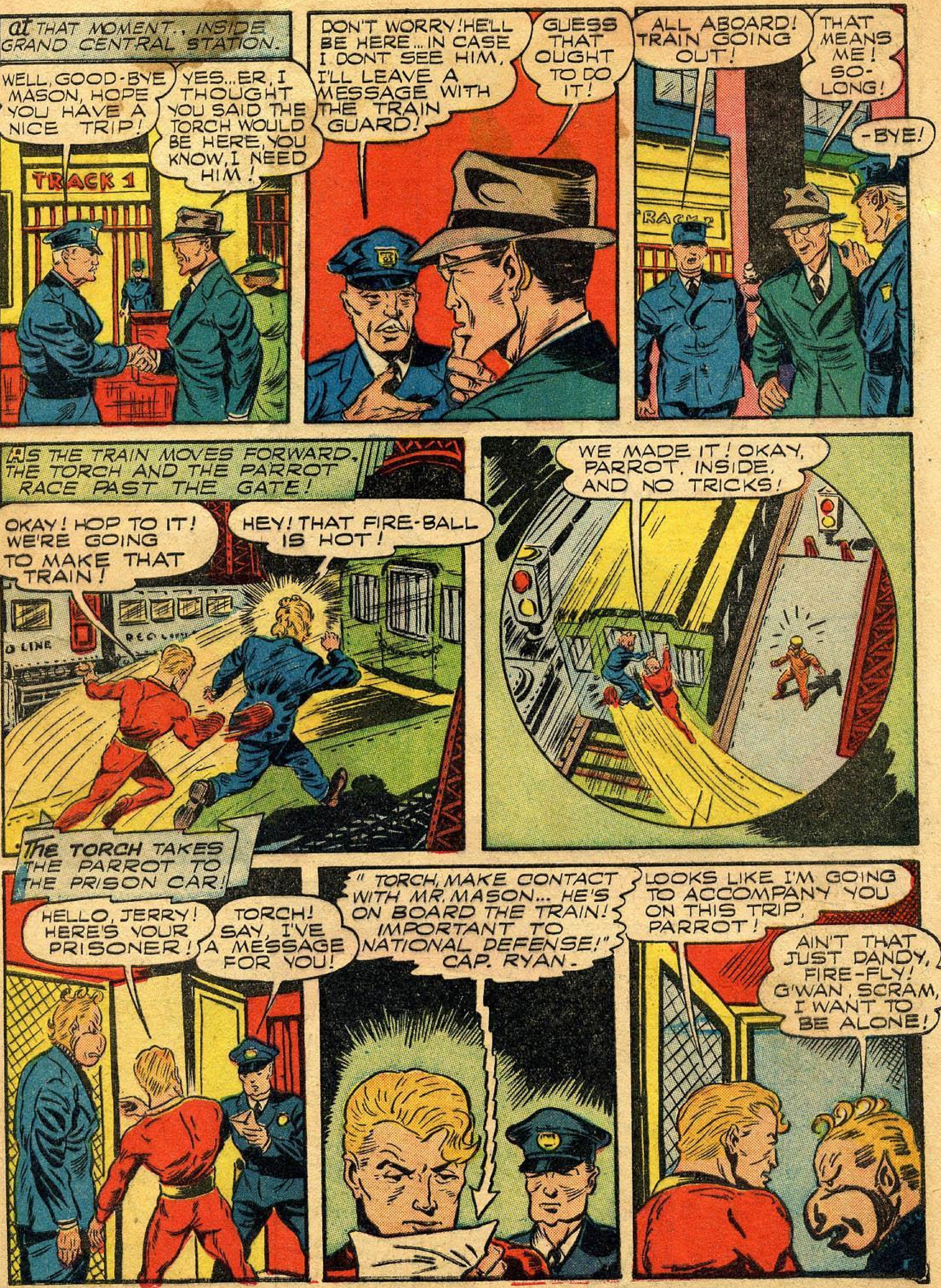
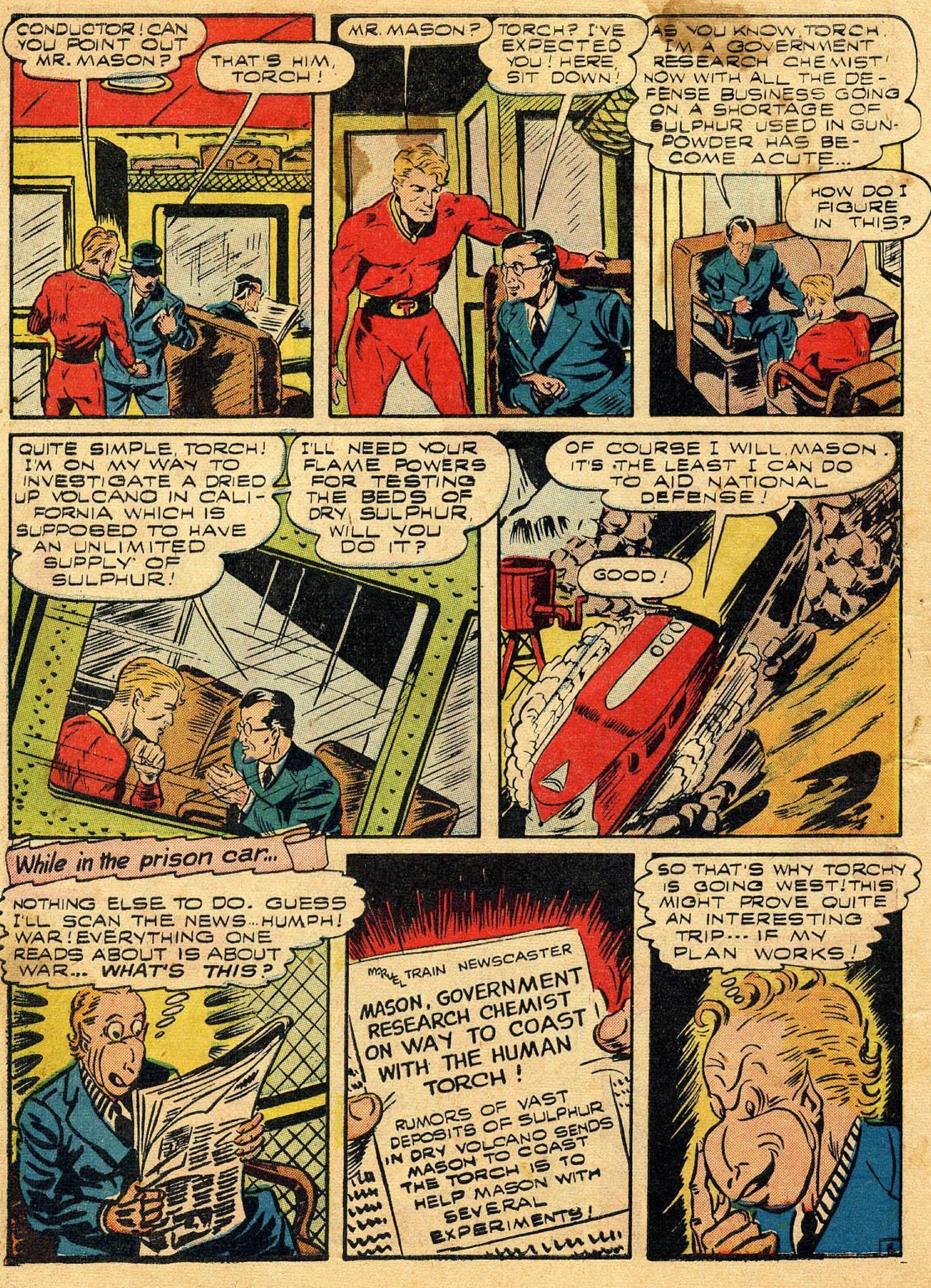

HUMAN TORCH
and TORO the FLAMING KID
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940, COPYRIGHT 1941
THE PARROT STRIKES BACK!
BY CARL BURGOS
NATIONAL DEFENSE HAS BECOME A BY-WORD WITH THE AMERICAN PUBLIC. MUNITIONS MANUFACTURERS START YELLING FOR SULPHUR... THE PARROT, AFTER A SWIFT TRIAL IS SENTENCED TO ALCATRAZ... THE TORCH SENSES TROUBLE... AND SO, INTO ANOTHER ACTION PACKED TORCH ADVENTURE.....
TOO BAD, THE JUDGE SENTENCED YOU TO LIFE ON ALCATRAZ! ...IT SHOULD'VE BEEN THE CHAIR, PARROT!
BAH! THE HOT-SEAT IS ONLY FOR CHUMPS... NOT MASTER CRIMINALS, LIKE ME!
TORCH AND PARROT ARE ON THE WAY TO PENN STATION TO CATCH THE TRAIN FOR ALCATRAZ PRISON.
1

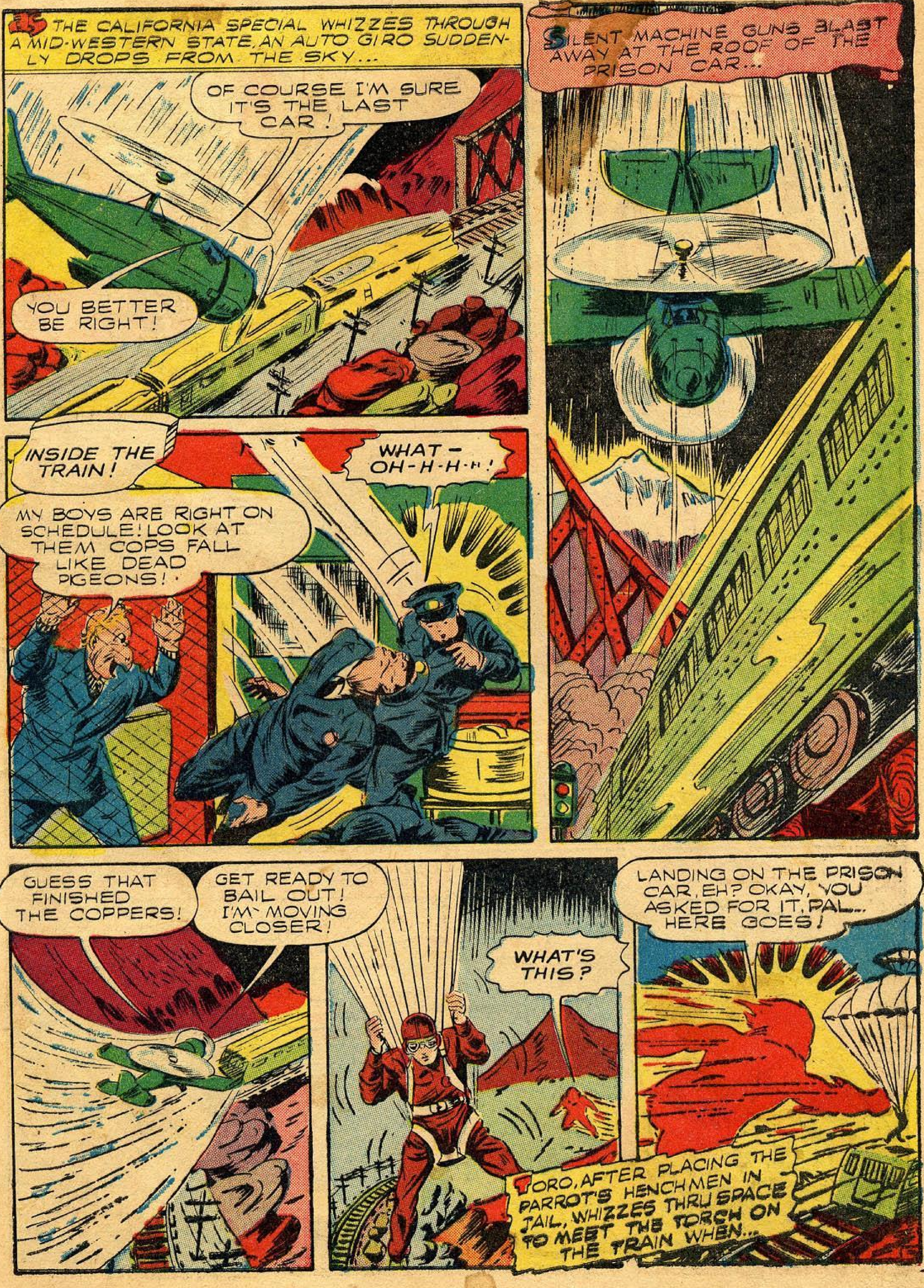

BESIDES, TORCHY, I'M STILL GOING TO PAY YOU OFF FOR MEDDLING IN MY AFFAIRS!
HA! WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU MIGHT AS WELL FORGET ABOUT IT!
IN
I'M NOT JOKING!
AW, BUTTON UP AND GET OUT, THAT CALIFORNIA SPECIAL IS DUE TO LEAVE SOON!
THERE THEY GO! OKAY, LAURIE, YOU KNOW YOUR PART, GET GOING!
RIGHT, SLUG!
HOLD IT, TORCH! HERE COMES ONE OF MY GIRL FRIENDS, PROBABLY WANTS TO SAY GOOD-BYE!
SORRY, BUT WE'VE NO TIME FOR GOOD-BYES! ...KEEP MOVING!
CAB BAGGAGE CHECKED HERE
SO, YOU WONT EVEN LET HIM SAY GOOD-BYE... ...TAKE THAT.!
TORCH! LOOK OUT!
CHLOROFORM!
OH-H-H--
NICE GOING, LAURIE! ...QUICK, DUCK!
HEY!

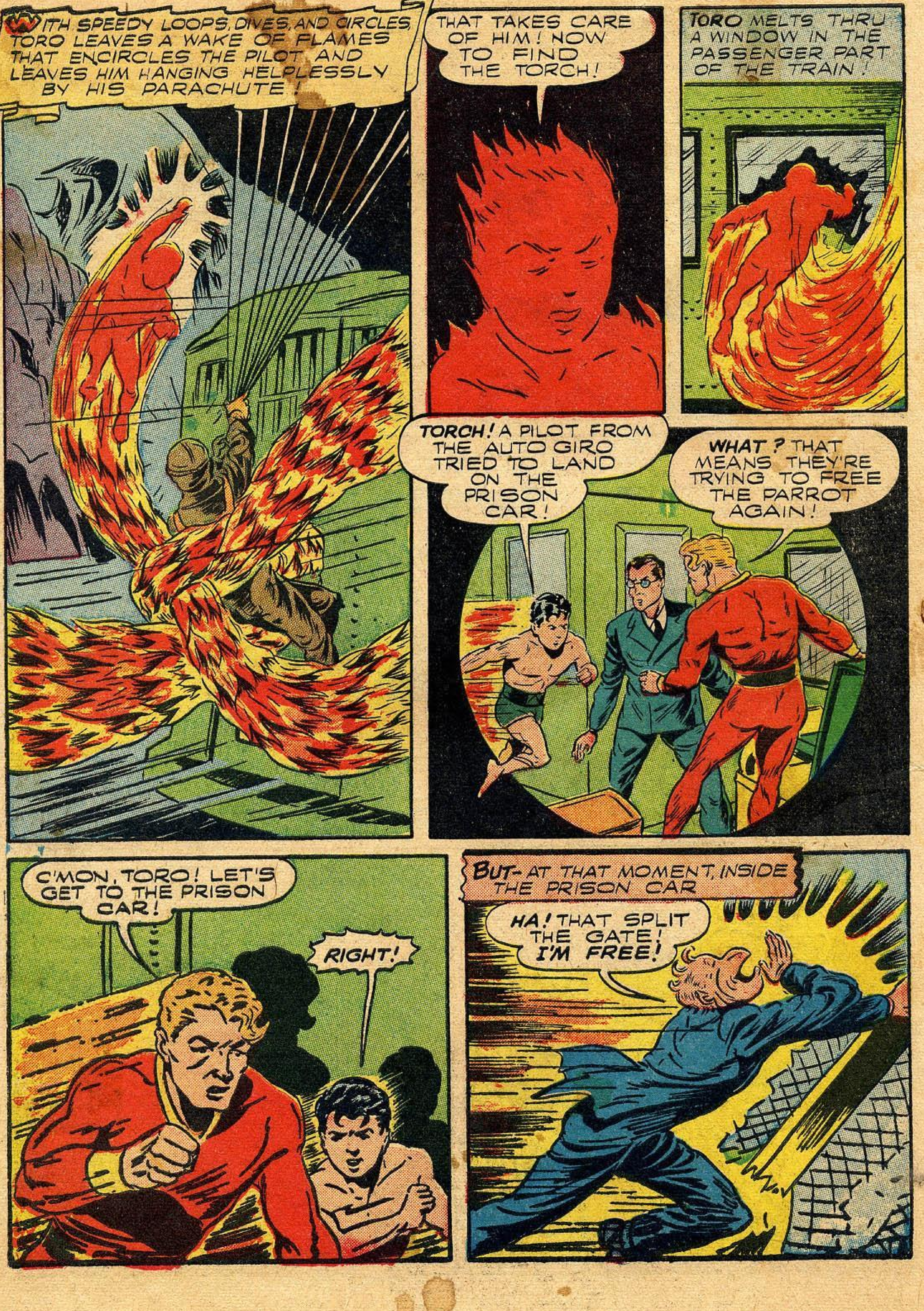

IN A FLASH, THE ROARING BLAST OF MACHINE GUNS FILL THE AIR AND THE POLICE ESCORT IS ANNIHILATED!
YOU DIRTY! UGH...
GOOD WORK! LET'S SCRAM!
WHAT ABOUT THE TORCH?
HAVEN'T TIME FOR SUCH MINOR DETAILS! HURRY!
AT THAT MOMENT TORO, HURRYING TO MEET THE TORCH AT GRAND CENTRAL, SPOTS THE PARROT...
SO, PARROT IS ABOUT TO COMPLETE HIS ESCAPE EH?
FASTER! FIRE-DIAPERS IS RIGHT IN BACK OF US!
DEAD-END STREET! QUICK, TURN LEFT!
CAN'T... THAT STREET IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION!
HA! THEY'RE TRAPPED!

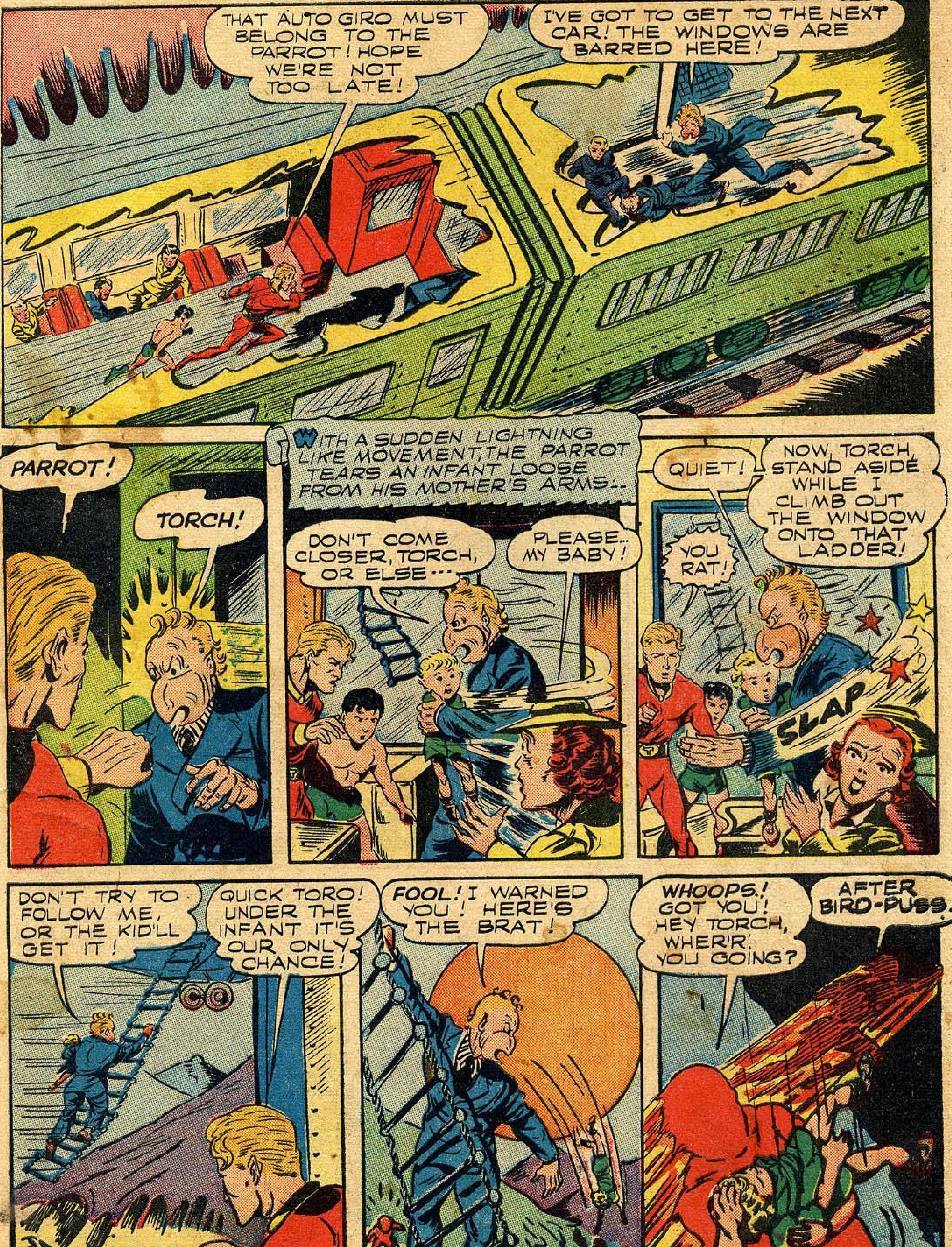

The PARROT GRABS THE WHEEL AND CUTS TO THE LEFT!
WHAT TH... HE FLEW RIGHT PAST US!
I SEE A WAY TO CUT THEIR ESCAPE SHORT!
?
DETOUR
MADE IT! NOW WHERE'S THAT LEVER?
...GOT IT! OKAY, PARROT TRY AND PASS ME!
AS THE PARROT TRIES TO DODGE THE DERRICK, TORO GOES INTO ACTION..
HOW'S THAT, PARROT?
CRACK!
SWISH!
...WONDER WHO RAMMED THEM WITH THE DERRICK? ...SOON FIND OUT... HERE'S A CIRCLE OF FIRE, PARROT, THAT'LL HOLD YOU!
SO, IT WAS YOU, TORO! NEAT WORK!
YOU LITTLE BRAT! I'LL FIX YOU!
AW, DRY UP, BIRD FACE!
TORO! TAKE CARE OF THE PARROT'S MOB. I'M TAKING HIM TO THE TRAIN!
BAH!
YES SIR!

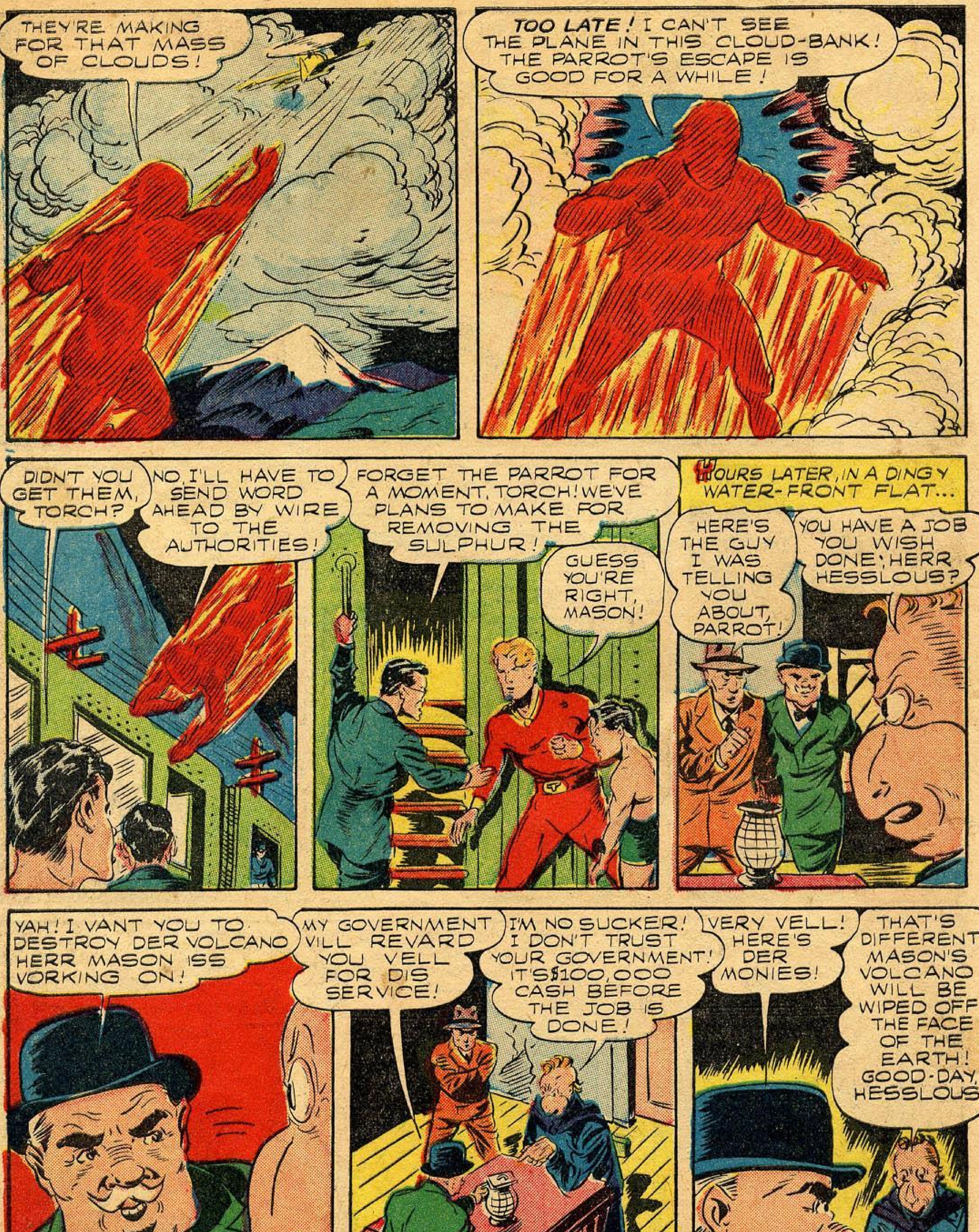

AT THAT MOMENT.. INSIDE GRAND CENTRAL STATION.
WELL, GOOD-BYE MASON, HOPE YOU HAVE A NICE TRIP!
YES...ER, I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE TORCH WOULD BE HERE, YOU KNOW, I NEED HIM!
TRACK 1
DON'T WORRY! HE'LL BE HERE... IN CASE I DONT SEE HIM, I'LL LEAVE A MESSAGE WITH THE TRAIN GUARD!
GUESS THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!
ALL ABOARD! TRAIN GOING OUT!
THAT MEANS ME! SO-LONG!
-BYE!
TRACK 2
AS THE TRAIN MOVES FORWARD. THE TORCH AND THE PARROT RACE PAST THE GATE!
OKAY! HOP TO IT! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THAT TRAIN!
HEY! THAT FIRE-BALL IS HOT!
O-LINE
WE MADE IT! OKAY, PARROT, INSIDE, AND NO TRICKS!
THE TORCH TAKES THE PARROT TO THE PRISON CAR!
HELLO, JERRY! HERE'S YOUR PRISONER!
TORCH! SAY, I'VE A MESSAGE FOR YOU!
" TORCH, MAKE CONTACT WITH MR. MASON... HE'S ON BOARD THE TRAIN! IMPORTANT TO NATIONAL DEFENSE!" CAP. RYAN-
LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO ACCOMPANY YOU ON THIS TRIP, PARROT!
AIN'T THAT JUST DANDY, FIRE-FLY! G'WAN, SCRAM, I WANT TO BE ALONE!

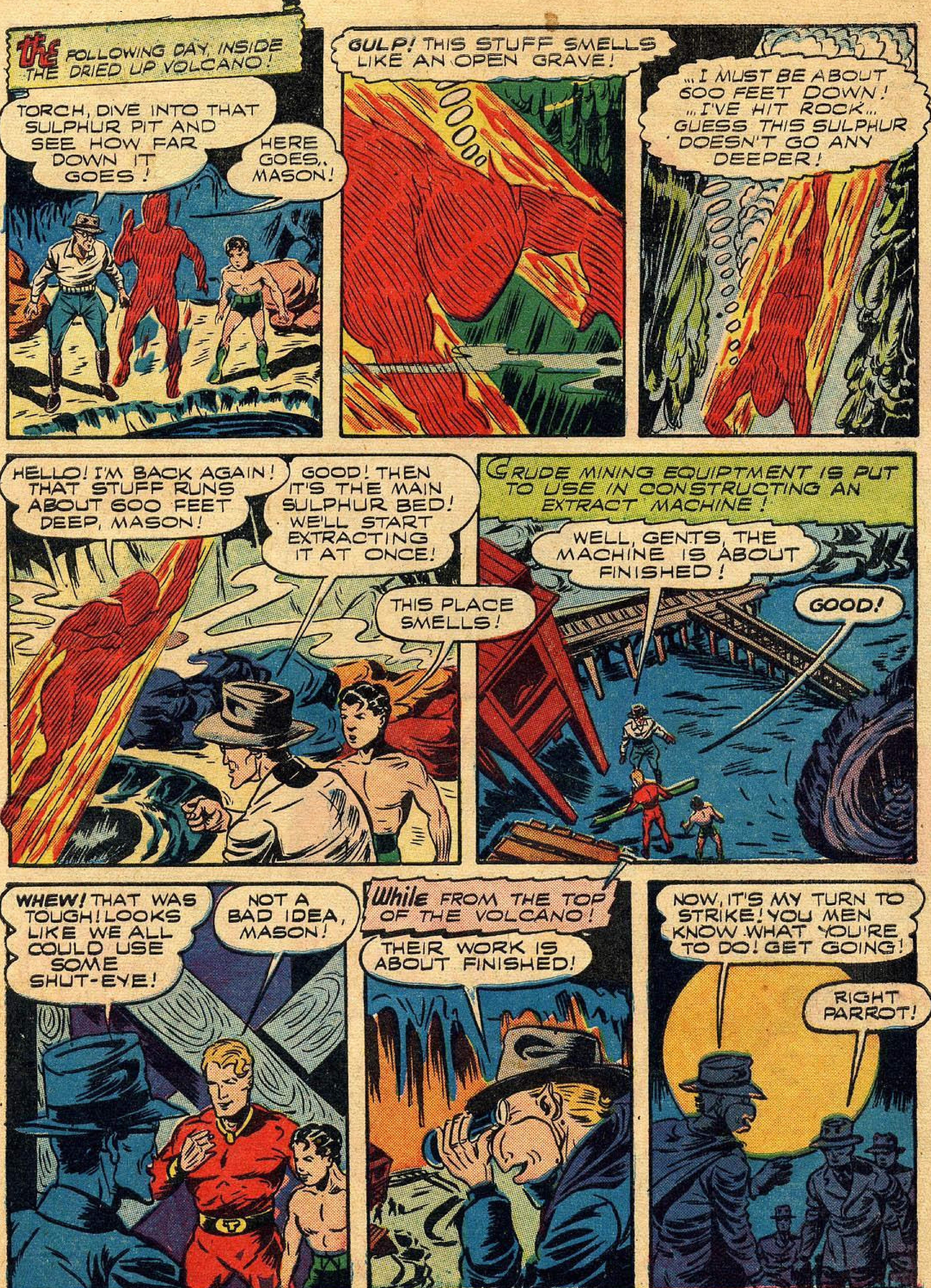

CONDUCTOR! CAN YOU POINT OUT MR. MASON?
THAT'S HIM, TORCH!
MR. MASON?
TORCH? I'VE EXPECTED YOU! HERE, SIT DOWN!
AS YOU KNOW, TORCH, I'M A GOVERNMENT RESEARCH CHEMIST! NOW WITH ALL THE DEFENSE BUSINESS GOING ON A SHORTAGE OF SULPHUR USED IN GUNPOWDER HAS BECOME ACUTE...
HOW DO I FIGURE IN THIS?
QUITE SIMPLE, TORCH! I'M ON MY WAY TO INVESTIGATE A DRIED UP VOLCANO IN CALIFORNIA WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE AN UNLIMITED SUPPLY OF SULPHUR!
I'LL NEED YOUR FLAME POWERS FOR TESTING THE BEDS OF DRY SULPHUR, WILL YOU DO IT?
OF COURSE I WILL, MASON. IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO TO AID NATIONAL DEFENSE!
GOOD!
While in the prison car...
NOTHING ELSE TO DO. GUESS I'LL SCAN THE NEWS... HUMPH! WAR! EVERYTHING ONE READS ABOUT IS ABOUT WAR... WHAT'S THIS?
MARVEL TRAIN NEWSCASTER
MASON, GOVERNMENT RESEARCH CHEMIST ON WAY TO COAST WITH THE HUMAN TORCH!
RUMORS OF VAST DEPOSITS OF SULPHUR IN DRY VOLCANO SENDS MASON TO COAST. THE TORCH IS TO HELP MASON WITH SEVERAL EXPERIMENTS!
SO THAT'S WHY TORCHY IS GOING WEST! THIS MIGHT PROVE QUITE AN INTERESTING TRIP... IF MY PLAN WORKS!

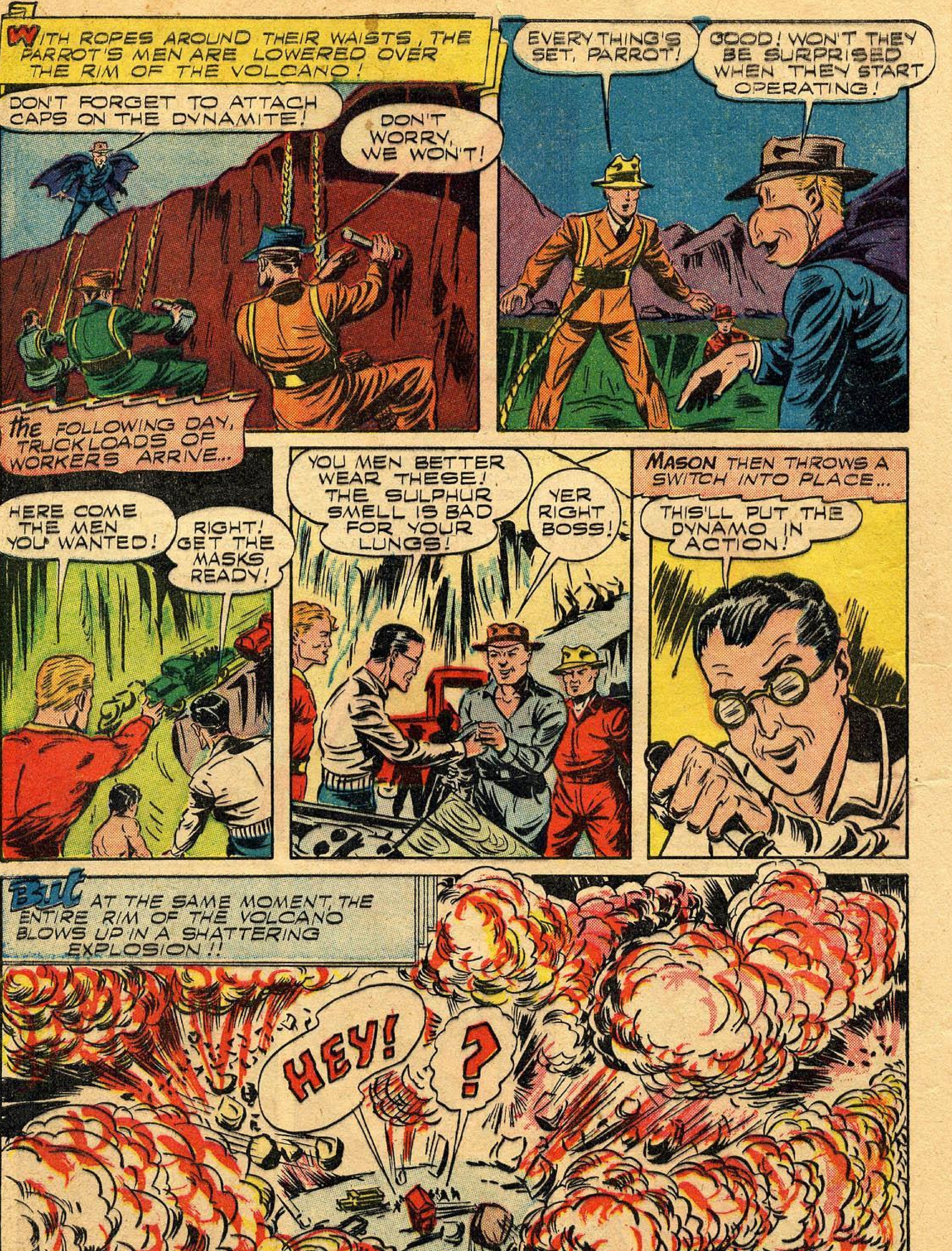

AS THE CALIFORNIA SPECIAL WHIZZES THROUGH A MID-WESTERN STATE, AN AUTO GIRO SUDDENLY DROPS FROM THE SKY...
OF COURSE I'M SURE IT'S THE LAST CAR!
YOU BETTER BE RIGHT!
SILENT MACHINE GUNS BLAST AWAY AT THE ROOF OF THE PRISON CAR...
INSIDE THE TRAIN!
WHAT - OH-H-H-H!
MY BOYS ARE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE! LOOK AT THEM COPS FALL LIKE DEAD PIGEONS!
GUESS THAT FINISHED THE COPPERS!
GET READY TO BAIL OUT! I'M MOVING CLOSER!
WHAT'S THIS?
LANDING ON THE PRISON CAR, EH? OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT, PAL.. HERE GOES!
TORO, AFTER PLACING THE PARROT'S HENCHMEN IN JAIL, WHIZZES THRU SPACE TO MEET THE TORCH ON THE TRAIN WHEN...

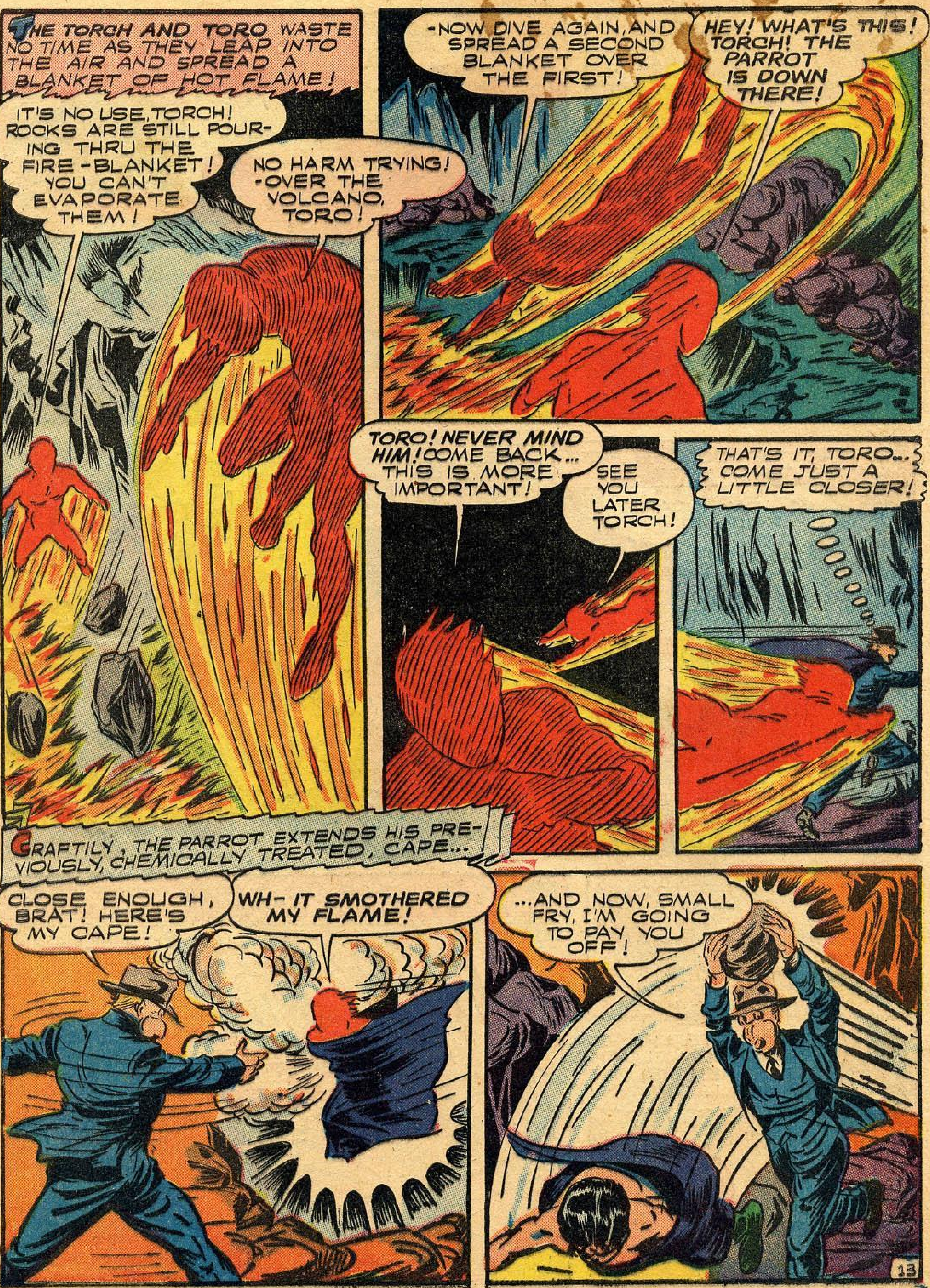

WITH SPEEDY LOOPS, DIVES, AND CIRCLES, TORO LEAVES A WAKE OF FLAMES THAT ENCIRCLES THE PILOT AND LEAVES HIM HANGING HELPLESSLY BY HIS PARACHUTE!
THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! NOW TO FIND THE TORCH!
TORO MELTS THRU A WINDOW IN THE PASSENGER PART OF THE TRAIN!
TORCH! A PILOT FROM THE AUTO GIRO TRIED TO LAND ON THE PRISON CAR!
WHAT? THAT MEANS THEY'RE TRYING TO FREE THE PARROT AGAIN!
C'MON, TORO! LET'S GET TO THE PRISON CAR!
RIGHT!
BUT- AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE PRISON CAR
HA! THAT SPLIT THE GATE! I'M FREE!

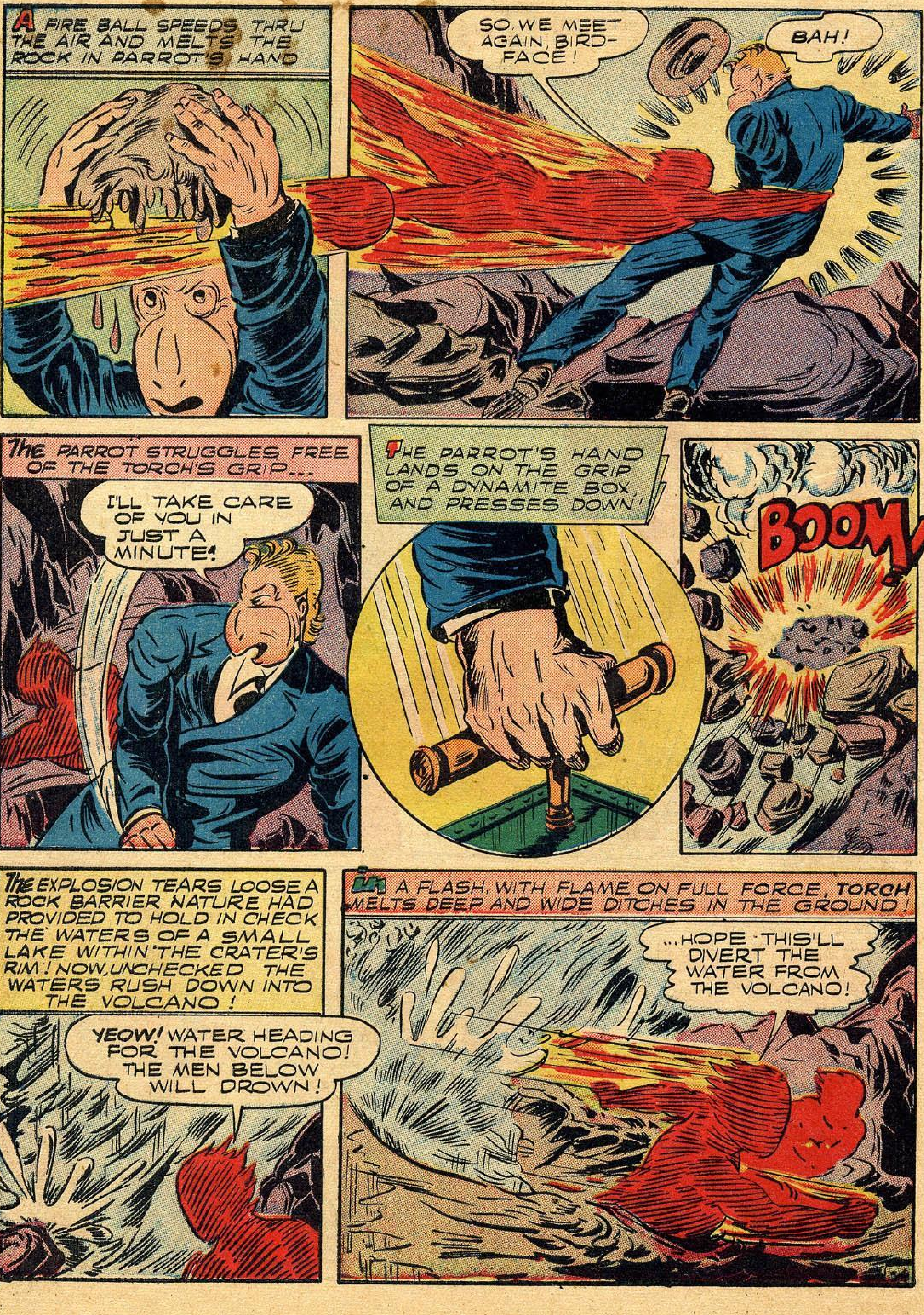

THAT AUTO GIRO MUST BELONG TO THE PARROT! HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE NEXT CAR! THE WINDOWS ARE BARRED HERE!
PARROT!
TORCH!
WITH A SUDDEN LIGHTNING LIKE MOVEMENT, THE PARROT TEARS AN INFANT LOOSE FROM HIS MOTHER'S ARMS...
DON'T COME CLOSER, TORCH, OR ELSE...
PLEASE... MY BABY!
QUIET!
NOW, TORCH, STAND ASIDE WHILE I CLIMB OUT THE WINDOW ONTO THAT LADDER!
YOU RAT!
SLAP
DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME, OR THE KID'LL GET IT!
QUICK TORO! UNDER THE INFANT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
FOOL! I WARNED YOU! HERE'S THE BRAT!
WHOOPS! GOT YOU! HEY TORCH, WHER'R' YOU GOING?
AFTER BIRD-PUSS!

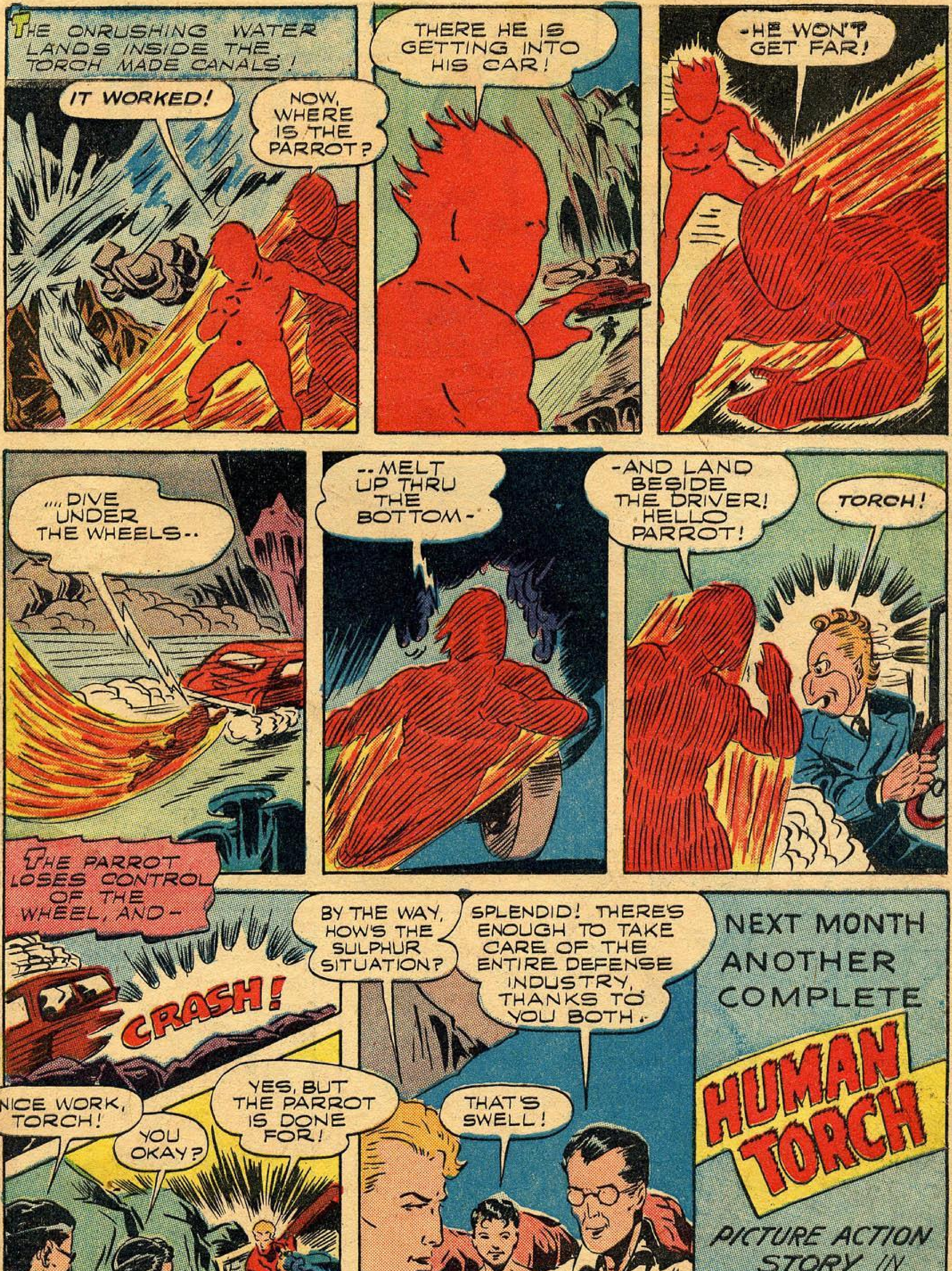

THEY'RE MAKING FOR THAT MASS OF CLOUDS!
TOO LATE! I CAN'T SEE THE PLANE IN THIS CLOUD-BANK! THE PARROT'S ESCAPE IS GOOD FOR A WHILE!
DIDN'T YOU GET THEM, TORCH?
NO, I'LL HAVE TO SEND WORD AHEAD BY WIRE TO THE AUTHORITIES!
FORGET THE PARROT FOR A MOMENT, TORCH! WE'VE PLANS TO MAKE FOR REMOVING THE SULPHUR!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MASON!
HOURS LATER, IN A DINGY WATER-FRONT FLAT...
HERE'S THE GUY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT, PARROT!
YOU HAVE A JOB YOU WISH DONE, HERR HESSLOUS?
YAH! I VANT YOU TO DESTROY DER VOLCANO HERR MASON ISS VORKING ON!
MY GOVERNMENT VILL REVARD YOU VELL FOR DIS SERVICE!
I'M NO SUCKER! I DON'T TRUST YOUR GOVERNMENT! IT'S $100,000 CASH BEFORE THE JOB IS DONE!
VERY VELL! HERE'S DER MONIES!
THAT'S DIFFERENT! MASON'S VOLCANO WILL BE WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH! GOOD-DAY, HESSLOUS!


THE FOLLOWING DAY, INSIDE THE DRIED UP VOLCANO!
TORCH, DIVE INTO THAT SULPHUR PIT AND SEE HOW FAR DOWN IT GOES!
HERE GOES,. MASON!
GULP! THIS STUFF SMELLS LIKE AN OPEN GRAVE!
...I MUST BE ABOUT 600 FEET DOWN! ...I'VE HIT ROCK... GUESS THIS SULPHUR DOESN'T GO ANY DEEPER!
HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN! THAT STUFF RUNS ABOUT 600 FEET DEEP, MASON!
GOOD! THEN IT'S THE MAIN SULPHUR BED! WE'LL START EXTRACTING IT AT ONCE!
THIS PLACE SMELLS!
CRUDE MINING EQUIPMENT IS PUT TO USE IN CONSTRUCTING AN EXTRACT MACHINE!
WELL, GENTS, THE MACHINE IS ABOUT FINISHED!
GOOD!
WHEW! THAT WAS TOUGH! LOOKS LIKE WE ALL COULD USE SOME SHUT-EYE!
NOT A BAD IDEA, MASON!
While FROM THE TOP OF THE VOLCANO!
THEIR WORK IS ABOUT FINISHED!
NOW, IT'S MY TURN TO STRIKE! YOU MEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TO DO! GET GOING!
RIGHT PARROT!


WITH ROPES AROUND THEIR WAISTS, THE PARROT'S MEN ARE LOWERED OVER THE RIM OF THE VOLCANO!
DON'T FORGET TO ATTACH CAPS ON THE DYNAMITE!
DON'T WORRY, WE WON'T!
EVERYTHING'S SET, PARROT!
GOOD! WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY START OPERATING!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, TRUCKLOADS OF WORKERS ARRIVE...
HERE COME THE MEN YOU WANTED!
RIGHT! GET THE MASKS READY!
YOU MEN BETTER WEAR THESE! THE SULPHUR SMELL IS BAD FOR YOUR LUNGS!
YER RIGHT BOSS!
MASON THEN THROWS A SWITCH INTO PLACE...
THIS'LL PUT THE DYNAMO IN ACTION!
BUT AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE ENTIRE RIM OF THE VOLCANO BLOWS UP IN A SHATTERING EXPLOSION!!
HEY!
?


THE TORCH AND TORO WASTE NO TIME AS THEY LEAP INTO THE AIR AND SPREAD A BLANKET OF HOT FLAME!
IT'S NO USE, TORCH! ROCKS ARE STILL POURING THRU THE FIRE-BLANKET! YOU CAN'T EVAPORATE THEM!
NO HARM TRYING! -OVER THE VOLCANO, TORO!
-NOW DIVE AGAIN, AND SPREAD A SECOND BLANKET OVER THE FIRST!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS! TORCH! THE PARROT IS DOWN THERE!
TORO! NEVER MIND HIM! COME BACK... THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT!
SEE YOU LATER TORCH!
THAT'S IT, TORO... COME JUST A LITTLE CLOSER!
CRAFTILY, THE PARROT EXTENDS HIS PREVIOUSLY, CHEMICALLY TREATED, CAPE...
CLOSE ENOUGH, BRAT! HERE'S MY CAPE!
WH- IT SMOTHERED MY FLAME!
...AND NOW, SMALL FRY, I'M GOING TO PAY YOU OFF!


A FIRE BALL SPEEDS THRU THE AIR AND MELTS THE ROCK IN PARROT'S HAND
SO, WE MEET AGAIN, BIRD-FACE!
BAH!
THE PARROT STRUGGLES FREE OF THE TORCH'S GRIP...
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU IN JUST A MINUTE!
THE PARROT'S HAND LANDS ON THE GRIP OF A DYNAMITE BOX AND PRESSES DOWN!
BOOM!
THE EXPLOSION TEARS LOOSE A ROCK BARRIER NATURE HAD PROVIDED TO HOLD IN CHECK THE WATERS OF A SMALL LAKE WITHIN THE CRATER'S RIM! NOW, UNCHECKED THE WATERS RUSH DOWN INTO THE VOLCANO!
YEOW! WATER HEADING FOR THE VOLCANO! THE MEN BELOW WILL DROWN!
IN A FLASH, WITH FLAME ON FULL FORCE, TORCH MELTS DEEP AND WIDE DITCHES IN THE GROUND!
...HOPE THIS'LL DIVERT THE WATER FROM THE VOLCANO!


THE ONRUSHING WATER LANDS INSIDE THE TORCH MADE CANALS!
IT WORKED!
NOW, WHERE IS THE PARROT?
THERE HE IS GETTING INTO HIS CAR!
-HE WON'T GET FAR!
....DIVE UNDER THE WHEELS--
--MELT UP THRU THE BOTTOM-
-AND LAND BESIDE THE DRIVER! HELLO PARROT!
TORCH!
THE PARROT LOSES CONTROL OF THE WHEEL, AND-
CRASH!
NICE WORK, TORCH!
YOU OKAY?
YES, BUT THE PARROT IS DONE FOR!
BY THE WAY, HOW'S THE SULPHUR SITUATION?
SPLENDID! THERE'S ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF THE ENTIRE DEFENSE INDUSTRY, THANKS TO YOU BOTH.
THAT'S SWELL!
BURGOS
NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE
HUMAN TORCH
PICTURE ACTION STORY IN MARVEL COMICS

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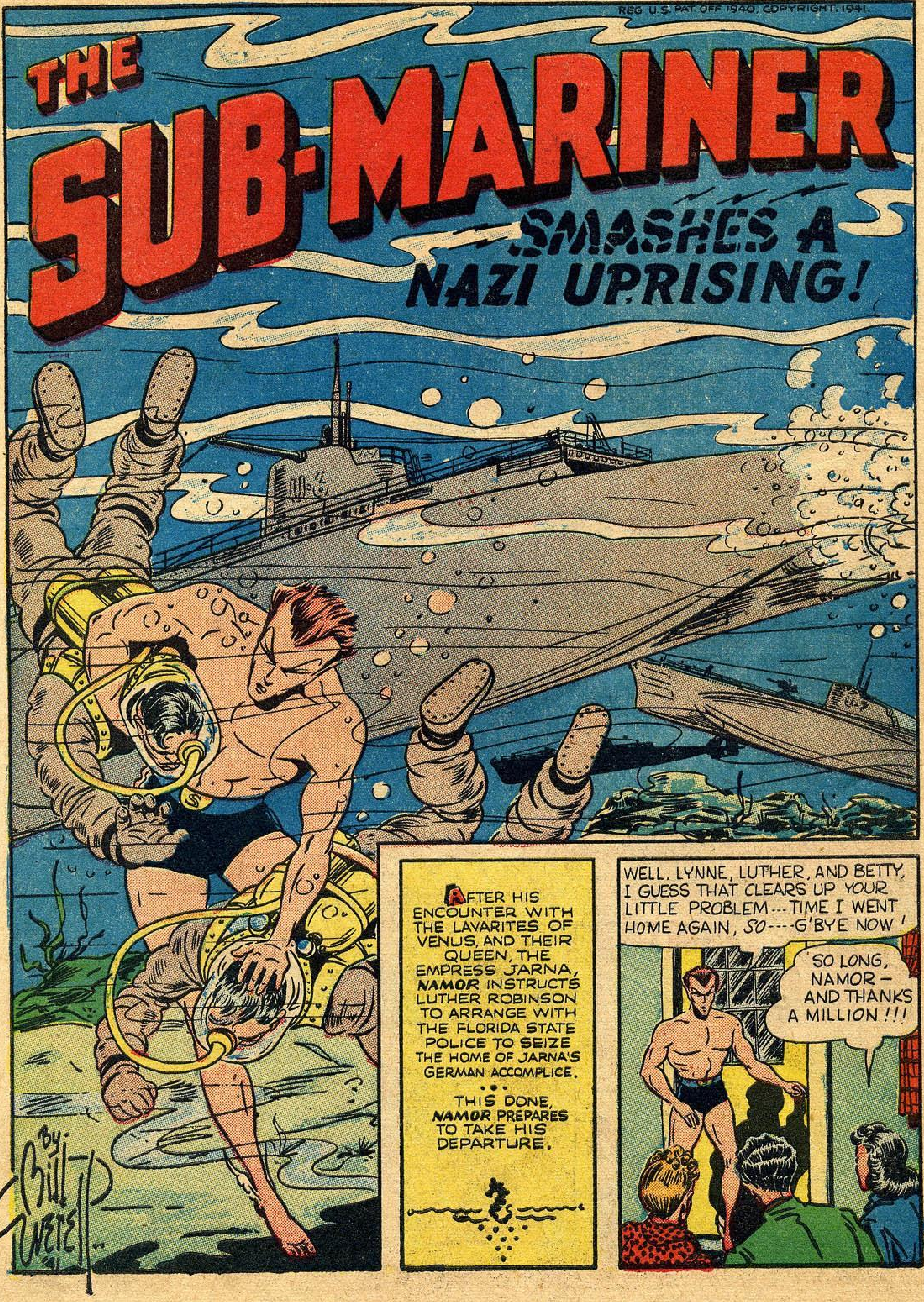
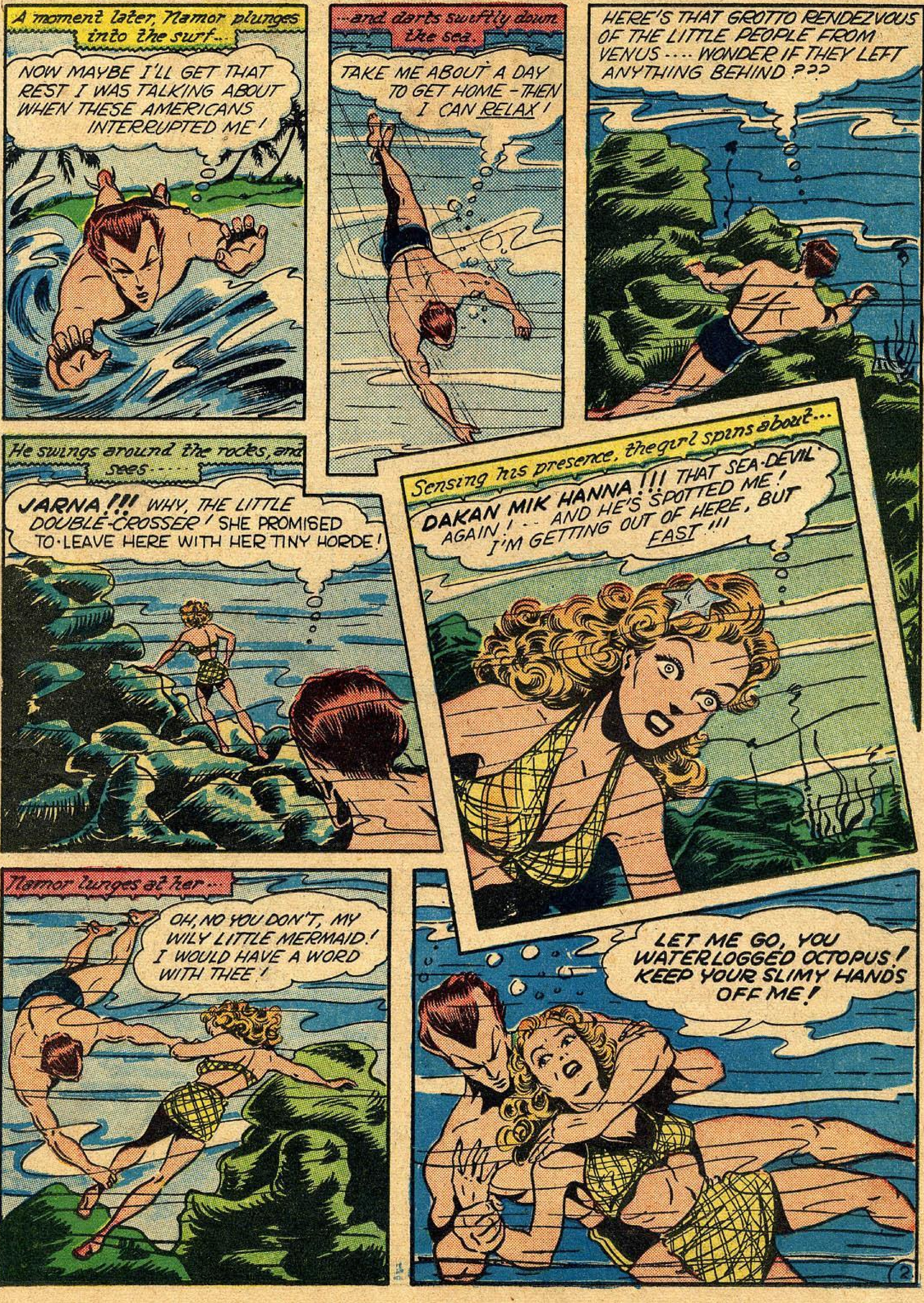
THE SUB-MARINER SMASHES A NAZI UPRISING!

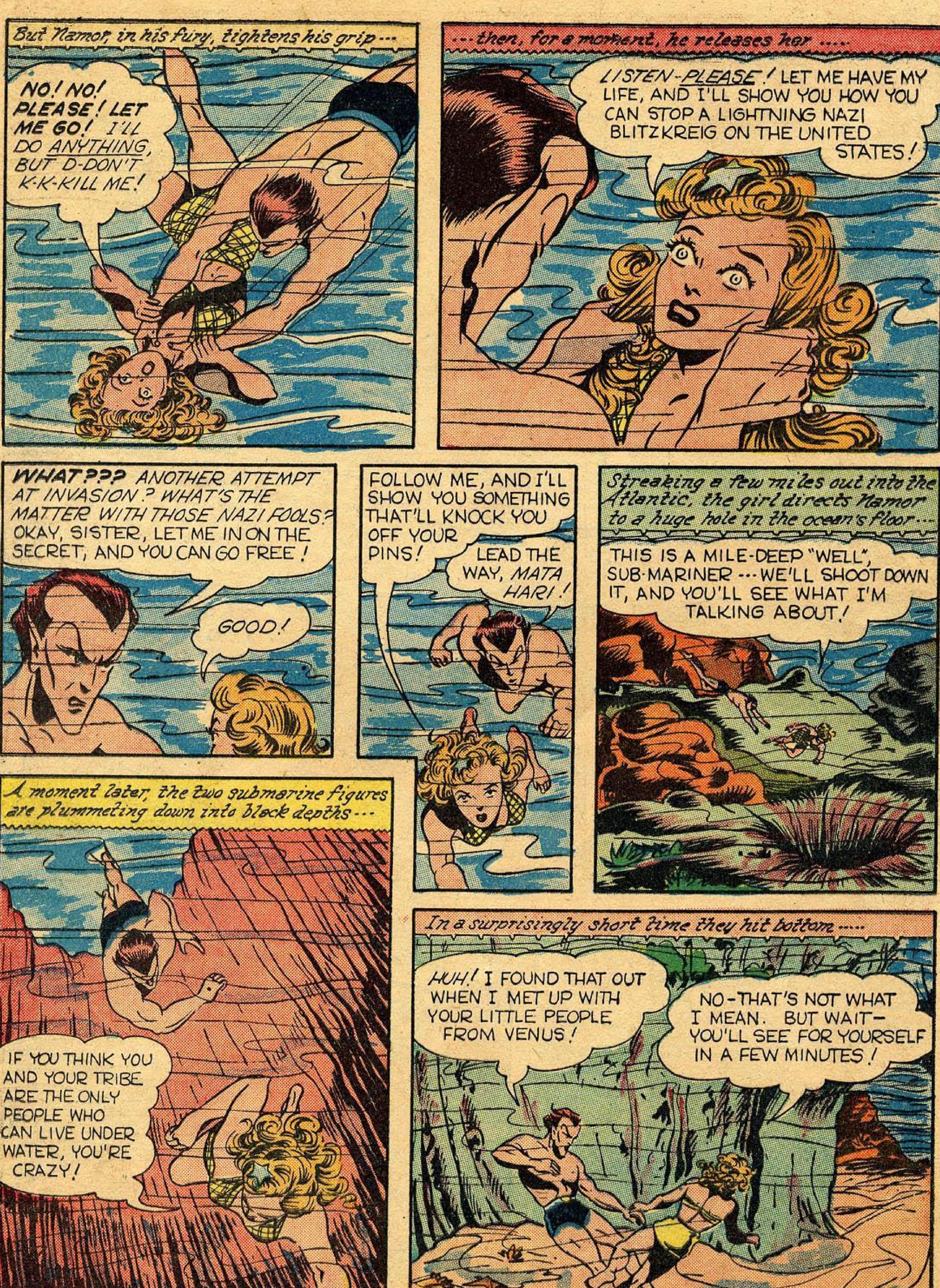

By: Bill Everett '41
WELL, LYNNE, LUTHER, AND BETTY, I GUESS THAT CLEARS UP YOUR LITTLE PROBLEM --- TIME I WENT HOME AGAIN, *SO* ---- G'BYE NOW!
SO LONG, NAMOR – AND THANKS A MILLION!!!

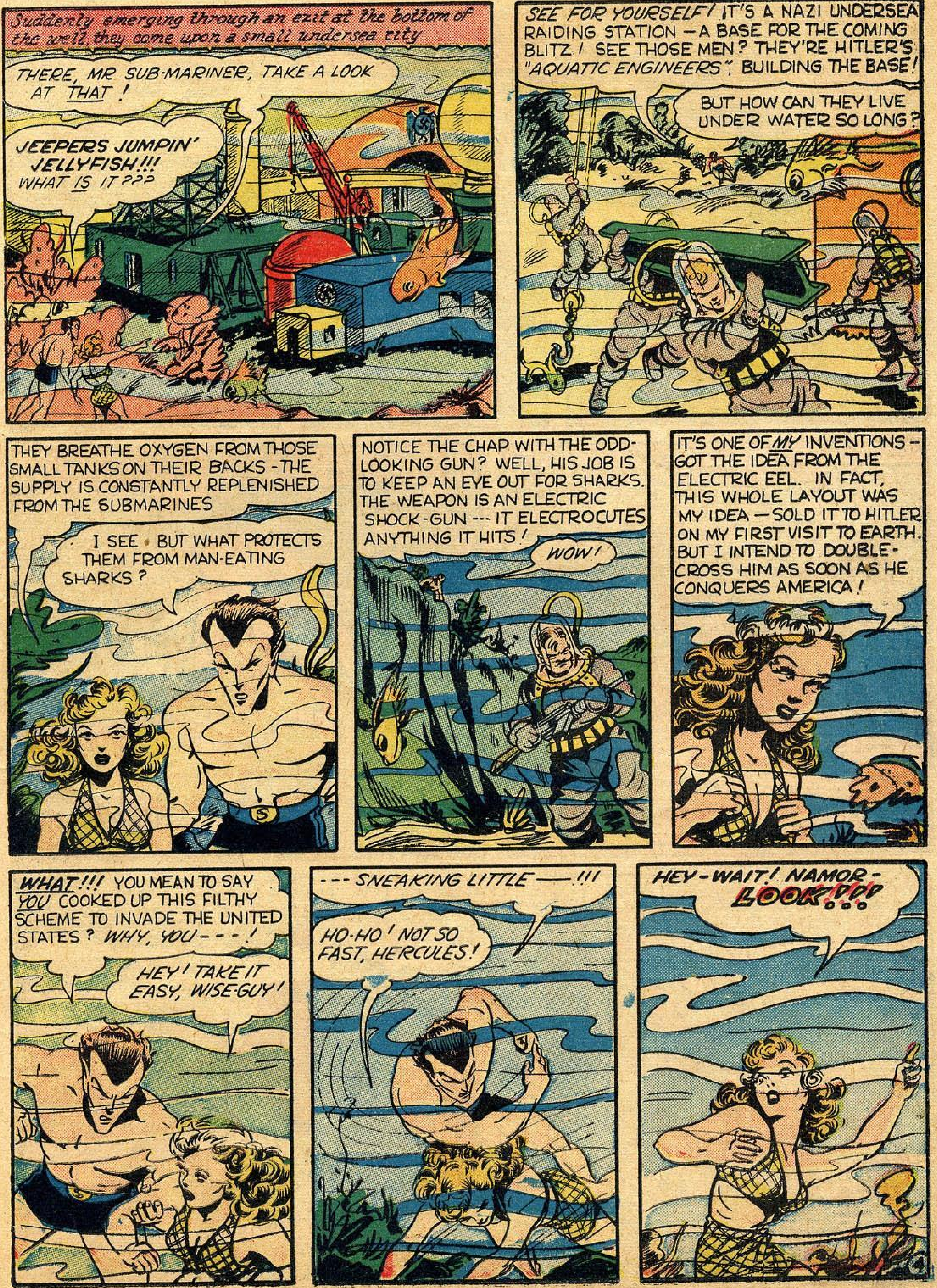
AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE LAVARITES OF VENUS, AND THEIR QUEEN, THE EMPRESS JARNA, ***NAMOR*** INSTRUCTS LUTHER ROBINSON TO ARRANGE WITH THE FLORIDA STATE POLICE TO SEIZE THE HOME OF JARNA'S GERMAN ACCOMPLICE.

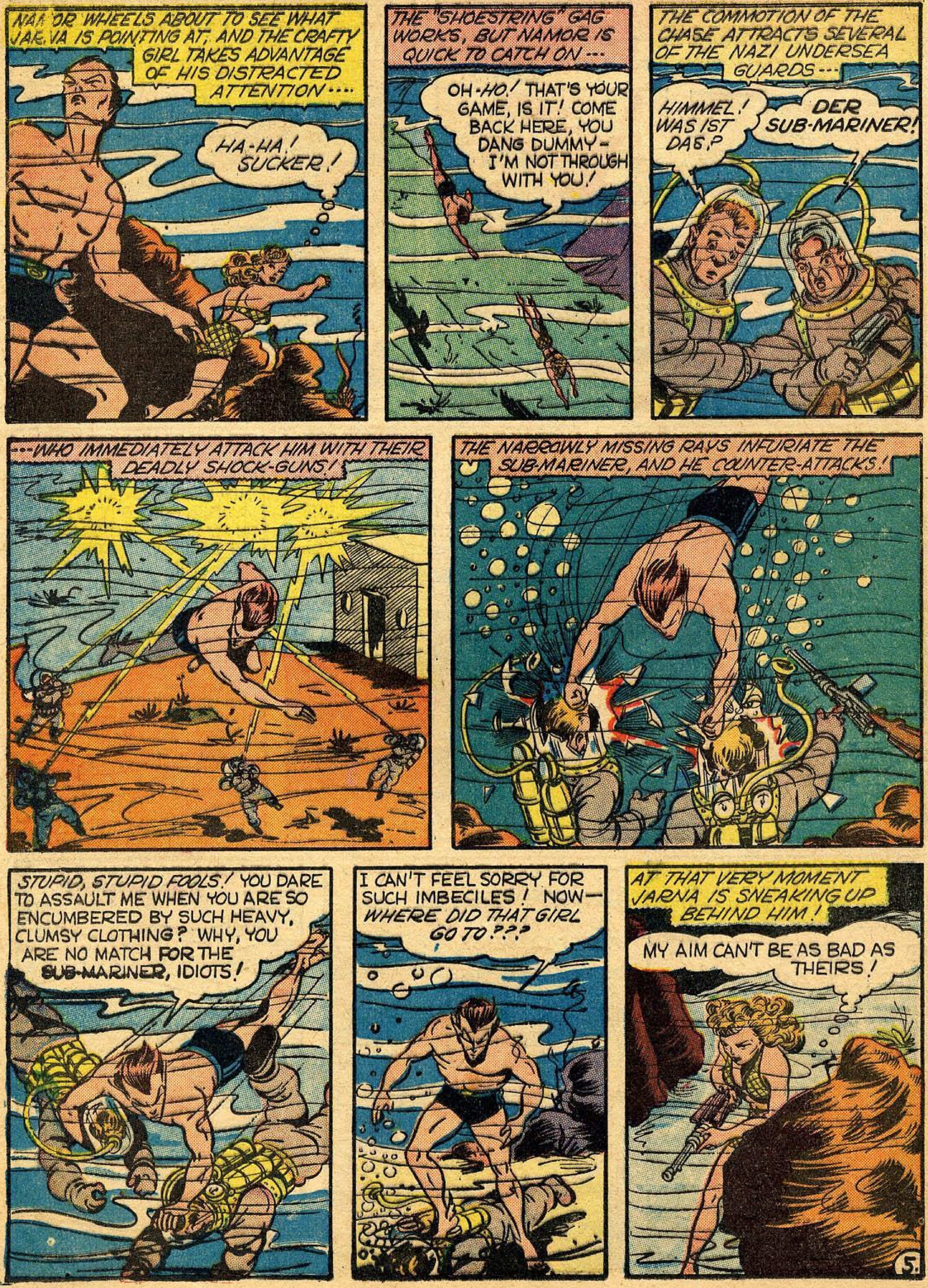
∴

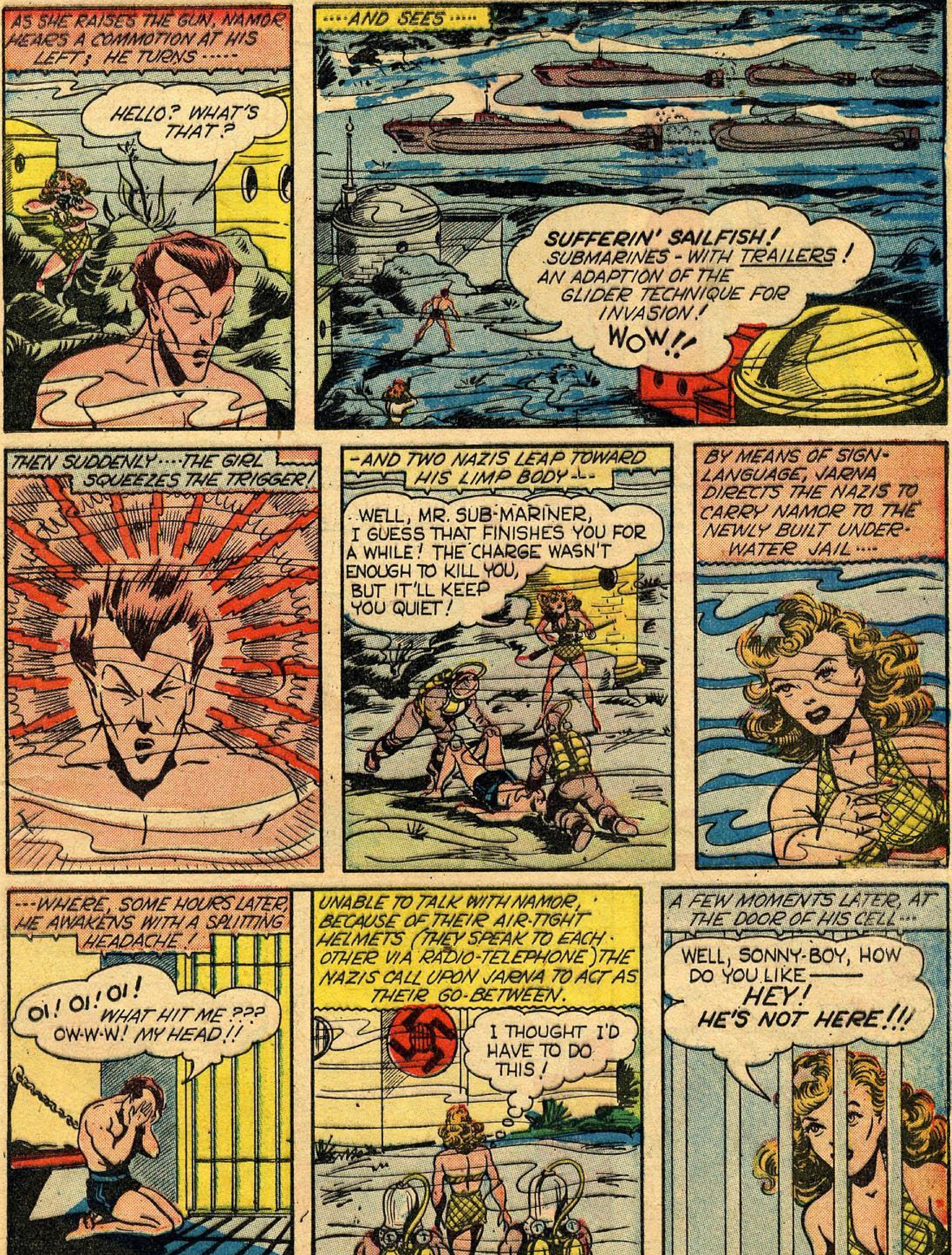
THIS DONE, ***NAMOR*** PREPARES TO TAKE HIS DEPARTURE.

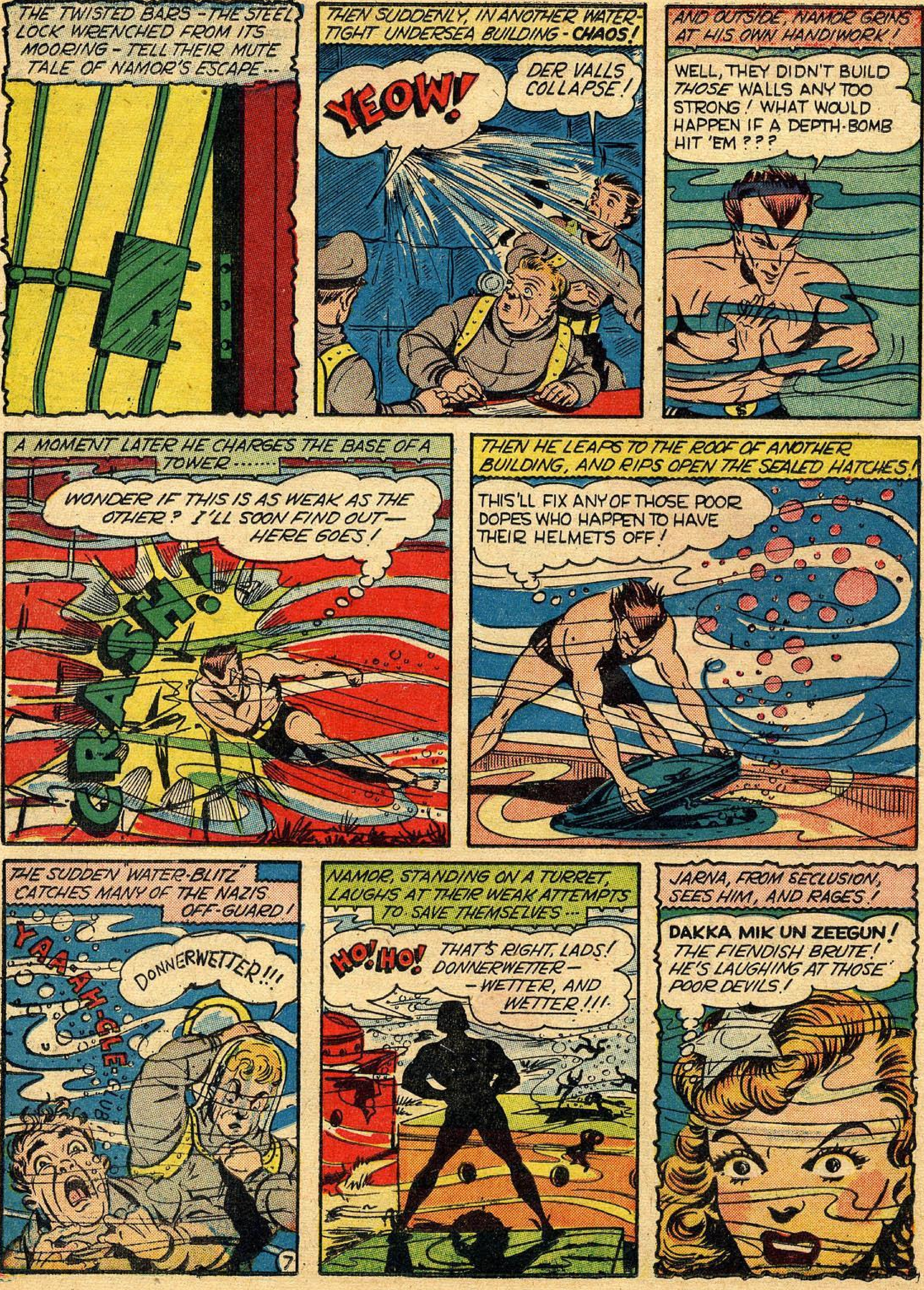

A moment later, Namor plunges into the surf...
NOW MAYBE I'LL GET THAT REST I WAS TALKING ABOUT WHEN THESE AMERICANS INTERRUPTED ME!
...and darts swiftly down the sea.
TAKE ME ABOUT A DAY TO GET HOME - THEN I CAN RELAX!
HERE'S THAT GROTTO RENDEZVOUS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE FROM VENUS.... WONDER IF THEY LEFT ANYTHING BEHIND???
He swings around the rocks, and sees...
JARNA!!! WHY, THE LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSSER! SHE PROMISED TO LEAVE HERE WITH HER TINY HORDE!
Sensing his presence, the girl spins about...
DAKAN MIK HANNA!!! THAT SEA-DEVIL AGAIN!... AND HE'S SPOTTED ME! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE, BUT FAST!!!
Namor lunges at her...
OH, NO YOU DON'T, MY WILY LITTLE MERMAID! I WOULD HAVE A WORD WITH THEE!
LET ME GO, YOU WATERLOGGED OCTOPUS! KEEP YOUR SLIMY HANDS OFF ME!
2

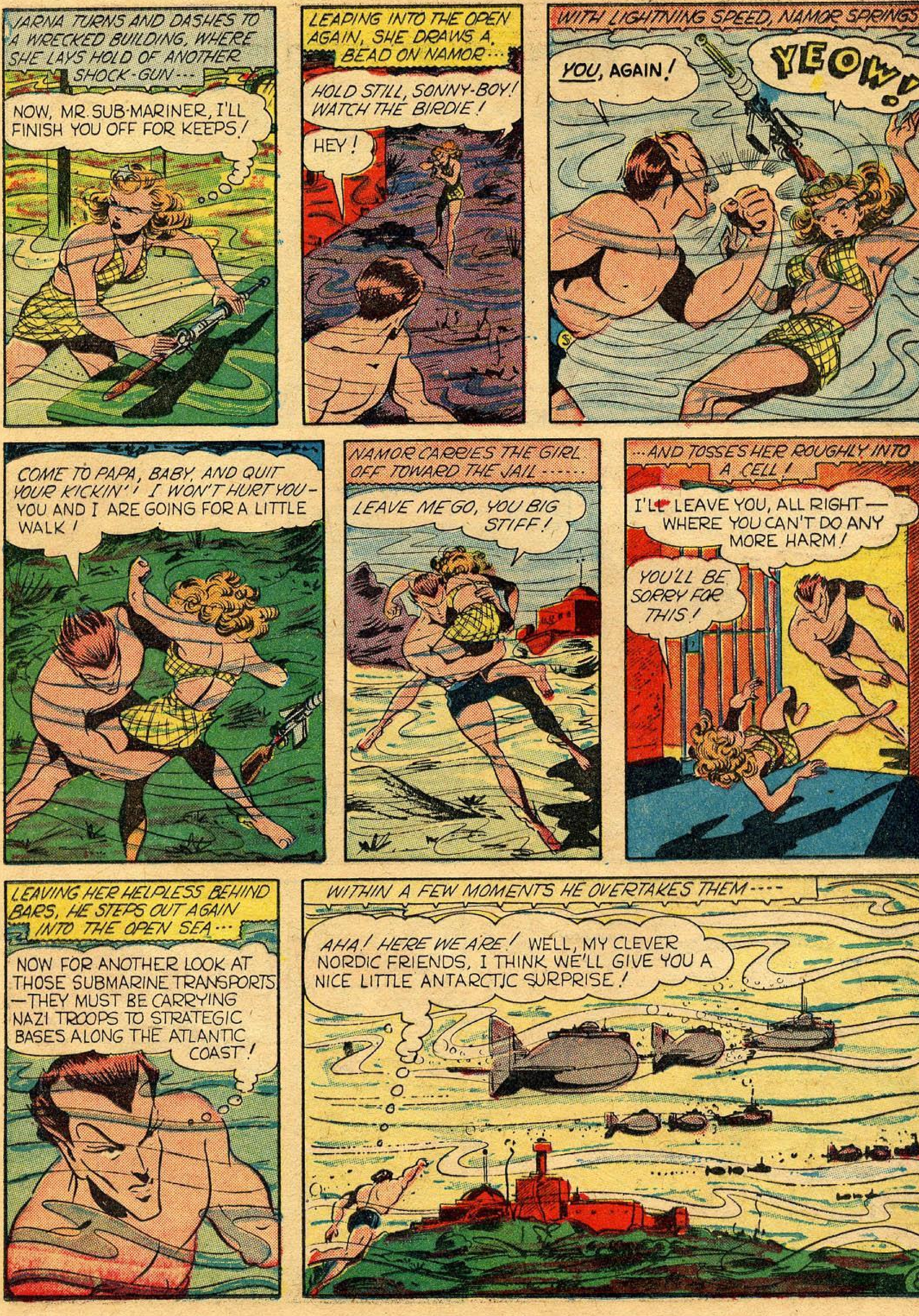

But Namor, in his fury, tightens his grip ---
NO! NO! PLEASE! LET ME GO! I'LL DO ANYTHING, BUT D-DON'T K-K-KILL ME!
---then, for a moment, he releases her ....
LISTEN-PLEASE! LET ME HAVE MY LIFE, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAN STOP A LIGHTNING NAZI BLITZKREIG ON THE UNITED STATES!
WHAT??? ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT INVASION? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE NAZI FOOLS? OKAY, SISTER, LET ME IN ON THE SECRET, AND YOU CAN GO FREE!
GOOD!
FOLLOW ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT'LL KNOCK YOU OFF YOUR PINS!
LEAD THE WAY, MATA HARI!
Streaking a few miles out into the Atlantic, the girl directs Namor to a huge hole in the ocean's floor---
THIS IS A MILE-DEEP "WELL", SUB-MARINER --- WE'LL SHOOT DOWN IT, AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
A moment later, the two submarine figures are plummeting down into black depths ---
IF YOU THINK YOU AND YOUR TRIBE ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN LIVE UNDER WATER, YOU'RE CRAZY!
In a surprisingly short time they hit bottom ....
HUH! I FOUND THAT OUT WHEN I MET UP WITH YOUR LITTLE PEOPLE FROM VENUS!
NO-THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN. BUT WAIT-YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF IN A FEW MINUTES!
3.

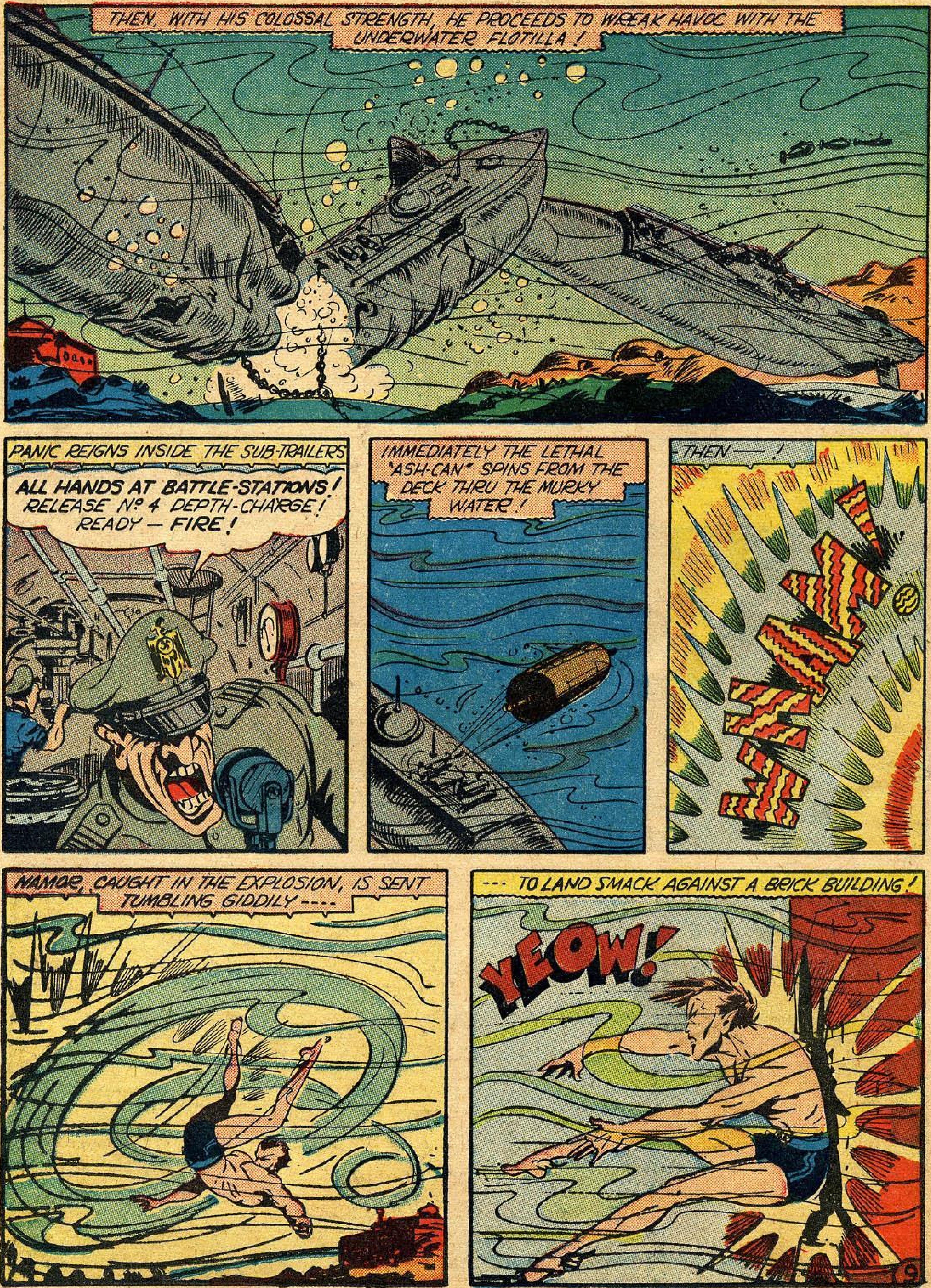

Suddenly emerging through an exit at the bottom of the well, they come upon a small undersea city
THERE, MR SUB-MARINER, TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!
JEEPERS JUMPIN' JELLYFISH!!! WHAT IS IT???
SEE FOR YOURSELF! IT'S A NAZI UNDERSEA RAIDING STATION — A BASE FOR THE COMING BLITZ! SEE THOSE MEN? THEY'RE HITLER'S "AQUATIC ENGINEERS", BUILDING THE BASE!
BUT HOW CAN THEY LIVE UNDER WATER SO LONG?
THEY BREATHE OXYGEN FROM THOSE SMALL TANKS ON THEIR BACKS - THE SUPPLY IS CONSTANTLY REPLENISHED FROM THE SUBMARINES
I SEE. BUT WHAT PROTECTS THEM FROM MAN-EATING SHARKS?
NOTICE THE CHAP WITH THE ODD-LOOKING GUN? WELL, HIS JOB IS TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR SHARKS. THE WEAPON IS AN ELECTRIC SHOCK-GUN --- IT ELECTROCUTES ANYTHING IT HITS!
WOW!
IT'S ONE OF MY INVENTIONS - GOT THE IDEA FROM THE ELECTRIC EEL. IN FACT, THIS WHOLE LAYOUT WAS MY IDEA — SOLD IT TO HITLER ON MY FIRST VISIT TO EARTH. BUT I INTEND TO DOUBLE-CROSS HIM AS SOON AS HE CONQUERS AMERICA!
WHAT!!! YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU COOKED UP THIS FILTHY SCHEME TO INVADE THE UNITED STATES? WHY, YOU---!
HEY! TAKE IT EASY, WISE-GUY!
---SNEAKING LITTLE —!!!
HO-HO! NOT SO FAST, HERCULES!
HEY-WAIT! NAMOR-LOOK!!!...

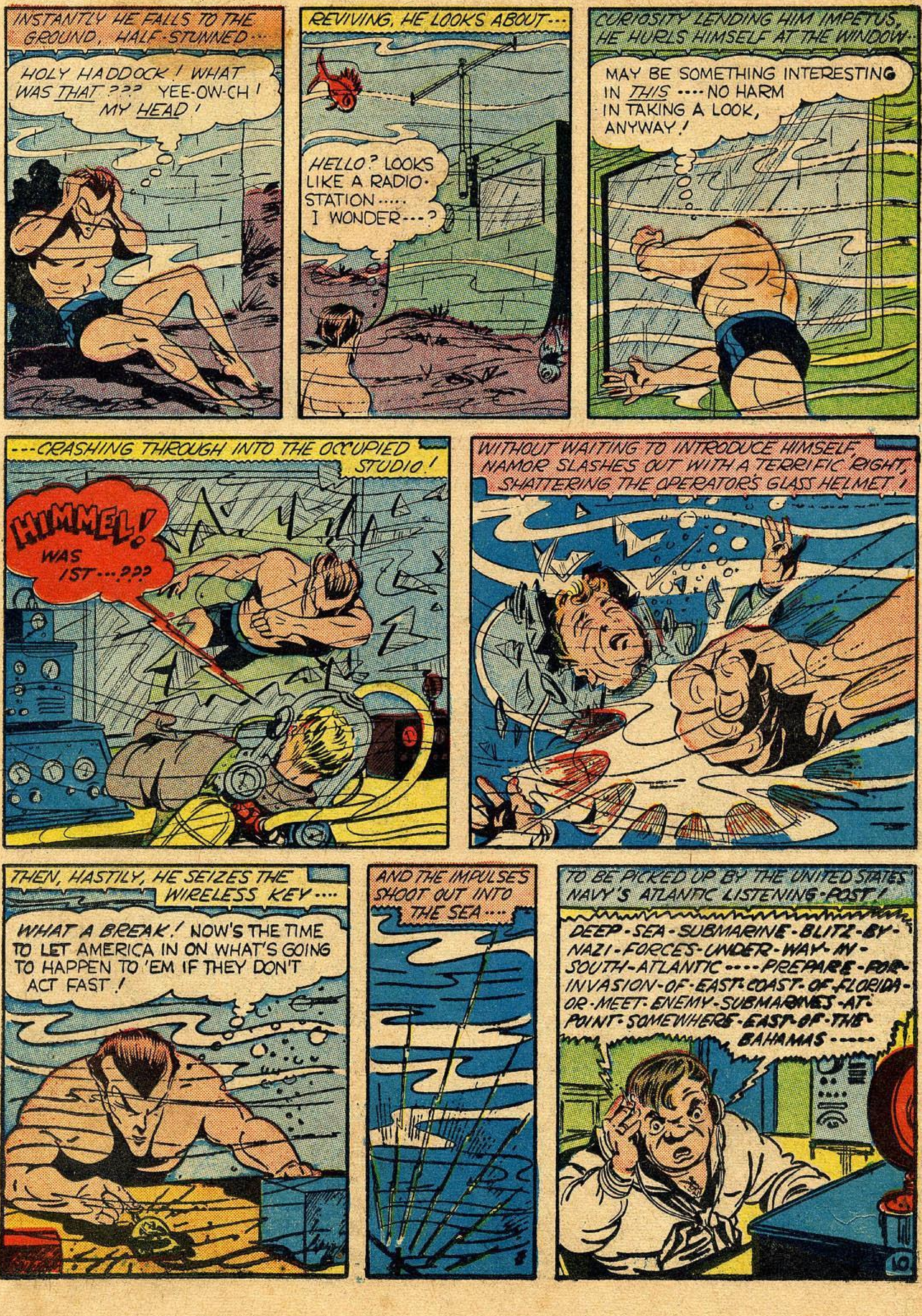

NAMOR WHEELS ABOUT TO SEE WHAT JARNA IS POINTING AT, AND THE CRAFTY GIRL TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS DISTRACTED ATTENTION....
HA-HA! SUCKER!
THE "SHOESTRING" GAG WORKS, BUT NAMOR IS QUICK TO CATCH ON ---
OH-HO! THAT'S YOUR GAME, IS IT! COME BACK HERE, YOU DANG DUMMY- I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU!
THE COMMOTION OF THE CHASE ATTRACTS SEVERAL OF THE NAZI UNDERSEA GUARDS ---
HIMMEL! WAS IST DAS?
DER SUB-MARINER!
---WHO IMMEDIATELY ATTACK HIM WITH THEIR DEADLY SHOCK-GUNS!
THE NARROWLY MISSING RAYS INFURIATE THE SUB-MARINER, AND HE COUNTER-ATTACKS!
STUPID, STUPID FOOLS! YOU DARE TO ASSAULT ME WHEN YOU ARE SO ENCUMBERED BY SUCH HEAVY, CLUMSY CLOTHING? WHY, YOU ARE NO MATCH FOR THE SUB-MARINER, IDIOTS!
I CAN'T FEEL SORRY FOR SUCH IMBECILES! NOW- WHERE DID THAT GIRL GO TO???
AT THAT VERY MOMENT JARNA IS SNEAKING UP BEHIND HIM!
MY AIM CAN'T BE AS BAD AS THEIRS!

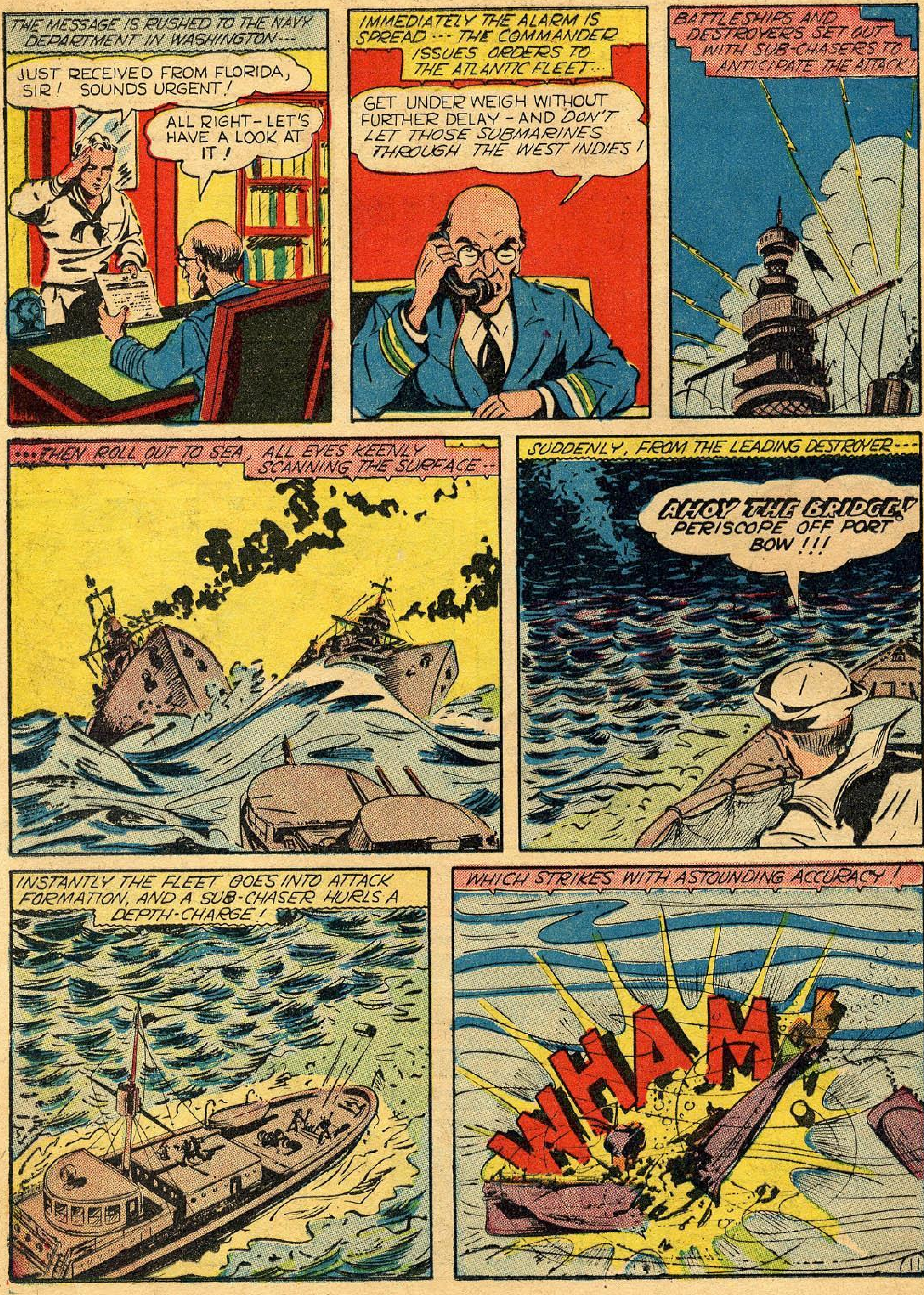

AS SHE RAISES THE GUN, NAMOR HEARS A COMMOTION AT HIS LEFT; HE TURNS....
HELLO? WHAT'S THAT?
....AND SEES
SUFFERIN' SAILFISH! SUBMARINES - WITH TRAILERS! AN ADAPTION OF THE GLIDER TECHNIQUE FOR INVASION! WOW!!
THEN SUDDENLY....THE GIRL SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER!
-AND TWO NAZIS LEAP TOWARD HIS LIMP BODY...
WELL, MR. SUB-MARINER, I GUESS THAT FINISHES YOU FOR A WHILE! THE CHARGE WASN'T ENOUGH TO KILL YOU, BUT IT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET!
BY MEANS OF SIGN-LANGUAGE, JARNA DIRECTS THE NAZIS TO CARRY NAMOR TO THE NEWLY BUILT UNDER-WATER JAIL....
---WHERE, SOME HOURS LATER, HE AWAKENS WITH A SPLITTING HEADACHE!
OI! OI! OI! WHAT HIT ME??? OW-W-W! MY HEAD!!
UNABLE TO TALK WITH NAMOR, BECAUSE OF THEIR AIR-TIGHT HELMETS (THEY SPEAK TO EACH OTHER VIA RADIO-TELEPHONE) THE NAZIS CALL UPON JARNA TO ACT AS THEIR GO-BETWEEN.
I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO DO THIS!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AT THE DOOR OF HIS CELL...
WELL, SONNY-BOY, HOW DO YOU LIKE —— HEY! HE'S NOT HERE!!!
6

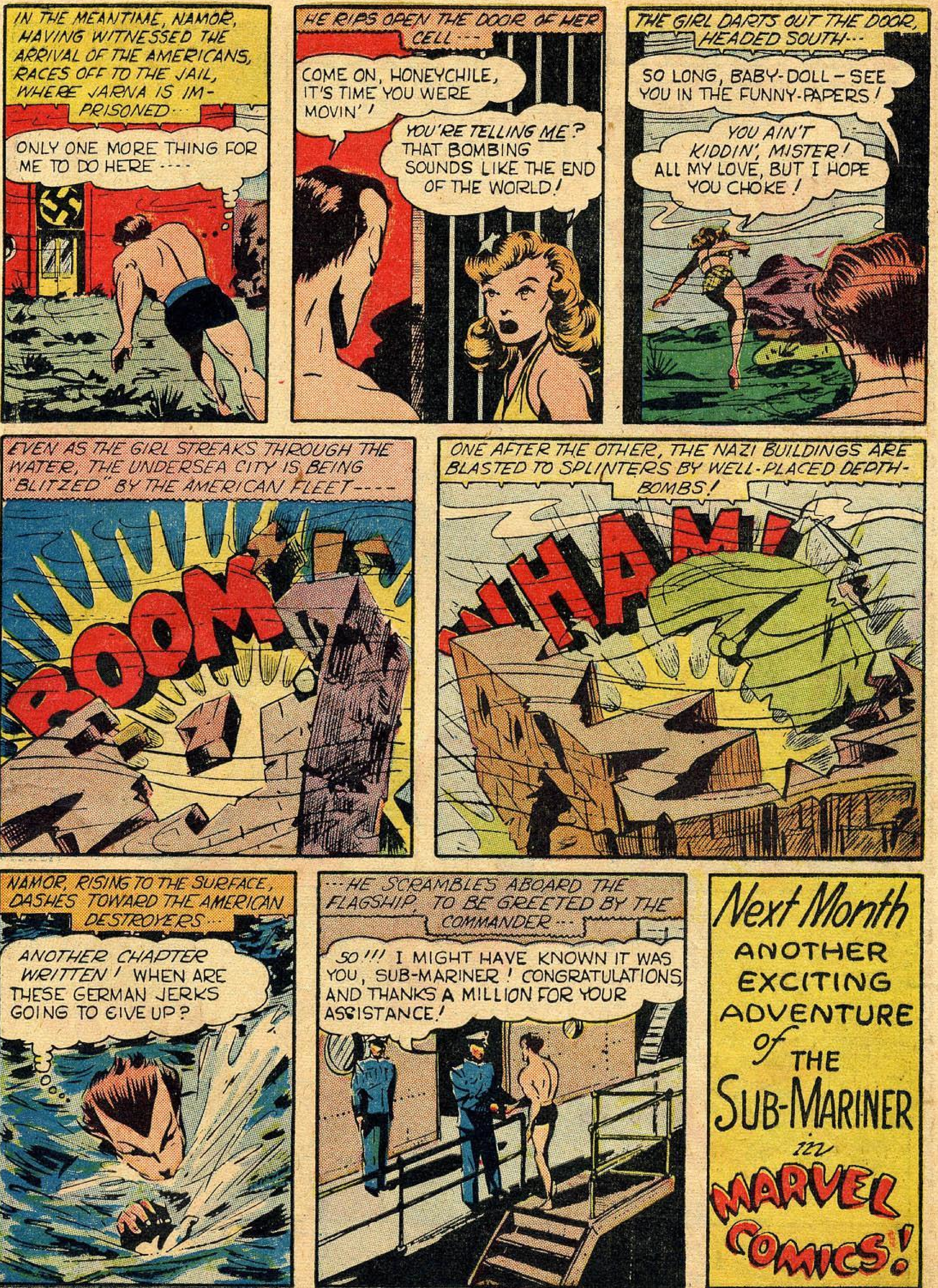

THE TWISTED BARS - THE STEEL LOCK WRENCHED FROM ITS MOORING - TELL THEIR MUTE TALE OF NAMOR'S ESCAPE...
THEN SUDDENLY, IN ANOTHER WATER-TIGHT UNDERSEA BUILDING - CHAOS!
YEOW!
DER VALLS COLLAPSE!
AND OUTSIDE, NAMOR GRINS AT HIS OWN HANDIWORK!
WELL, THEY DIDN'T BUILD THOSE WALLS ANY TOO STRONG! WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A DEPTH-BOMB HIT 'EM???
A MOMENT LATER HE CHARGES THE BASE OF A TOWER.......
WONDER IF THIS IS AS WEAK AS THE OTHER? I'LL SOON FIND OUT— HERE GOES!
CRASH!
THEN HE LEAPS TO THE ROOF OF ANOTHER BUILDING, AND RIPS OPEN THE SEALED HATCHES!
THIS'LL FIX ANY OF THOSE POOR DOPES WHO HAPPEN TO HAVE THEIR HELMETS OFF!
THE SUDDEN "WATER-BLITZ" CATCHES MANY OF THE NAZIS OFF-GUARD!
YAAAAH-GLE
DONNERWETTER!!!
GLUB!
NAMOR, STANDING ON A TURRET, LAUGHS AT THEIR WEAK ATTEMPTS TO SAVE THEMSELVES...
HO! HO!
THAT'S RIGHT, LADS! DONNERWETTER— —WETTER, AND WETTER!!!
JARNA, FROM SECLUSION, SEES HIM, AND RAGES!
DAKKA MIK UN ZEEGUN! THE FIENDISH BRUTE! HE'S LAUGHING AT THOSE POOR DEVILS!


IARNA TURNS AND DASHES TO A WRECKED BUILDING, WHERE SHE LAYS HOLD OF ANOTHER SHOCK-GUN---
NOW, MR. SUB-MARINER, I'LL FINISH YOU OFF FOR KEEPS!
LEAPING INTO THE OPEN AGAIN, SHE DRAWS A BEAD ON NAMOR---
HOLD STILL, SONNY-BOY! WATCH THE BIRDIE!
HEY!
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR SPRINGS!
YOU, AGAIN!
YEOW!
COME TO PAPA, BABY, AND QUIT YOUR KICKIN'! I WON'T HURT YOU- YOU AND I ARE GOING FOR A LITTLE WALK!
NAMOR CARRIES THE GIRL OFF TOWARD THE JAIL-----
LEAVE ME GO, YOU BIG STIFF!
...AND TOSSES HER ROUGHLY INTO A CELL!
I'LL LEAVE YOU, ALL RIGHT— WHERE YOU CAN'T DO ANY MORE HARM!
YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS!
LEAVING HER HELPLESS BEHIND BARS, HE STEPS OUT AGAIN INTO THE OPEN SEA---
NOW FOR ANOTHER LOOK AT THOSE SUBMARINE TRANSPORTS —THEY MUST BE CARRYING NAZI TROOPS TO STRATEGIC BASES ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST!
WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS HE OVERTAKES THEM----
AHA! HERE WE ARE! WELL, MY CLEVER NORDIC FRIENDS, I THINK WE'LL GIVE YOU A NICE LITTLE ANTARCTIC SURPRISE!
8

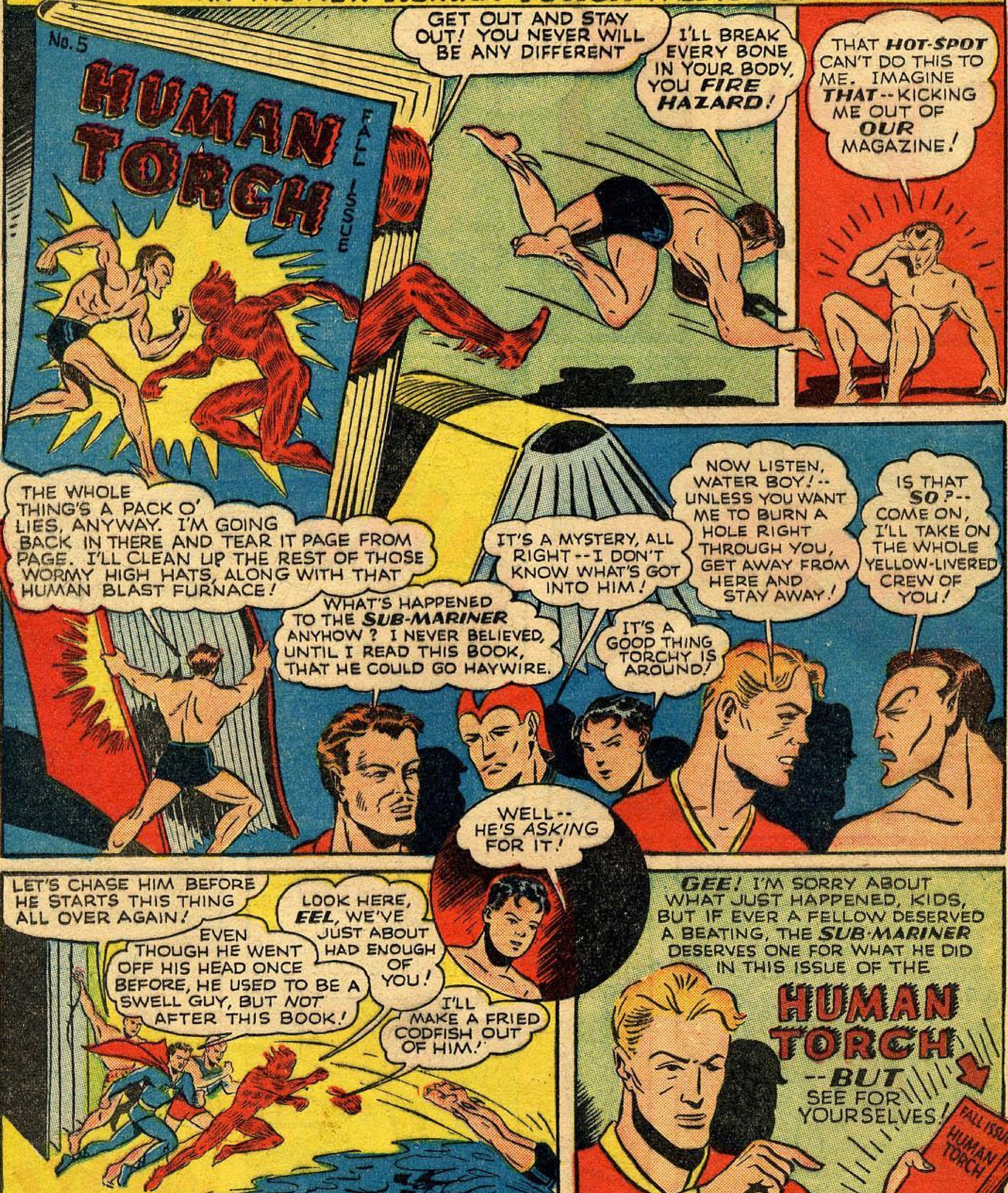

THEN, WITH HIS COLOSSAL STRENGTH, HE PROCEEDS TO WREAK HAVOC WITH THE UNDERWATER FLOTILLA!
PANIC REIGNS INSIDE THE SUB-TRAILERS
ALL HANDS AT BATTLE-STATIONS! RELEASE Nº 4 DEPTH-CHARGE! READY — FIRE!
IMMEDIATELY THE LETHAL "ASH-CAN" SPINS FROM THE DECK THRU THE MURKY WATER!
THEN—!
WHAM!
NAMOR, CAUGHT IN THE EXPLOSION, IS SENT TUMBLING GIDDILY----
--- TO LAND SMACK AGAINST A BRICK BUILDING!
YEOW!


INSTANTLY HE FALLS TO THE GROUND, HALF-STUNNED---
HOLY HADDOCK! WHAT WAS THAT??? YEE-OW-CH! MY HEAD!
REVIVING, HE LOOKS ABOUT---
HELLO? LOOKS LIKE A RADIO-STATION..... I WONDER---?
CURIOSITY LENDING HIM IMPETUS, HE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE WINDOW-
MAY BE SOMETHING INTERESTING IN THIS ---- NO HARM IN TAKING A LOOK, ANYWAY!
---CRASHING THROUGH INTO THE OCCUPIED STUDIO!
HIMMEL! WAS IST---???
WITHOUT WAITING TO INTRODUCE HIMSELF, NAMOR SLASHES OUT WITH A TERRIFIC RIGHT, SHATTERING THE OPERATOR'S GLASS HELMET!
THEN, HASTILY, HE SEIZES THE WIRELESS KEY----
WHAT A BREAK! NOW'S THE TIME TO LET AMERICA IN ON WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO 'EM IF THEY DON'T ACT FAST!
AND THE IMPULSES SHOOT OUT INTO THE SEA----
TO BE PICKED UP BY THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S ATLANTIC LISTENING-POST!
DEEP-SEA-SUBMARINE-BLITZ-BY-NAZI-FORCES-UNDER-WAY-IN-SOUTH-ATLANTIC----PREPARE-FOR-INVASION-OF-EAST-COAST-OF-FLORIDA-OR-MEET-ENEMY-SUBMARINES-AT-POINT-SOMEWHERE-EAST-OF-THE-BAHAMAS-----

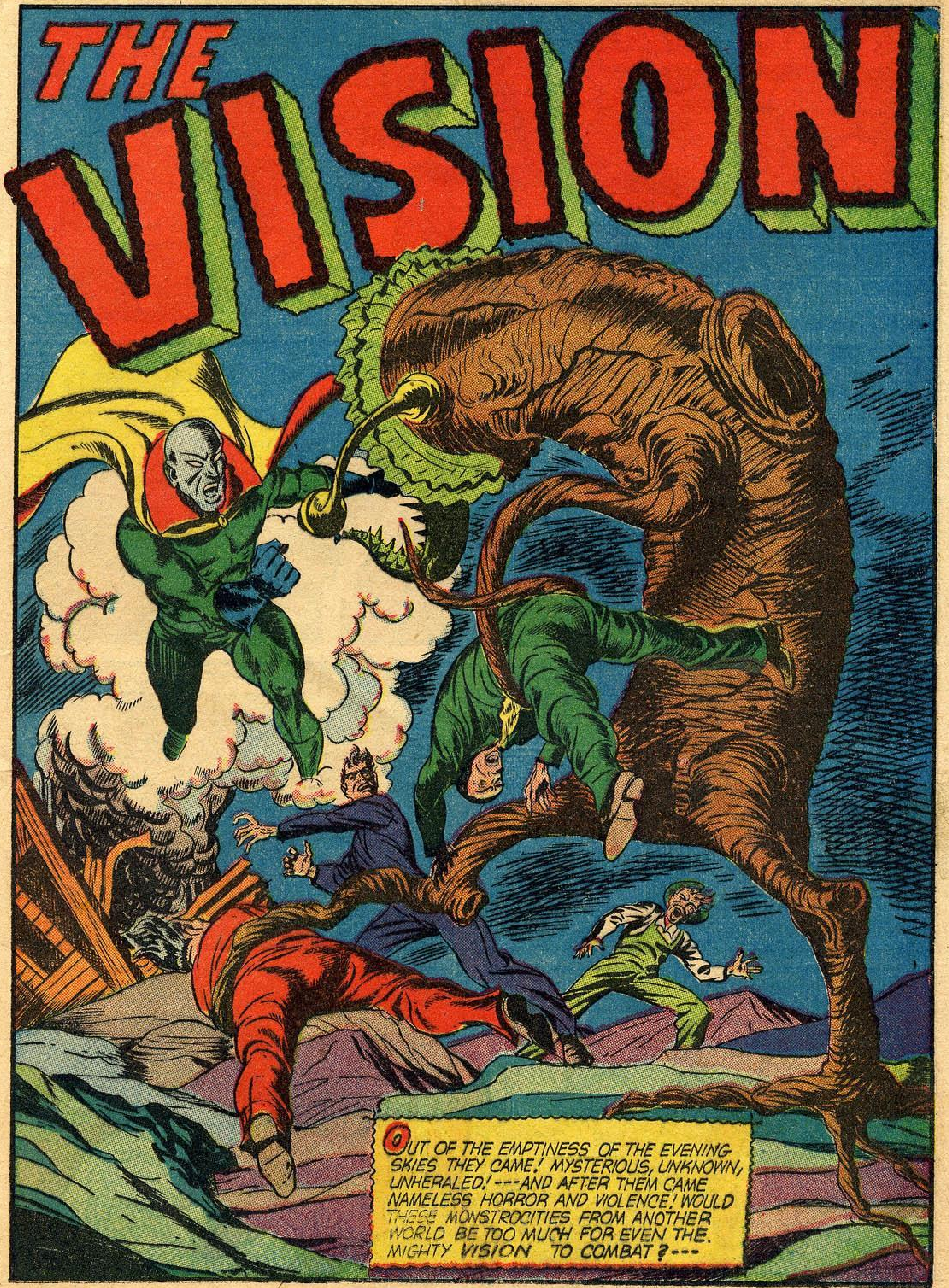

THE MESSAGE IS RUSHED TO THE NAVY DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON---
JUST RECEIVED FROM FLORIDA, SIR! SOUNDS URGENT!
ALL RIGHT - LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT!
IMMEDIATELY THE ALARM IS SPREAD --- THE COMMANDER ISSUES ORDERS TO THE ATLANTIC FLEET...
GET UNDER WEIGH WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY - AND DON'T LET THOSE SUBMARINES THROUGH THE WEST INDIES!
BATTLESHIPS AND DESTROYERS SET OUT WITH SUB-CHASERS TO ANTICIPATE THE ATTACK!
...THEN ROLL OUT TO SEA, ALL EYES KEENLY SCANNING THE SURFACE--
SUDDENLY, FROM THE LEADING DESTROYER---
AHOY THE BRIDGE! PERISCOPE OFF PORT BOW!!!
INSTANTLY THE FLEET GOES INTO ATTACK FORMATION, AND A SUB-CHASER HURLS A DEPTH-CHARGE!
WHICH STRIKES WITH ASTOUNDING ACCURACY!
WHAM!

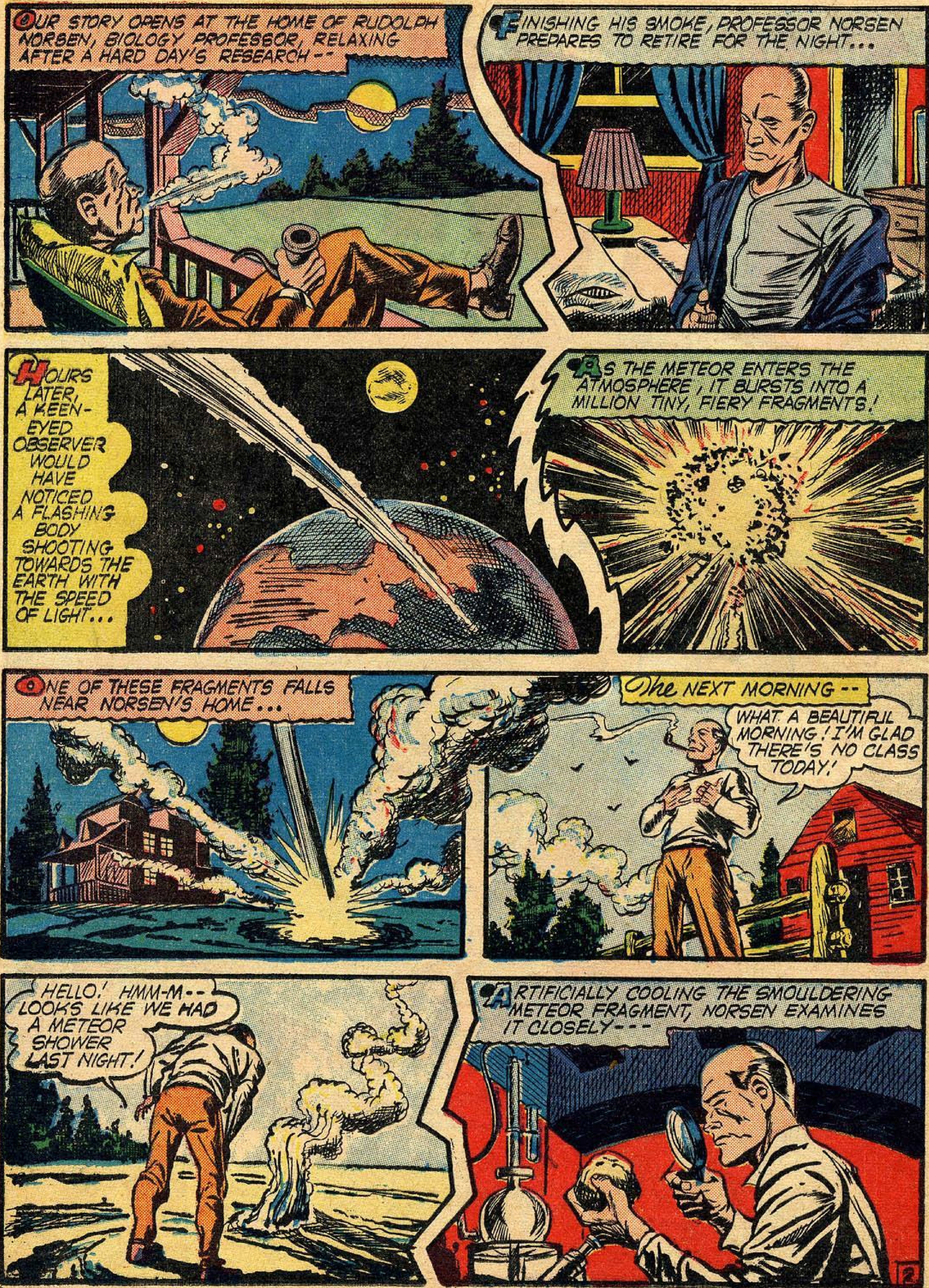

IN THE MEANTIME, NAMOR, HAVING WITNESSED THE ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICANS, RACES OFF TO THE JAIL, WHERE JARNA IS IMPRISONED...
ONLY ONE MORE THING FOR ME TO DO HERE ----
HE RIPS OPEN THE DOOR OF HER CELL ---
COME ON, HONEYCHILE, IT'S TIME YOU WERE MOVIN'!
YOU'RE TELLING ME? THAT BOMBING SOUNDS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD!
THE GIRL DARTS OUT THE DOOR, HEADED SOUTH...
SO LONG, BABY-DOLL - SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY-PAPERS!
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', MISTER! ALL MY LOVE, BUT I HOPE YOU CHOKE!
EVEN AS THE GIRL STREAKS THROUGH THE WATER, THE UNDERSEA CITY IS BEING "BLITZED" BY THE AMERICAN FLEET----
BOOM!
ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE NAZI BUILDINGS ARE BLASTED TO SPLINTERS BY WELL-PLACED DEPTH-BOMBS!
WHAM!
NAMOR, RISING TO THE SURFACE, DASHES TOWARD THE AMERICAN DESTROYERS...
ANOTHER CHAPTER WRITTEN! WHEN ARE THESE GERMAN JERKS GOING TO GIVE UP?
...HE SCRAMBLES ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP, TO BE GREETED BY THE COMMANDER...
SO!!! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOU, SUB-MARINER! CONGRATULATIONS, AND THANKS A MILLION FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE!
Next Month ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE of THE SUB-MARINER in MARVEL COMICS!

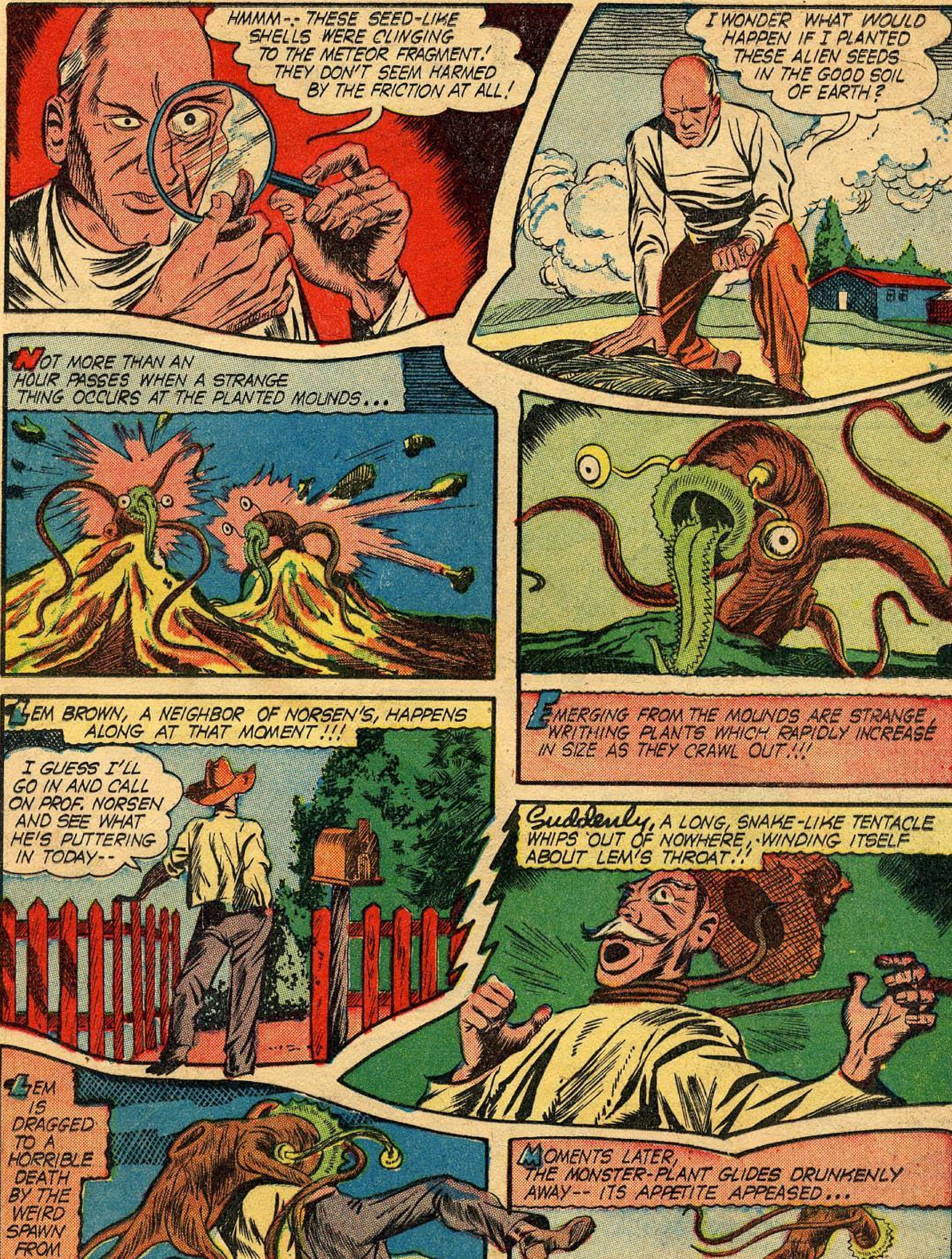
★ **THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN!** Here's a *FULL-LENGTH NOVEL* of *TORCH'S* TITANIC BATTLE TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE CLUTCHES OF *SUB-MARINER!* IN THE NEW **HUMAN TORCH** FALL ISSUE.

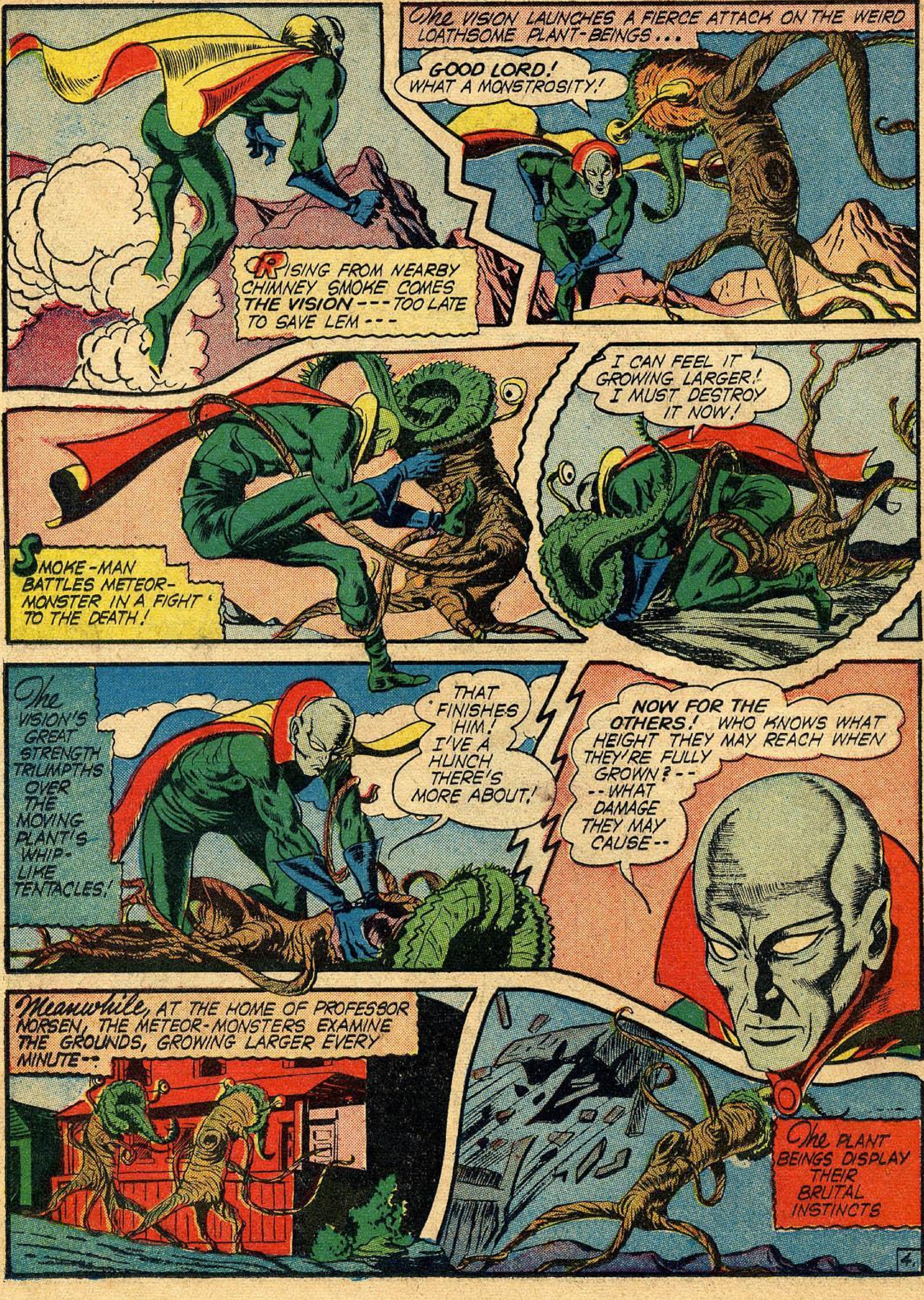

No. 5
HUMAN TORCH
FALL ISSUE
GET OUT AND STAY OUT! YOU NEVER WILL BE ANY DIFFERENT
I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY, YOU ***FIRE HAZARD!***
THAT ***HOT-SPOT*** CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. IMAGINE ***THAT***--KICKING ME OUT OF ***OUR*** MAGAZINE!
THE WHOLE THING'S A PACK O' LIES, ANYWAY. I'M GOING BACK IN THERE AND TEAR IT PAGE FROM PAGE. I'LL CLEAN UP THE REST OF THOSE WORMY HIGH HATS, ALONG WITH THAT HUMAN BLAST FURNACE!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE ***SUB-MARINER*** ANYHOW? I NEVER BELIEVED, UNTIL I READ THIS BOOK, THAT HE COULD GO HAYWIRE.
IT'S A MYSTERY, ALL RIGHT--I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM!
IT'S A GOOD THING TORCHY IS AROUND!
NOW LISTEN, WATER BOY!--UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO BURN A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH YOU, GET AWAY FROM HERE AND STAY AWAY!
IS THAT ***SO?***--COME ON, I'LL TAKE ON THE WHOLE YELLOW-LIVERED CREW OF YOU!
WELL--HE'S *ASKING* FOR IT!
LET'S CHASE HIM BEFORE HE STARTS THIS THING ALL OVER AGAIN!
EVEN THOUGH HE WENT OFF HIS HEAD ONCE BEFORE, HE USED TO BE A SWELL GUY, BUT *NOT* AFTER THIS BOOK!
LOOK HERE, ***EEL***, WE'VE JUST ABOUT HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!
I'LL MAKE A FRIED CODFISH OUT OF HIM!
GEE! I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT JUST HAPPENED, KIDS, BUT IF EVER A FELLOW DESERVED A BEATING, THE ***SUB-MARINER*** DESERVES ONE FOR WHAT HE DID IN THIS ISSUE OF THE
HUMAN TORCH
--BUT SEE FOR YOURSELVES!
FALL ISSUE HUMAN TORCH

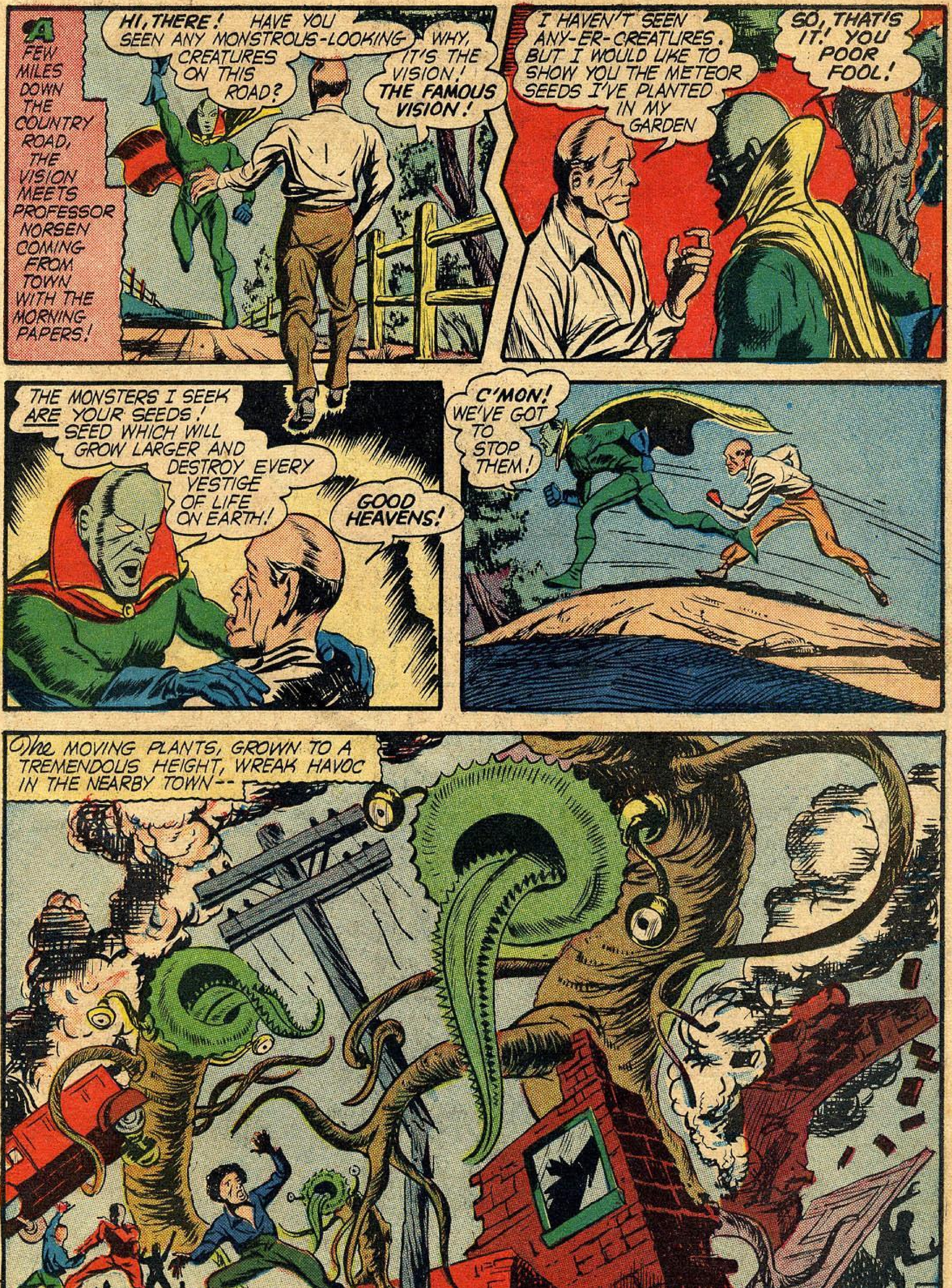
If you want to know what it's all about—THIS NEW FIGHT BETWEEN **HUMAN TORCH** AND **SUB-MARINER**—GET ***YOUR*** COPY OF FALL 1941 ISSUE OF **HUMAN TORCH** *AT YOUR NEWSDEALER'S* **10¢**

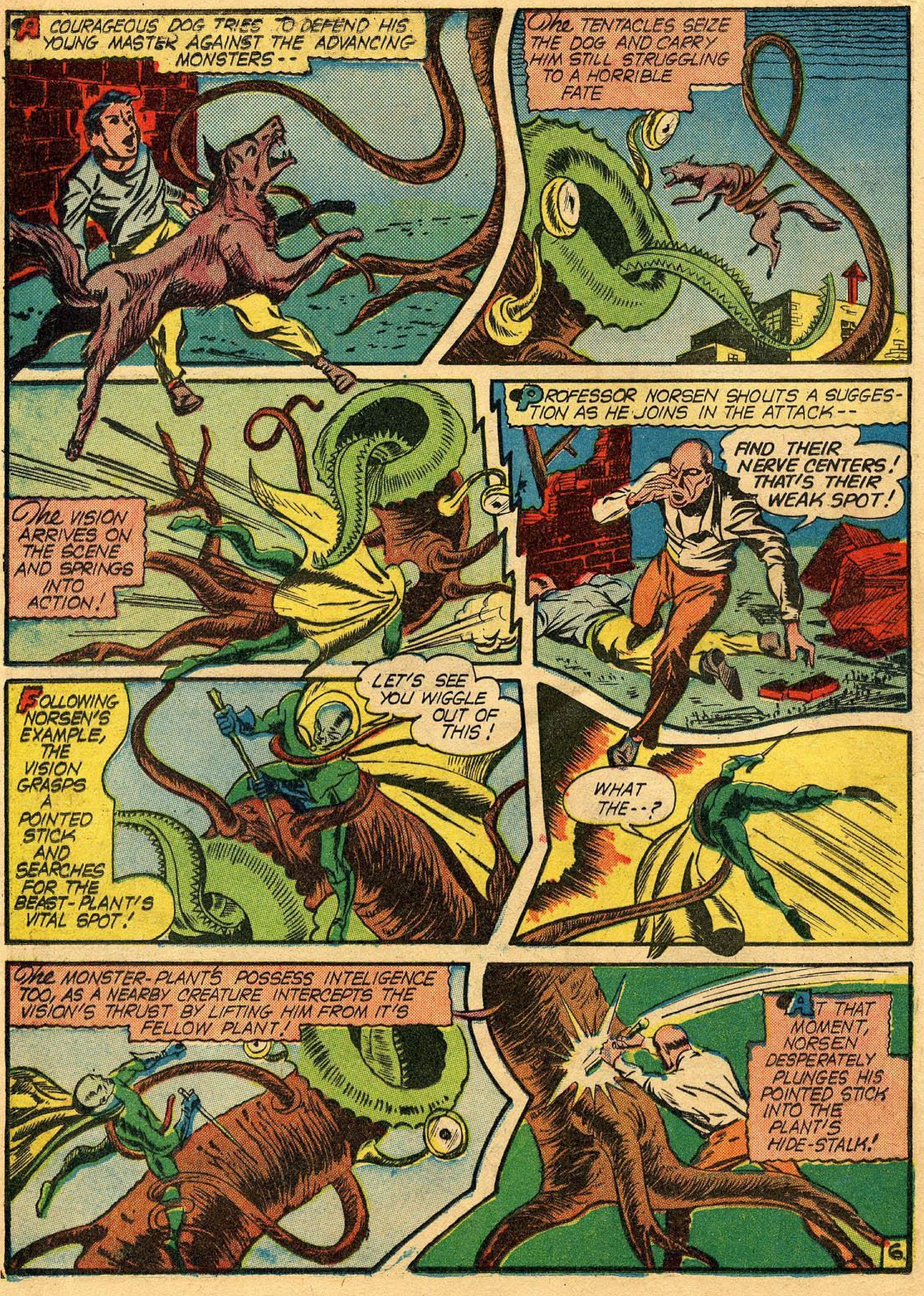

THE VISION
OUT OF THE EMPTINESS OF THE EVENING SKIES THEY CAME! MYSTERIOUS, UNKNOWN, UNHERALED! ---AND AFTER THEM CAME NAMELESS HORROR AND VIOLENCE! WOULD THESE MONSTROCITIES FROM ANOTHER WORLD BE TOO MUCH FOR EVEN THE MIGHTY VISION TO COMBAT?---

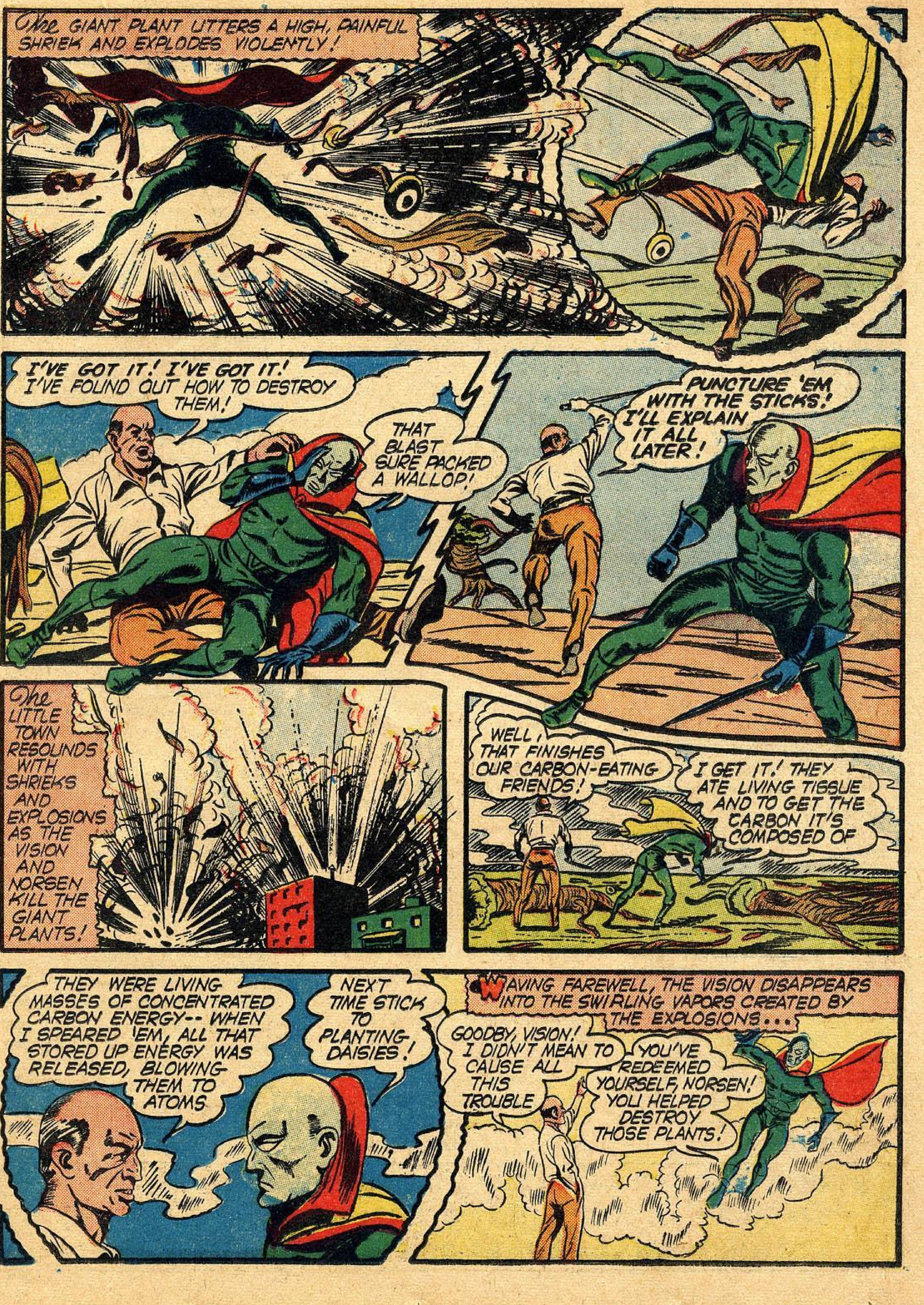

OUR STORY OPENS AT THE HOME OF RUDOLPH NORSEN, BIOLOGY PROFESSOR, RELAXING AFTER A HARD DAY'S RESEARCH--
FINISHING HIS SMOKE, PROFESSOR NORSEN PREPARES TO RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT...
HOURS LATER, A KEEN-EYED OBSERVER WOULD HAVE NOTICED A FLASHING BODY SHOOTING TOWARDS THE EARTH WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT...
AS THE METEOR ENTERS THE ATMOSPHERE, IT BURSTS INTO A MILLION TINY, FIERY FRAGMENTS!
ONE OF THESE FRAGMENTS FALLS NEAR NORSEN'S HOME...
The NEXT MORNING--
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING! I'M GLAD THERE'S NO CLASS TODAY!
HELLO! HMM-M-- LOOKS LIKE WE HAD A METEOR SHOWER LAST NIGHT!
ARTIFICIALLY COOLING THE SMOULDERING METEOR FRAGMENT, NORSEN EXAMINES IT CLOSELY---


HMMM-- THESE SEED-LIKE SHELLS WERE CLINGING TO THE METEOR FRAGMENT! THEY DON'T SEEM HARMED BY THE FRICTION AT ALL!
I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I PLANTED THESE ALIEN SEEDS IN THE GOOD SOIL OF EARTH?
NOT MORE THAN AN HOUR PASSES WHEN A STRANGE THING OCCURS AT THE PLANTED MOUNDS...
EMERGING FROM THE MOUNDS ARE STRANGE, WRITHING PLANTS WHICH RAPIDLY INCREASE IN SIZE AS THEY CRAWL OUT!!!
LEM BROWN, A NEIGHBOR OF NORSEN'S, HAPPENS ALONG AT THAT MOMENT!!!
I GUESS I'LL GO IN AND CALL ON PROF. NORSEN AND SEE WHAT HE'S PUTTERING IN TODAY--
Suddenly, A LONG, SNAKE-LIKE TENTACLE WHIPS OUT OF NOWHERE, WINDING ITSELF ABOUT LEM'S THROAT!!
LEM IS DRAGGED TO A HORRIBLE DEATH BY THE WEIRD SPAWN FROM SPACE
MOMENTS LATER, THE MONSTER-PLANT GLIDES DRUNKENLY AWAY-- ITS APPETITE APPEASED...


RISING FROM NEARBY CHIMNEY SMOKE COMES THE VISION --- TOO LATE TO SAVE LEM ---
THE VISION LAUNCHES A FIERCE ATTACK ON THE WEIRD LOATHSOME PLANT-BEINGS...
GOOD LORD! WHAT A MONSTROSITY!
SMOKE-MAN BATTLES METEOR-MONSTER IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH!
I CAN FEEL IT GROWING LARGER! I MUST DESTROY IT NOW!
THE VISION'S GREAT STRENGTH TRIUMPHS OVER THE MOVING PLANT'S WHIP-LIKE TENTACLES!
THAT FINISHES HIM! I'VE A HUNCH THERE'S MORE ABOUT!
NOW FOR THE OTHERS! WHO KNOWS WHAT HEIGHT THEY MAY REACH WHEN THEY'RE FULLY GROWN? -- -- WHAT DAMAGE THEY MAY CAUSE --
MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF PROFESSOR NORSEN, THE METEOR-MONSTERS EXAMINE THE GROUNDS, GROWING LARGER EVERY MINUTE --
THE PLANT BEINGS DISPLAY THEIR BRUTAL INSTINCTS


A FEW MILES DOWN THE COUNTRY ROAD, THE VISION MEETS PROFESSOR NORSEN COMING FROM TOWN WITH THE MORNING PAPERS!
HI, THERE! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY MONSTROUS-LOOKING CREATURES ON THIS ROAD?
WHY, IT'S THE VISION! THE FAMOUS VISION!
I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY-ER-CREATURES. BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU THE METEOR SEEDS I'VE PLANTED IN MY GARDEN
SO, THAT'S IT! YOU POOR FOOL!
THE MONSTERS I SEEK ARE YOUR SEEDS! SEED WHICH WILL GROW LARGER AND DESTROY EVERY VESTIGE OF LIFE ON EARTH!
GOOD HEAVENS!
C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
The MOVING PLANTS, GROWN TO A TREMENDOUS HEIGHT, WREAK HAVOC IN THE NEARBY TOWN--


A COURAGEOUS DOG TRIES TO DEFEND HIS YOUNG MASTER AGAINST THE ADVANCING MONSTERS--
THE TENTACLES SEIZE THE DOG AND CARRY HIM STILL STRUGGLING TO A HORRIBLE FATE
THE VISION ARRIVES ON THE SCENE AND SPRINGS INTO ACTION!
PROFESSOR NORSEN SHOUTS A SUGGESTION AS HE JOINS IN THE ATTACK--
FIND THEIR NERVE CENTERS! THAT'S THEIR WEAK SPOT!
FOLLOWING NORSEN'S EXAMPLE, THE VISION GRASPS A POINTED STICK AND SEARCHES FOR THE BEAST-PLANT'S VITAL SPOT!
LET'S SEE YOU WIGGLE OUT OF THIS!
WHAT THE--?
THE MONSTER-PLANTS POSSESS INTELIGENCE TOO, AS A NEARBY CREATURE INTERCEPTS THE VISION'S THRUST BY LIFTING HIM FROM IT'S FELLOW PLANT!
AT THAT MOMENT, NORSEN DESPERATELY PLUNGES HIS POINTED STICK INTO THE PLANT'S HIDE-STALK!


THE GIANT PLANT UTTERS A HIGH, PAINFUL SHRIEK AND EXPLODES VIOLENTLY!
I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT! I'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO DESTROY THEM!
THAT BLAST SURE PACKED A WALLOP!
PUNCTURE 'EM WITH THE STICKS! I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL LATER!
THE LITTLE TOWN RESOUNDS WITH SHRIEKS AND EXPLOSIONS AS THE VISION AND NORSEN KILL THE GIANT PLANTS!
WELL, THAT FINISHES OUR CARBON-EATING FRIENDS!
I GET IT! THEY ATE LIVING TISSUE AND TO GET THE CARBON IT'S COMPOSED OF
THEY WERE LIVING MASSES OF CONCENTRATED CARBON ENERGY-- WHEN I SPEARED 'EM, ALL THAT STORED UP ENERGY WAS RELEASED, BLOWING THEM TO ATOMS
NEXT TIME STICK TO PLANTING DAISIES!
WAVING FAREWELL, THE VISION DISAPPEARS INTO THE SWIRLING VAPORS CREATED BY THE EXPLOSIONS...
GOODBY, VISION! I DIDN'T MEAN TO CAUSE ALL THIS TROUBLE
YOU'VE REDEEMED YOURSELF, NORSEN! YOU HELPED DESTROY THOSE PLANTS!

THE TRUTH

By Werstein

BILL CARTER GNAWED at the end of his pencil and gazed about the busy examination room. It was mid-term week at Northside High School. The furrowed brows of the students showed that this was a stiff history examination.

Mr. Fredericks, the history teacher, strode back and forth at the front of the room. He felt a trifle guilty. Perhaps he had given his students a test that was a bit too hard. Nevertheless, he thought it would do them good to have to think for a change.

Bill Carter was the star halfback on the Northside High football team. Bill put the normal amount of effort into his class assignments, but somehow he just didn't do well in history. Mr. Fredericks always seemed to resent the fact that Bill was a football player. The teacher was the kind of man who seemed to grouch about everything. He put pressure on Bill. He appeared to force the halfback more than his other pupils.

Northside High had a ruling which made it necessary for a varsity athlete to pass all his subjects in order to remain eligible to play. Bill was in a difficult spot. If he flunked this exam, it meant that he couldn't play against Eastern High on the following Saturday. That was the big game of the year.

Bill was desperate. He just had to pass. For the first time in his life he was going to do something dishonest. He intended to cheat if necessary, in order to play in that big match!

"This is wrong, dead wrong!" Bill muttered to himself. He reached into his jacket cuff and extracted the carefully prepared notes which were attached to a rubber band so that he could snap them out of sight immediately. He had been taught this trick by some of the fellows in his class. They wanted him to play on Saturday.

Bill found the answer to the question which had him stumped. He snapped the notes back under his cuff. He wrote the correct answer. That was how it went throughout the entire exam, and Bill frequently used the notes. The bell rang ending the examination. Bill placed his paper on the teacher's desk with his classmates.

That afternoon at practice, something was wrong with the star halfback.

"SNAP INTO IT, BILL!" shouted Ned Harris, the coach, as Bill fumbled the ball on a half spinner play. Bill nodded in assent. On the very next play, a delayed line buck, he stumbled before reaching the line of scrimmage. Even a casual observer could see that Bill was way off form.

When the session was over and the weary players were trudging off the field, the Coach called to Bill. The youth walked over to his mentor.

"Yes, Coach?", asked Bill.

"What's wrong, boy? You were way off out there. You'll have to do better than that on Saturday."

"I'll be all right, sir," Bill said curtly. He turned and walked rapidly to the clubhouse.

In the locker room the familiar odor of rubbing alcohol assailed his nostrils. He plumped dejectedly on a bench. The shouts of the other fellows resounded as they splashed around beneath the stinging ice cold shower. They were happy, Bill thought bitterly, *they* weren't cheats!

Bill lived in torment through the night. He tossed sleeplessly. He knew that Mr. Fredericks would have the marks ready next morning at class. Mr. Fredericks was like that. Punctual to a fault.

Bill's heart pounded large as he entered the history class the following day. He took his seat and waited. As was his custom, Mr. Fredericks passed slowly down the aisles and handed out the marked examination papers. He paused at Bill's desk as he placed the paper face down.

"Very nice work, Mr. Carter," the teacher said in his clipped accent. As Mr. Fredericks walked past, Bill turned the paper over with a trembling hand. In the upper right hand corner of the page was a neat set of figures, in the teacher's precise hand. Bill's startled eyes read "85"! As though a load were lifted from them, Bill's spirits rose. *He had passed!* He would play on Saturday. His cheating had gone undiscovered.

The football practice that afternoon was a huge success for Bill. He was like a veritable whirlwind. His knife-like off tackle slashes, his passing and kicking, his swivel-hipped broken field running left nothing to be desired. Coach Harris smiled broadly. He had nothing to worry about as far as his flashy halfback was concerned. Bill's slump was definitely over.

As Bill was going home after the drill, Don Henry, one of the boys who had showed him how

BILL CARTER CHEATED ON HIS EXAMS IN ORDER TO PLAY IN SATURDAY'S GAME – BUT HE SOON LEARNED THAT SPORTS AND SNEAKS DON'T MIX!

to conceal the notes walked up to him.

"Well Bill, it looks as if you have nothing to worry about next Saturday. Did you use those crib notes to get by?" Don smiled in a nasty sort of way.

For a moment Bill hesitated. He was going to admit that he had cheated. Something held him back.

"No," lied Bill, "I just happened to know the answers." He knew that the other fellow saw he was lying.

"All of *us* weren't that lucky. *We* had to crib," said Don. He turned off at the next corner and left Bill alone.

Once more the oppressive sense of guilt which had dogged him ever since the morning he had cheated, settled on Bill. It was with a leaden heart that he walked up the porch steps of his family's one story frame house.

"Hello, champ," roared his father, "are you going to win Saturday?"

"We'll try, Dad," said Bill listlessly. He said hello to his mother who came bustling out of the kitchen to announce supper. Bill didn't eat much on the excuse that he was in training. He went to bed early.

The week sped by rapidly. Much of the time Bill was engaged in a struggle with himself. Several times he wanted to give himself up to Mr. Fredericks. Tell him everything. Take his medicine. But the idea of the game soon crushed these thoughts.

Then Saturday rolled around. Bill was at the Stadium early. Down under the stands he sat in the empty locker room and thought things out for the last time. The team needed him. Northside, at the present time, needed him and it seemed that the most important factor in his life was to win that football game. In this way he finally justified his cheating on the history examination.

Other team men soon filled the locker room with their shouting.

Above their heads the Stadium began to fill. Sounds of a huge crowd came filtering faintly back to them. Bill dimly heard the bands playing the songs of the contending schools. He listened to the rhythmic cadence of the cheering sections and he visualized the stands filled with eager students.

As always, Bill felt the lump in his throat and the tenseness in the pit of his stomach. He experienced that each Saturday.

While the boys were dressing, adjusting shoulder pads and jerseys, the coach walked into the locker room.

"Fellows," he said, "I have a few words to say to you. *This* is our *big game!* Naturally, I want you to win. But I want you to win *fairly*. Play *hard* and *honestly*. I want no underhand stunts pulled. Remember, in *football*, as in *life*, winning is not the important thing . . . what is of prime importance is *how* you play the game. Get out there and fight. Use your brains and your strength, but *play fair*. Be honest with yourself and your team mates! That's all. Good Luck!"

COACH HARRIS finished his little speech. A spontaneous cheer went up from his listeners.

Bill heard his coach's words as though each were addressed directly to him.

"Coach!——I can't play today. I *mustn't!*" Bill's voice rang out like a pistol shot! The players turned to him. They froze in their various attitudes. A lad paused in the act of pulling on a shoe . . . another stopped with a jersey half pulled over his head. A heavy silence hung through the room.

Ned Harris turned slowly around. *"Why* can't you play, Bill?" His voice was even, steady.

"Because I *cheated* on the history examination. I used crib notes . . . and that's how I managed to pass. I'm not fit to play on the team or to represent the school." A tremor shook Bill. He sobbed.

The startled players looked from one to the other. This was indeed a disaster. Without Bill the game was as good as lost . . . and they knew it!

The Coach said, "Wait a minute." He walked out, and in a few moments returned with another man. It was Mr. Fredericks! The sour history teacher was *smiling*. He stepped up to Bill and thrust out his hand.

"Shake hands, Bill," he said, "I knew you had the kind of stuff in you that *makes* a man. I was certain you weren't a cheat. You see, I saw you using those notes during the examination. I knew why you were doing it. So that you could play in this game. I didn't say anything because I trusted you. I knew you couldn't play under false colors. My trust in you is justified . . . now get out there and beat Eastern!"

"But Mr. Fredericks," gasped Bill, "what about the exam?".

"Oh that!" exclaimed the history teacher, "I'm going to give you a special test on Monday— And let me tell you it's going to be mighty tough."

"I'll pass it, sir! Thank you for this chance. Come on gang, let's *go!*" Bill adjusted his helmet and led the team onto the field.

The Coach and the history teacher were left alone in the locker room. Mr. Fredericks winked at the football man. A dull roar went up from the crowd.

"Well Ned, I told you. The truth will out! Now see to it that our lads win."

"Right, Tom! *This* proves that you haven't forgotten our football days at the University. See you after the game, old man!"

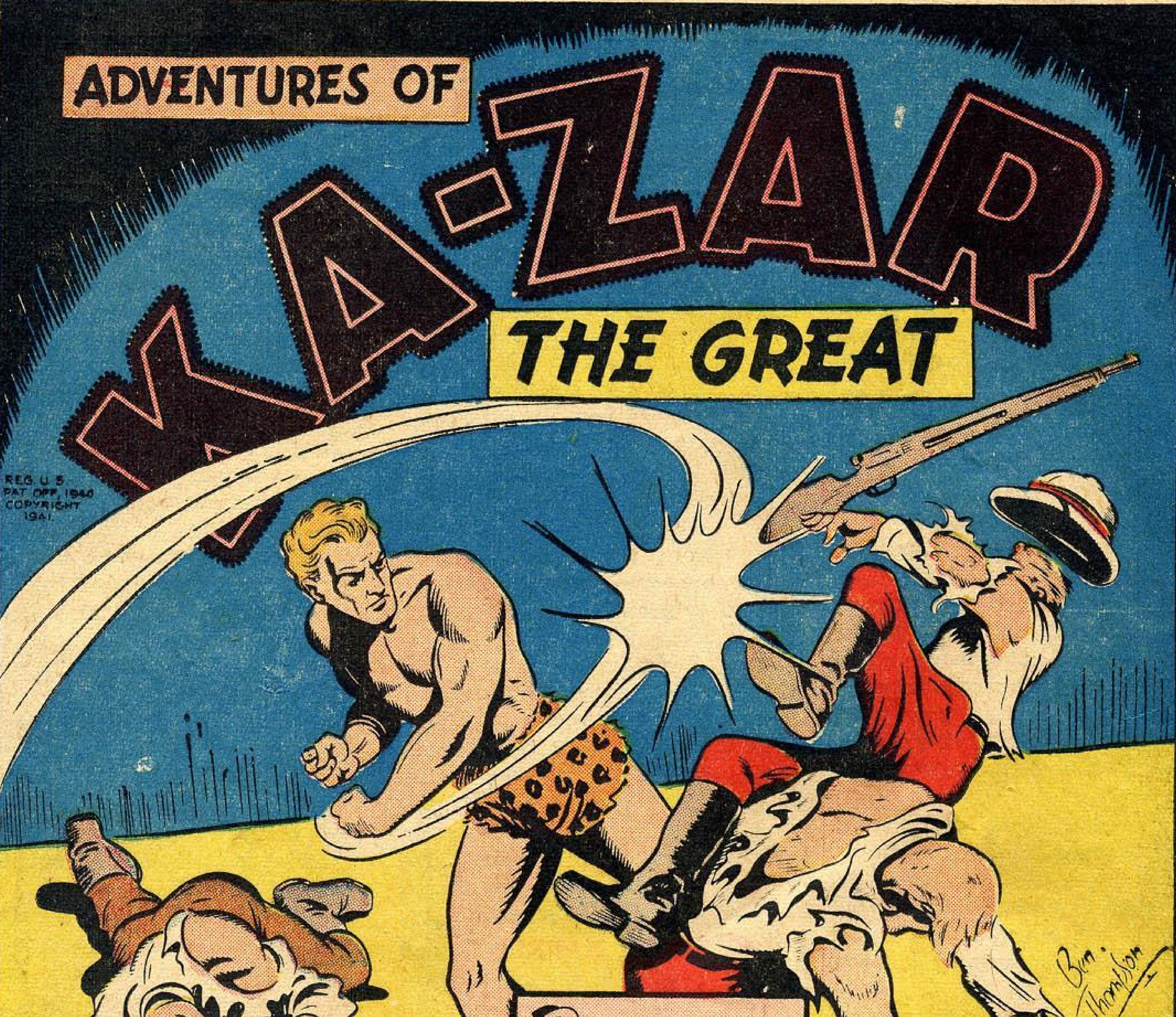
The two old friends went through the door arm in arm. An ever increasing, thrilling swell hit them as they went up the concrete ramp which led to the stadium.

Two men who *trusted* a boy. Two men who *believed* in the truth!

THE END

ADVENTURES OF KA-ZAR THE GREAT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940 COPYRIGHT 1941.



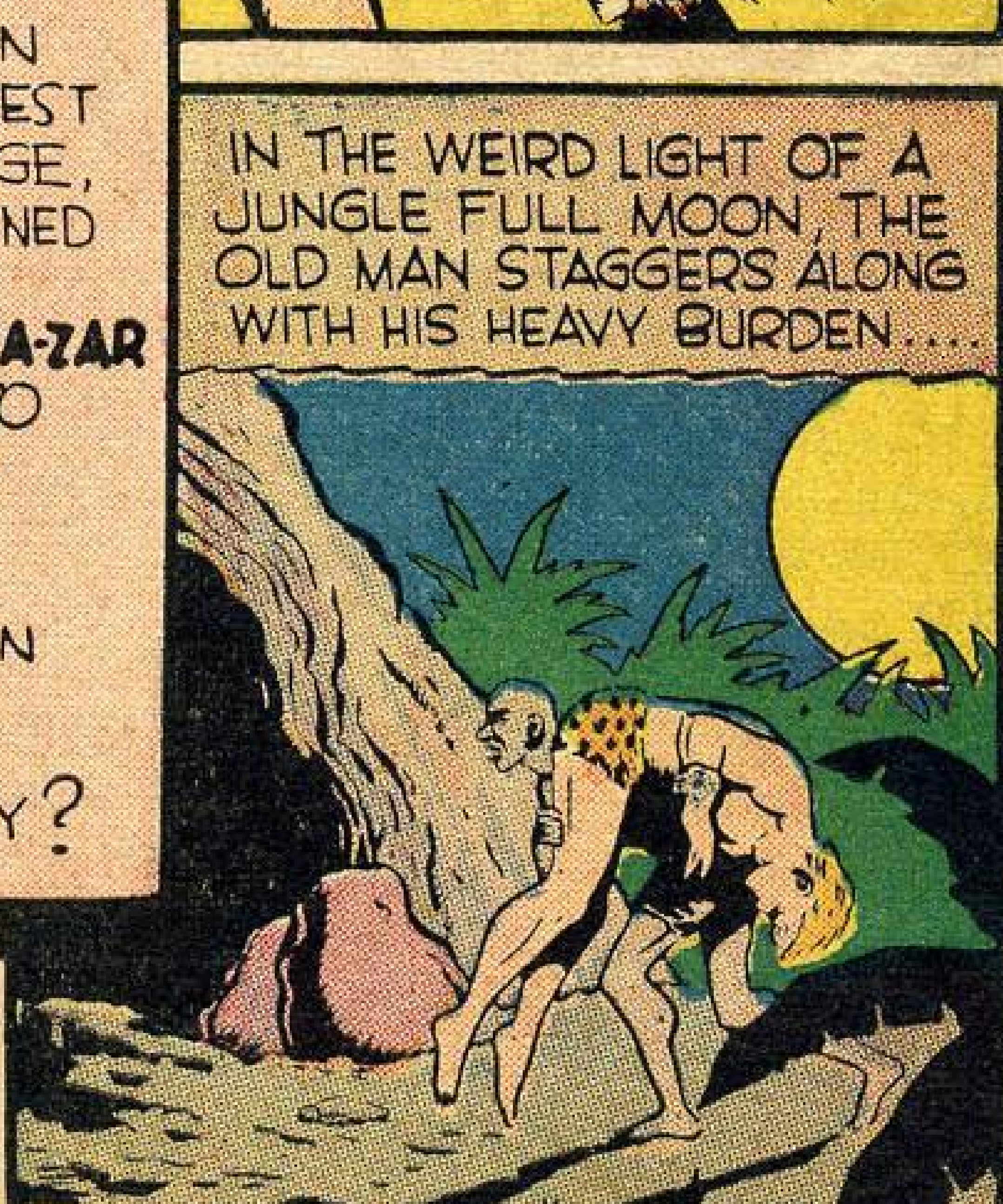
Ben Thompson

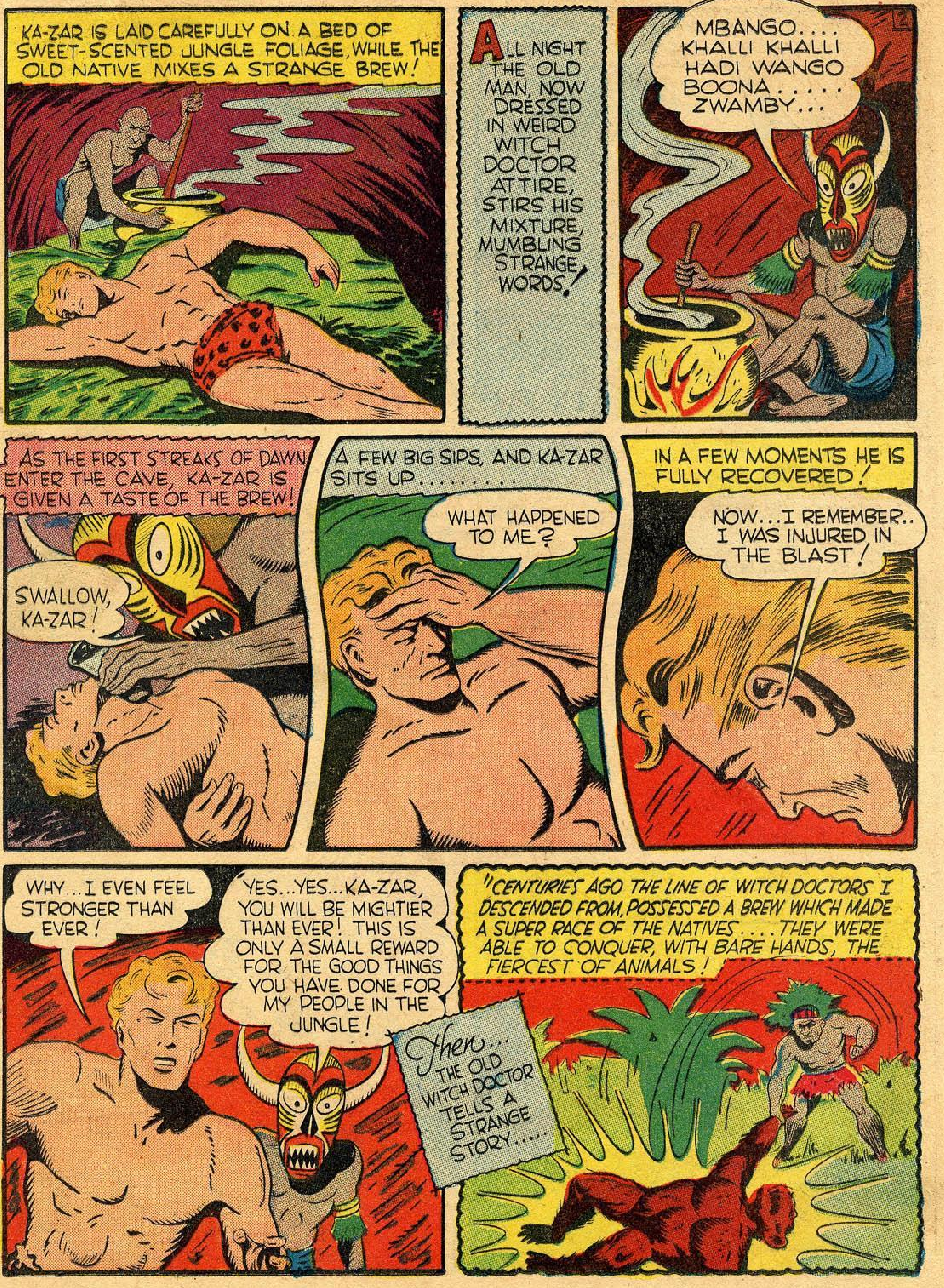
KA-ZAR, *The* GUARDIAN OF THE JUNGLE AND PROTECTOR OF ALL THE WILD BEASTS, HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN DESTROYING NAZI AND FASCIST FORTRESSES IN THE JUNGLE! IN THE BLOWING UP OF THE NAZI AIR BASE BUILT BY ALI HAMUD, KA-ZAR HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY **INJURED!**

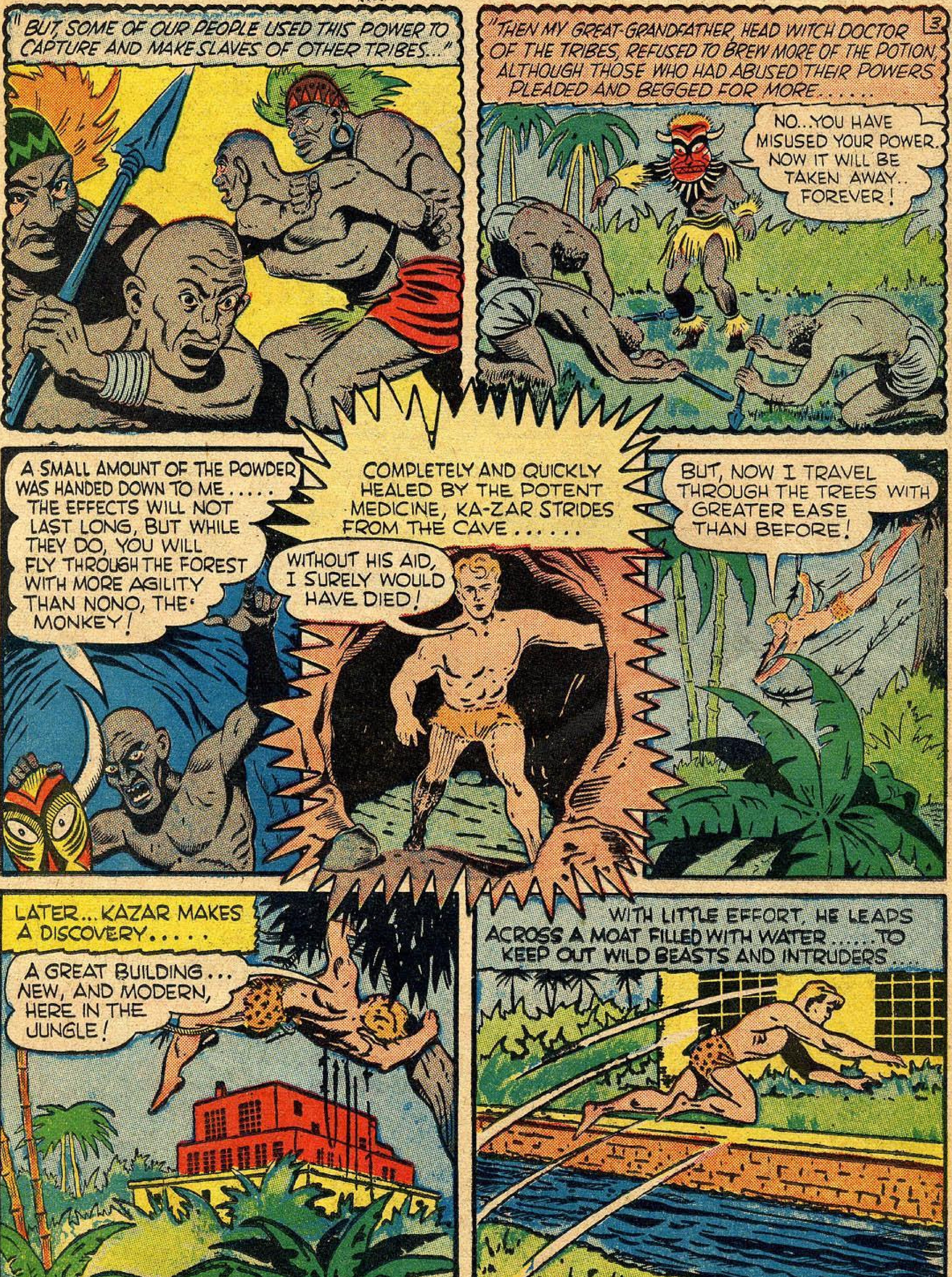
DISCOVERED IN THE THICK FOREST BY A STRANGE, BENT AND WIZENED NATIVE, THE UNCONSCIOUS **KA-ZAR** IS CARRIED TO A GREAT CAVE!

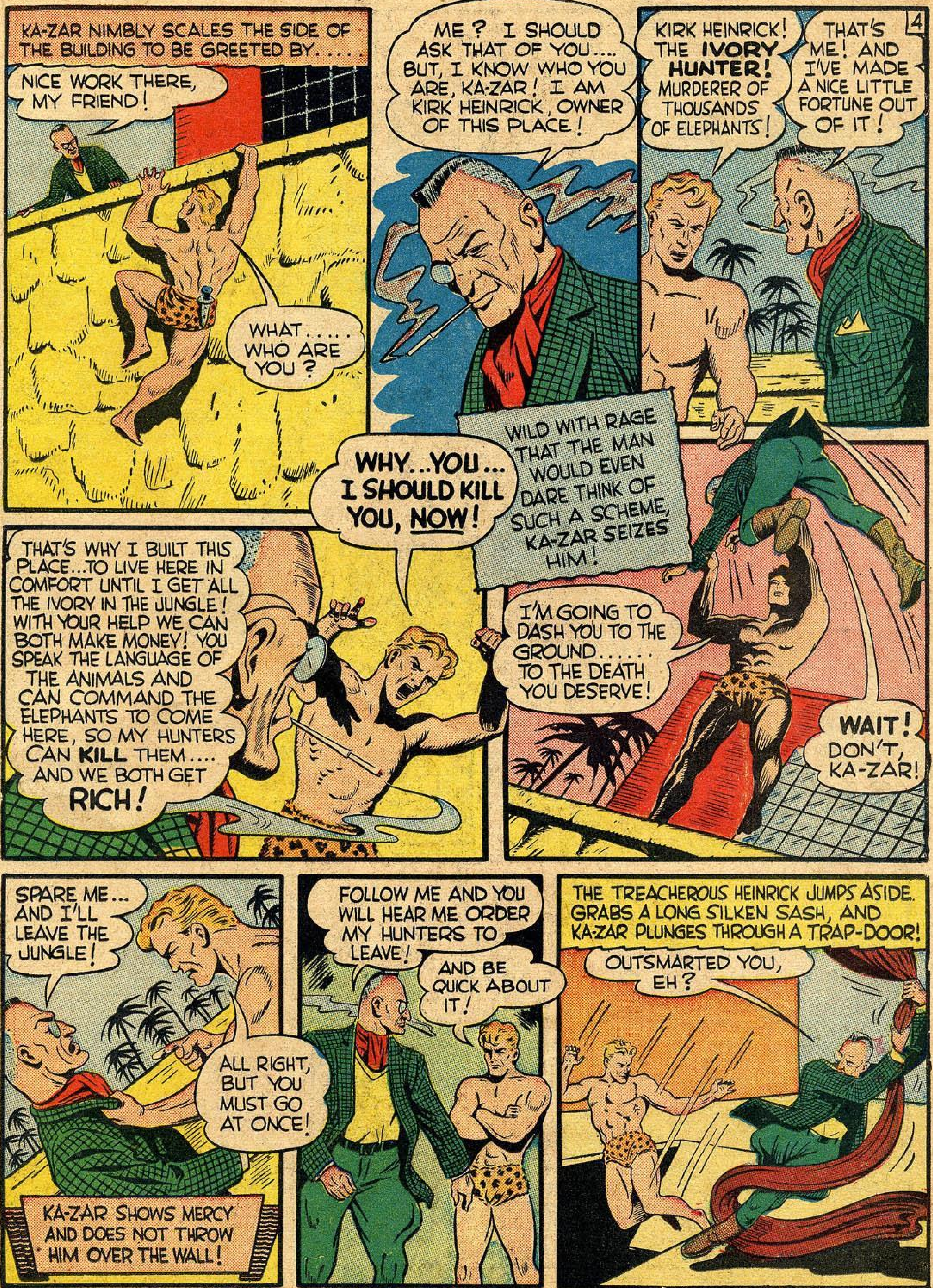
HAS HE BEEN FOUND BY A FRIEND OR AN ENEMY?

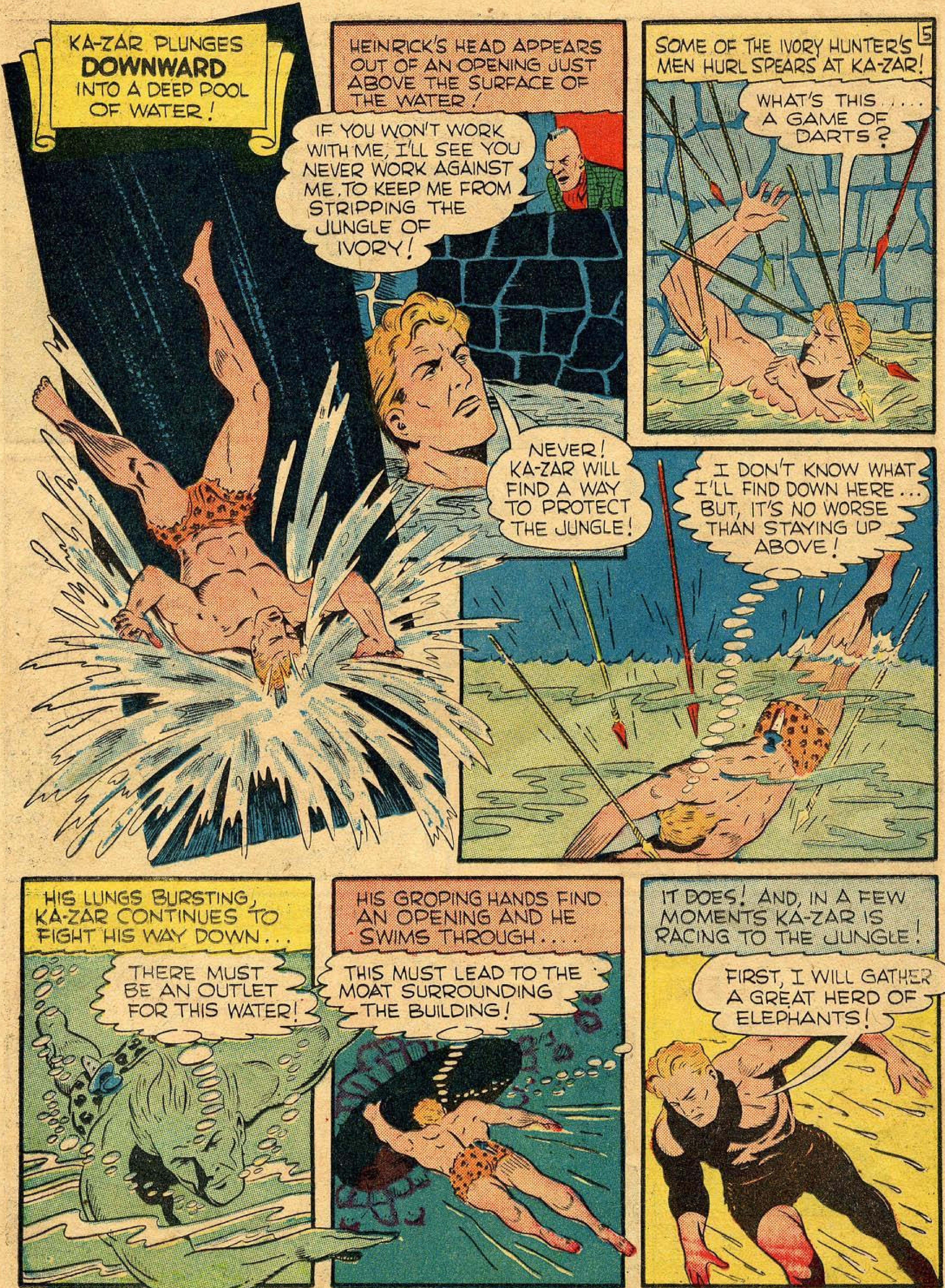
IN THE WEIRD LIGHT OF A JUNGLE FULL MOON, THE OLD MAN STAGGERS ALONG WITH HIS HEAVY BURDEN....

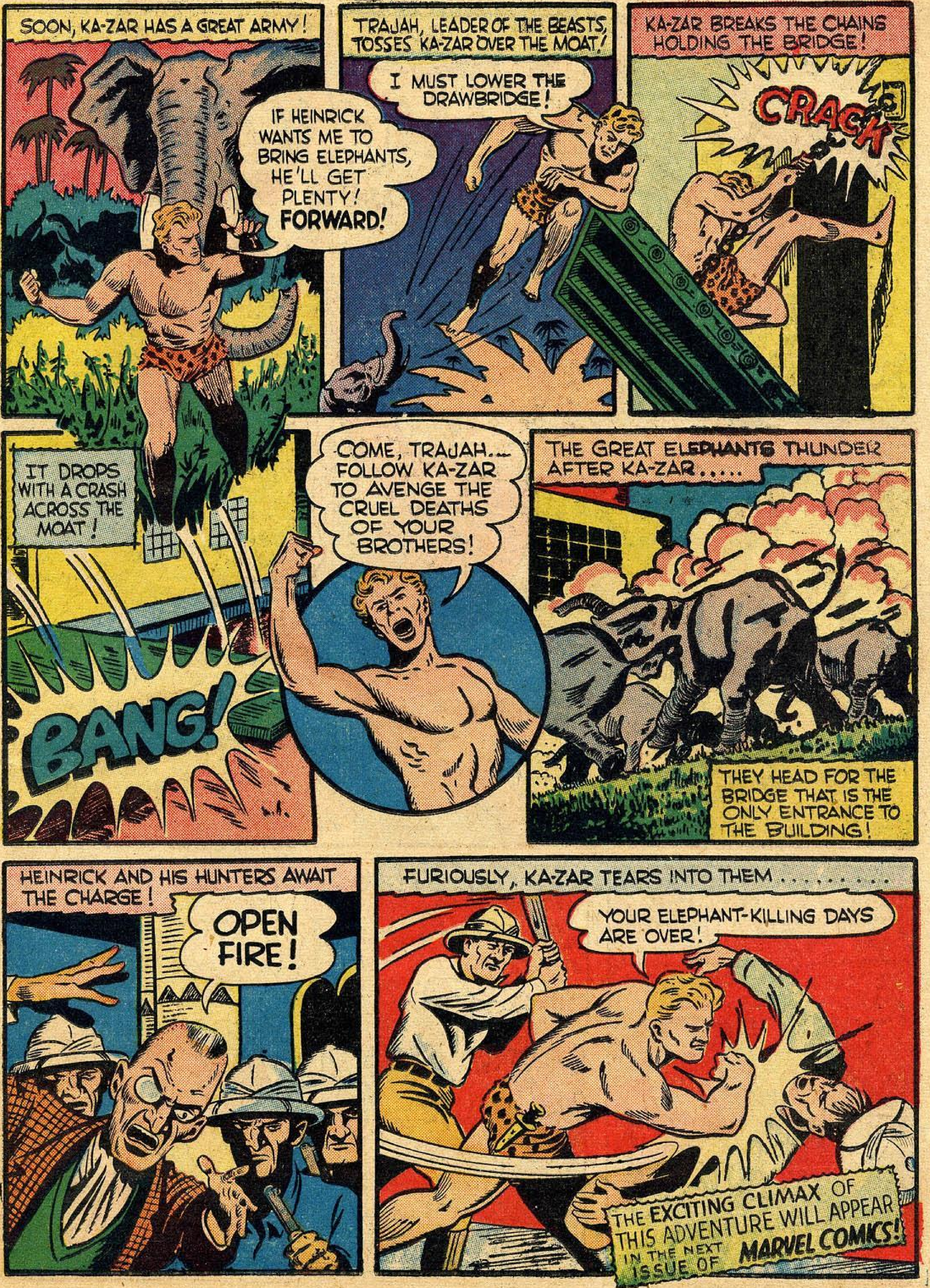



KA-ZAR IS LAID CAREFULLY ON A BED OF SWEET-SCENTED JUNGLE FOLIAGE, WHILE THE OLD NATIVE MIXES A STRANGE BREW!
ALL NIGHT THE OLD MAN, NOW DRESSED IN WEIRD WITCH DOCTOR ATTIRE, STIRS HIS MIXTURE, MUMBLING STRANGE WORDS!
2
MBANGO.... KHALLI KHALLI HADI WANGO BOONA..... ZWAMBY...
AS THE FIRST STREAKS OF DAWN ENTER THE CAVE, KA-ZAR IS GIVEN A TASTE OF THE BREW!
SWALLOW, KA-ZAR!
A FEW BIG SIPS, AND KA-ZAR SITS UP.........
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?
IN A FEW MOMENTS HE IS FULLY RECOVERED!
NOW...I REMEMBER.. I WAS INJURED IN THE BLAST!
WHY...I EVEN FEEL STRONGER THAN EVER!
YES...YES...KA-ZAR, YOU WILL BE MIGHTIER THAN EVER! THIS IS ONLY A SMALL REWARD FOR THE GOOD THINGS YOU HAVE DONE FOR MY PEOPLE IN THE JUNGLE!
Then... THE OLD WITCH DOCTOR TELLS A STRANGE STORY....
"CENTURIES AGO THE LINE OF WITCH DOCTORS I DESCENDED FROM, POSSESSED A BREW WHICH MADE A SUPER RACE OF THE NATIVES....THEY WERE ABLE TO CONQUER, WITH BARE HANDS, THE FIERCEST OF ANIMALS!


"BUT, SOME OF OUR PEOPLE USED THIS POWER TO CAPTURE AND MAKE SLAVES OF OTHER TRIBES..."
"THEN MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, HEAD WITCH DOCTOR OF THE TRIBES, REFUSED TO BREW MORE OF THE POTION, ALTHOUGH THOSE WHO HAD ABUSED THEIR POWERS PLEADED AND BEGGED FOR MORE.....
NO...YOU HAVE MISUSED YOUR POWER. NOW IT WILL BE TAKEN AWAY.. FOREVER!
A SMALL AMOUNT OF THE POWDER WAS HANDED DOWN TO ME..... THE EFFECTS WILL NOT LAST LONG, BUT WHILE THEY DO, YOU WILL FLY THROUGH THE FOREST WITH MORE AGILITY THAN NONO, THE MONKEY!
COMPLETELY AND QUICKLY HEALED BY THE POTENT MEDICINE, KA-ZAR STRIDES FROM THE CAVE.....
WITHOUT HIS AID, I SURELY WOULD HAVE DIED!
BUT, NOW I TRAVEL THROUGH THE TREES WITH GREATER EASE THAN BEFORE!
LATER...KAZAR MAKES A DISCOVERY.....
A GREAT BUILDING... NEW, AND MODERN, HERE IN THE JUNGLE!
WITH LITTLE EFFORT, HE LEADS ACROSS A MOAT FILLED WITH WATER......TO KEEP OUT WILD BEASTS AND INTRUDERS...


KA-ZAR NIMBLY SCALES THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING TO BE GREETED BY.....
NICE WORK THERE, MY FRIEND!
WHAT..... WHO ARE YOU?
ME? I SHOULD ASK THAT OF YOU.... BUT, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, KA-ZAR! I AM KIRK HEINRICK, OWNER OF THIS PLACE!
4
KIRK HEINRICK! THE IVORY HUNTER! MURDERER OF THOUSANDS OF ELEPHANTS!
THAT'S ME! AND I'VE MADE A NICE LITTLE FORTUNE OUT OF IT!
THAT'S WHY I BUILT THIS PLACE...TO LIVE HERE IN COMFORT UNTIL I GET ALL THE IVORY IN THE JUNGLE! WITH YOUR HELP WE CAN BOTH MAKE MONEY! YOU SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANIMALS AND CAN COMMAND THE ELEPHANTS TO COME HERE, SO MY HUNTERS CAN KILL THEM.... AND WE BOTH GET RICH!
WHY...YOU... I SHOULD KILL YOU, NOW!
WILD WITH RAGE THAT THE MAN WOULD EVEN DARE THINK OF SUCH A SCHEME, KA-ZAR SEIZES HIM!
I'M GOING TO DASH YOU TO THE GROUND..... TO THE DEATH YOU DESERVE!
WAIT! DON'T, KA-ZAR!
SPARE ME... AND I'LL LEAVE THE JUNGLE!
ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU MUST GO AT ONCE!
KA-ZAR SHOWS MERCY AND DOES NOT THROW HIM OVER THE WALL!
FOLLOW ME AND YOU WILL HEAR ME ORDER MY HUNTERS TO LEAVE!
AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
THE TREACHEROUS HEINRICK JUMPS ASIDE. GRABS A LONG SILKEN SASH, AND KA-ZAR PLUNGES THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR!
OUTSMARTED YOU, EH?

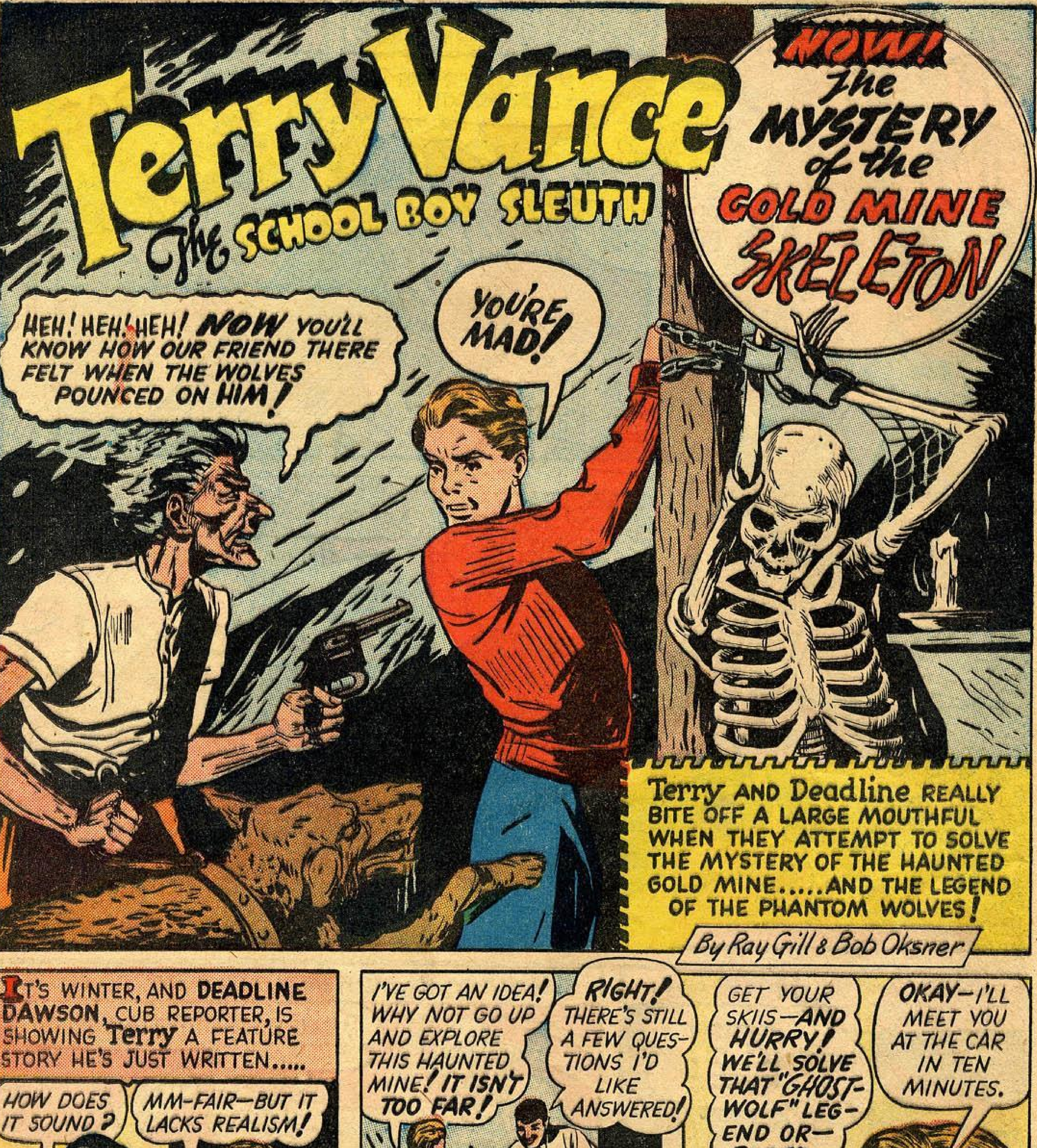

KA-ZAR PLUNGES **DOWNWARD** INTO A DEEP POOL OF WATER!
HEINRICK'S HEAD APPEARS OUT OF AN OPENING JUST ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER!
IF YOU WON'T WORK WITH ME, I'LL SEE YOU NEVER WORK AGAINST ME, TO KEEP ME FROM STRIPPING THE JUNGLE OF IVORY!
NEVER! KA-ZAR WILL FIND A WAY TO PROTECT THE JUNGLE!
SOME OF THE IVORY HUNTER'S MEN HURL SPEARS AT KA-ZAR!
WHAT'S THIS.... A GAME OF DARTS?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND DOWN HERE... BUT, IT'S NO WORSE THAN STAYING UP ABOVE!
HIS LUNGS BURSTING, KA-ZAR CONTINUES TO FIGHT HIS WAY DOWN...
THERE MUST BE AN OUTLET FOR THIS WATER!
HIS GROPING HANDS FIND AN OPENING AND HE SWIMS THROUGH...
THIS MUST LEAD TO THE MOAT SURROUNDING THE BUILDING!
IT DOES! AND, IN A FEW MOMENTS KA-ZAR IS RACING TO THE JUNGLE!
FIRST, I WILL GATHER A GREAT HERD OF ELEPHANTS!


SOON, KA-ZAR HAS A GREAT ARMY!
IF HEINRICK WANTS ME TO BRING ELEPHANTS, HE'LL GET PLENTY! **FORWARD!**
TRAJAH, LEADER OF THE BEASTS, TOSSES KA-ZAR OVER THE MOAT!
I MUST LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE!
KA-ZAR BREAKS THE CHAINS HOLDING THE BRIDGE!
CRACK
IT DROPS WITH A CRASH ACROSS THE MOAT!
BANG!
COME, TRAJAH.... FOLLOW KA-ZAR TO AVENGE THE CRUEL DEATHS OF YOUR BROTHERS!
THE GREAT ELEPHANTS THUNDER AFTER KA-ZAR.....
THEY HEAD FOR THE BRIDGE THAT IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE BUILDING!
HEINRICK AND HIS HUNTERS AWAIT THE CHARGE!
OPEN FIRE!
FURIOUSLY, KA-ZAR TEARS INTO THEM........
YOUR ELEPHANT-KILLING DAYS ARE OVER!
THE EXCITING CLIMAX OF THIS ADVENTURE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

Terry Vance

The School Boy Sleuth

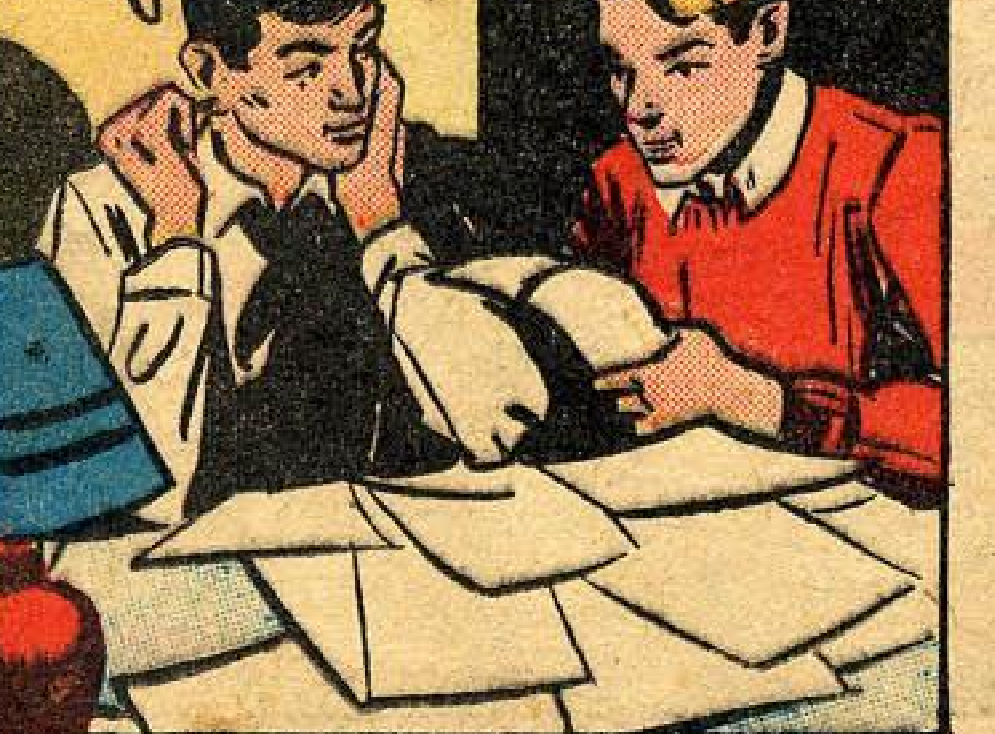
NOW! The MYSTERY of the GOLD MINE SKELETON

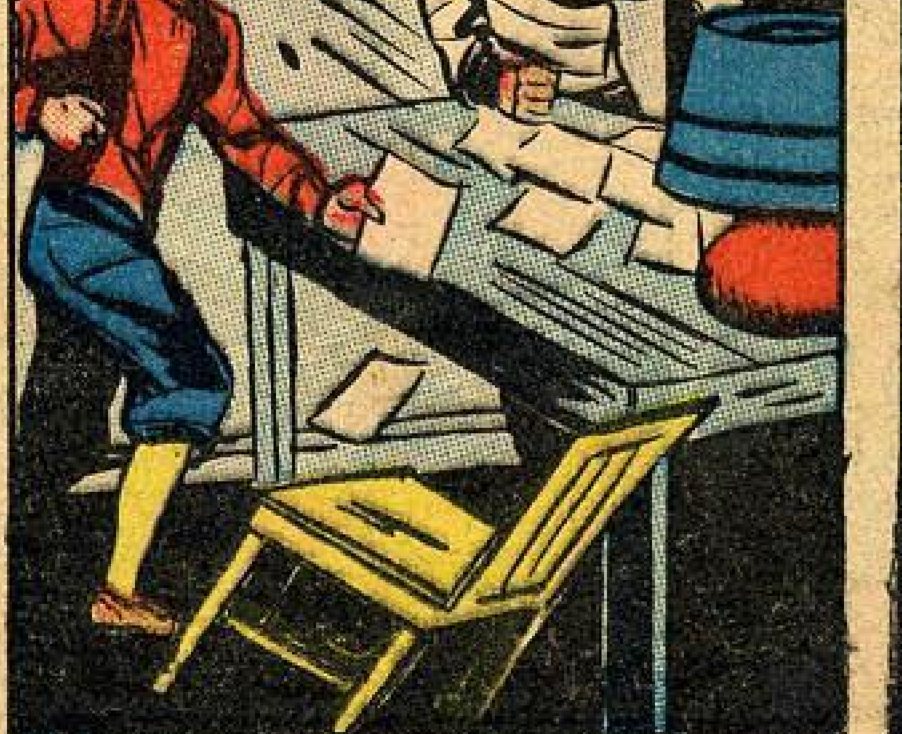

HEH! HEH! HEH! NOW YOU'LL KNOW HOW OUR FRIEND THERE FELT WHEN THE WOLVES POUNCED ON HIM!
YOU'RE MAD!

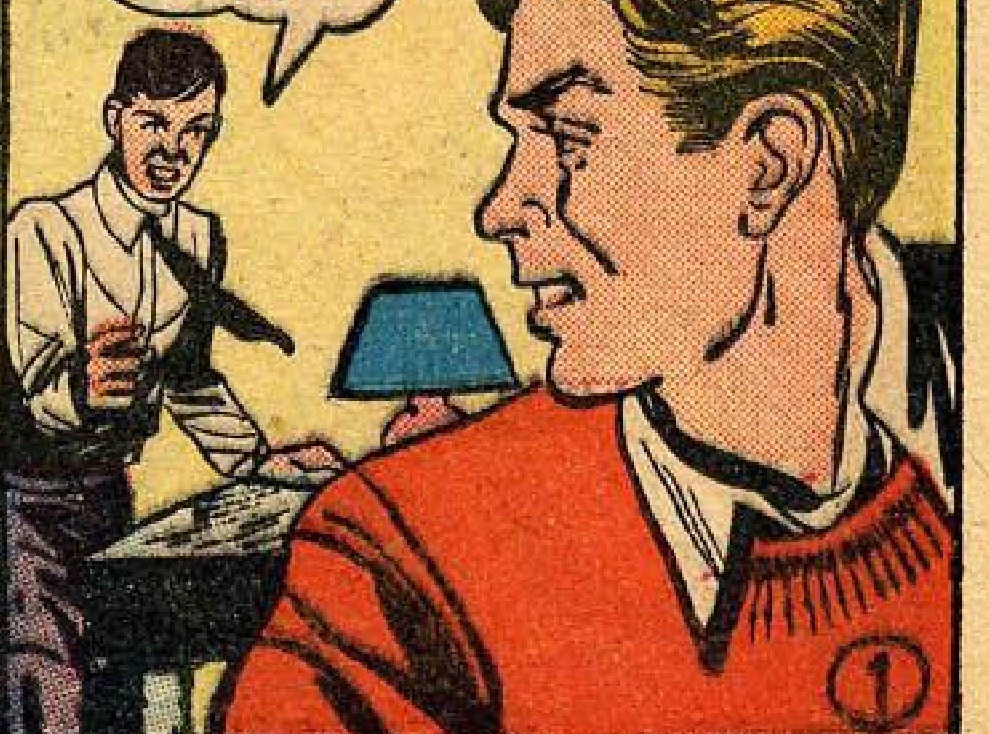
Terry AND Deadline REALLY BITE OFF A LARGE MOUTHFUL WHEN THEY ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE HAUNTED GOLD MINE.....AND THE LEGEND OF THE PHANTOM WOLVES!

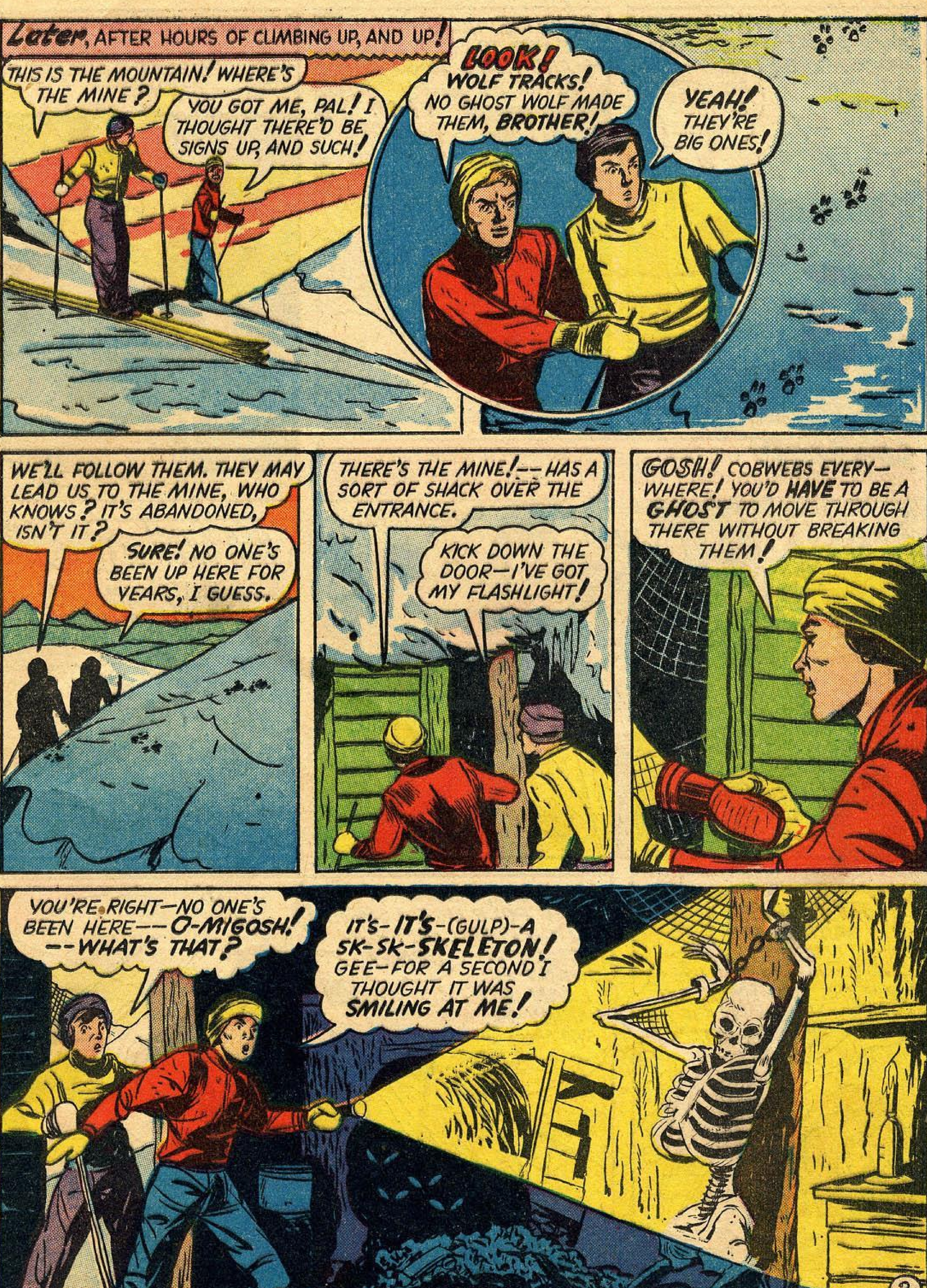
By Ray Gill & Bob Oksner

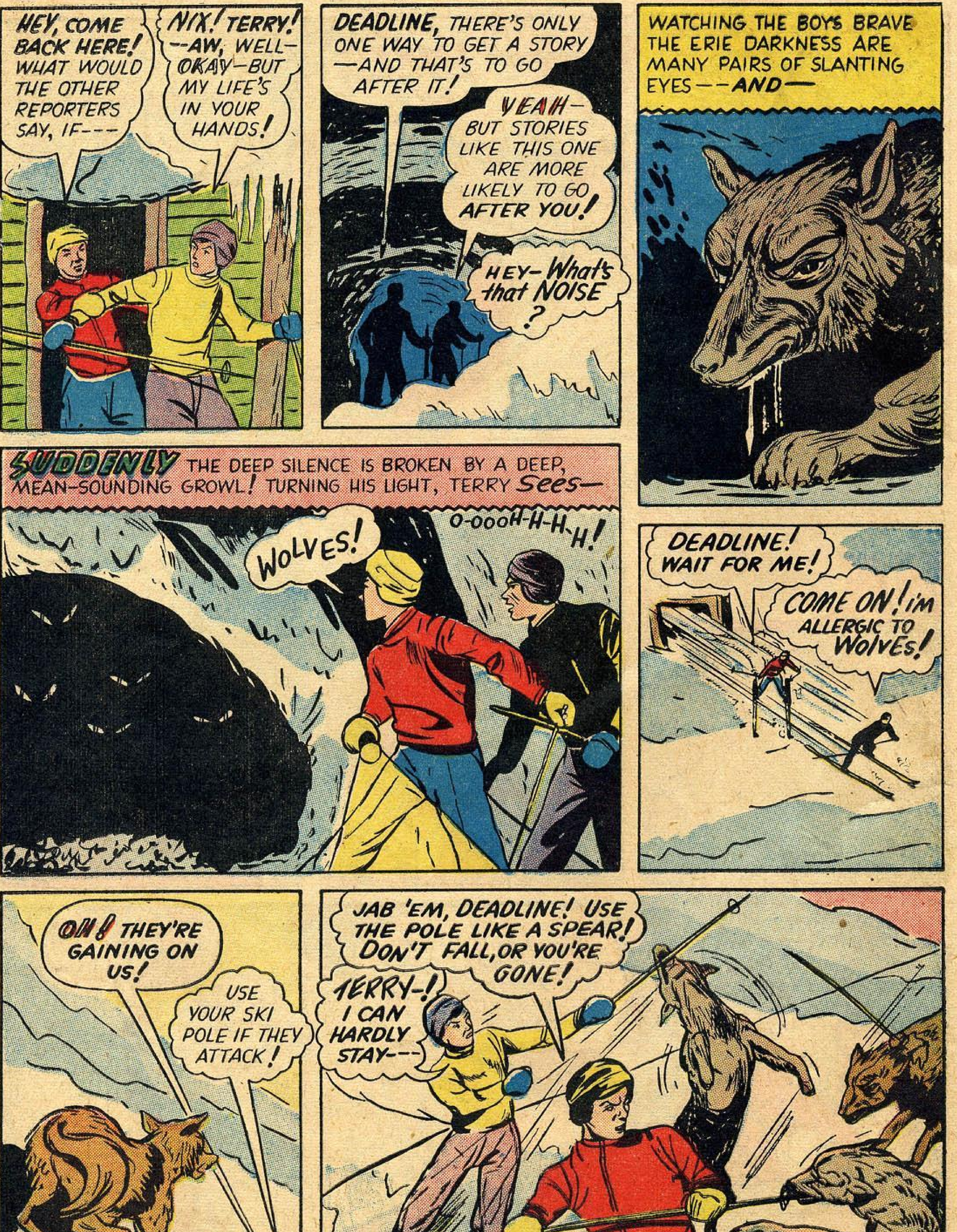
IT'S WINTER, AND **DEADLINE DAWSON**, CUB REPORTER, IS SHOWING **Terry** A FEATURE STORY HE'S JUST WRITTEN.....

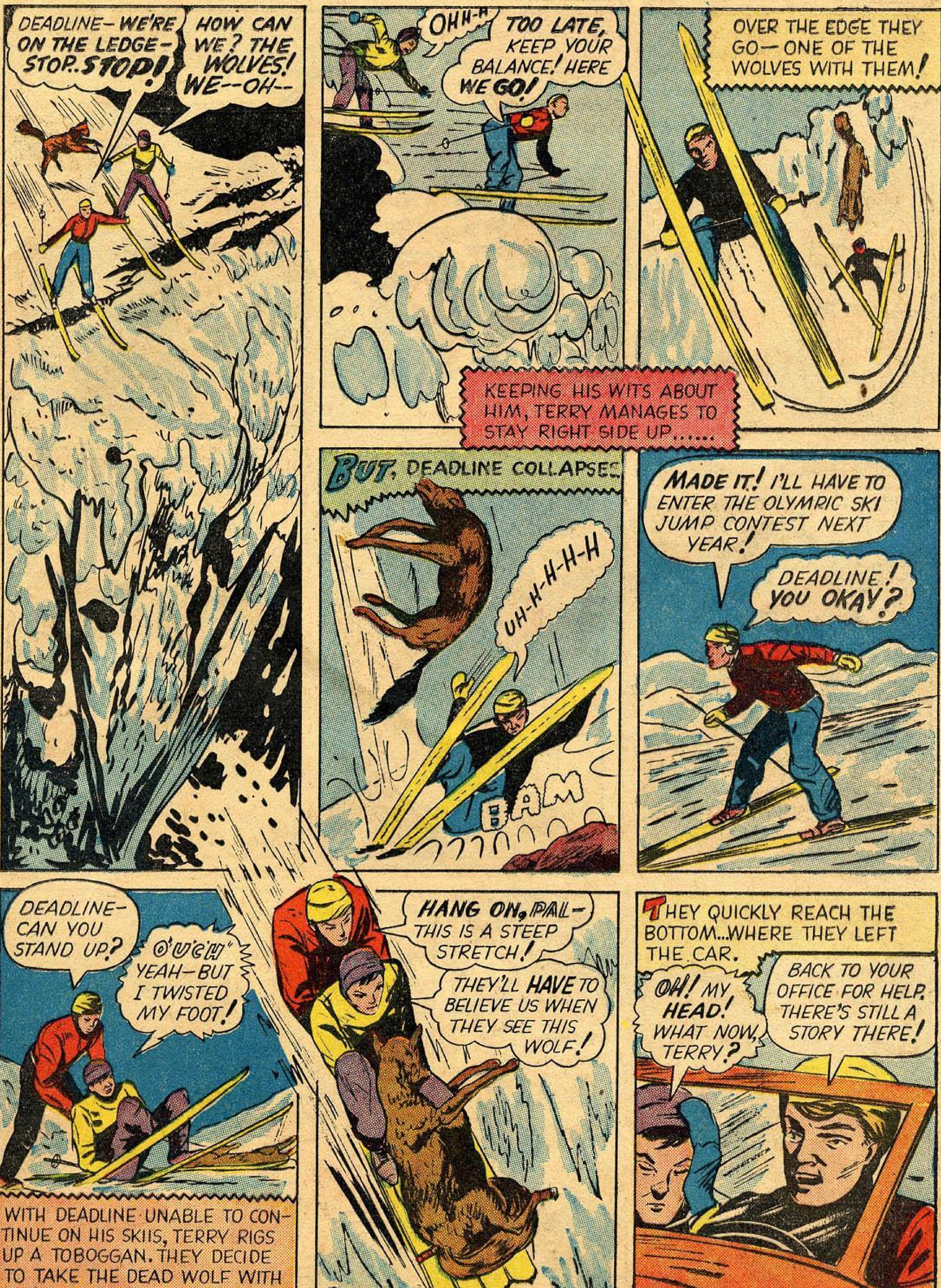

HOW DOES IT SOUND?
MM-FAIR—BUT IT LACKS REALISM!

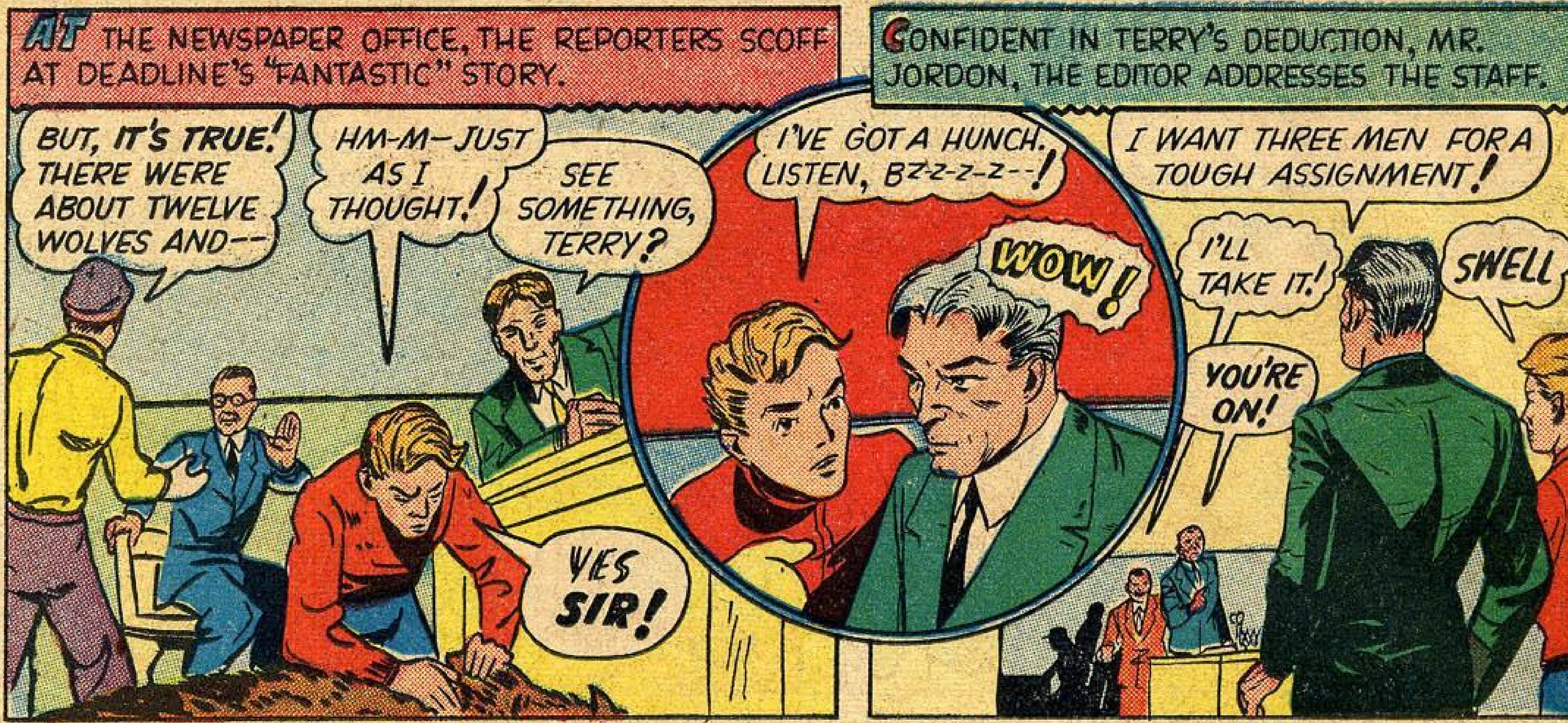

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WHY NOT GO UP AND EXPLORE THIS HAUNTED MINE! IT ISN'T TOO FAR!
RIGHT! THERE'S STILL A FEW QUESTIONS I'D LIKE ANSWERED!


GET YOUR SKIIS—AND HURRY! WE'LL SOLVE THAT "GHOST-WOLF" LEGEND OR—BUST!
OKAY—I'LL MEET YOU AT THE CAR IN TEN MINUTES.


Later, AFTER HOURS OF CLIMBING UP, AND UP!
THIS IS THE MOUNTAIN! WHERE'S THE MINE?
YOU GOT ME, PAL! I THOUGHT THERE'D BE SIGNS UP, AND SUCH!
LOOK! WOLF TRACKS! NO GHOST WOLF MADE THEM, BROTHER!
YEAH! THEY'RE BIG ONES!
WE'LL FOLLOW THEM. THEY MAY LEAD US TO THE MINE, WHO KNOWS? IT'S ABANDONED, ISN'T IT?
SURE! NO ONE'S BEEN UP HERE FOR YEARS, I GUESS.
THERE'S THE MINE!--HAS A SORT OF SHACK OVER THE ENTRANCE.
KICK DOWN THE DOOR—I'VE GOT MY FLASHLIGHT!
GOSH! COBWEBS EVERYWHERE! YOU'D HAVE TO BE A GHOST TO MOVE THROUGH THERE WITHOUT BREAKING THEM!
YOU'RE RIGHT—NO ONE'S BEEN HERE--O-MIGOSH! --WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S-IT'S-(GULP)-A SK-SK-SKELETON! GEE—FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT IT WAS SMILING AT ME!


HEY, COME BACK HERE! WHAT WOULD THE OTHER REPORTERS SAY, IF---
NIX! TERRY! --AW, WELL--OKAY--BUT MY LIFE'S IN YOUR HANDS!
DEADLINE, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET A STORY --AND THAT'S TO GO AFTER IT!
YEAH-- BUT STORIES LIKE THIS ONE ARE MORE LIKELY TO GO AFTER YOU!
HEY-- What's that NOISE?
WATCHING THE BOYS BRAVE THE ERIE DARKNESS ARE MANY PAIRS OF SLANTING EYES --AND--
SUDDENLY THE DEEP SILENCE IS BROKEN BY A DEEP, MEAN-SOUNDING GROWL! TURNING HIS LIGHT, TERRY Sees--
WOLVES!
O-OOOH-H-H-H!
DEADLINE! WAIT FOR ME!
COME ON! I'M ALLERGIC TO WOLVES!
OH! THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
USE YOUR SKI POLE IF THEY ATTACK!
3
JAB 'EM, DEADLINE! USE THE POLE LIKE A SPEAR! DON'T FALL, OR YOU'RE GONE!
TERRY-! I CAN HARDLY STAY---

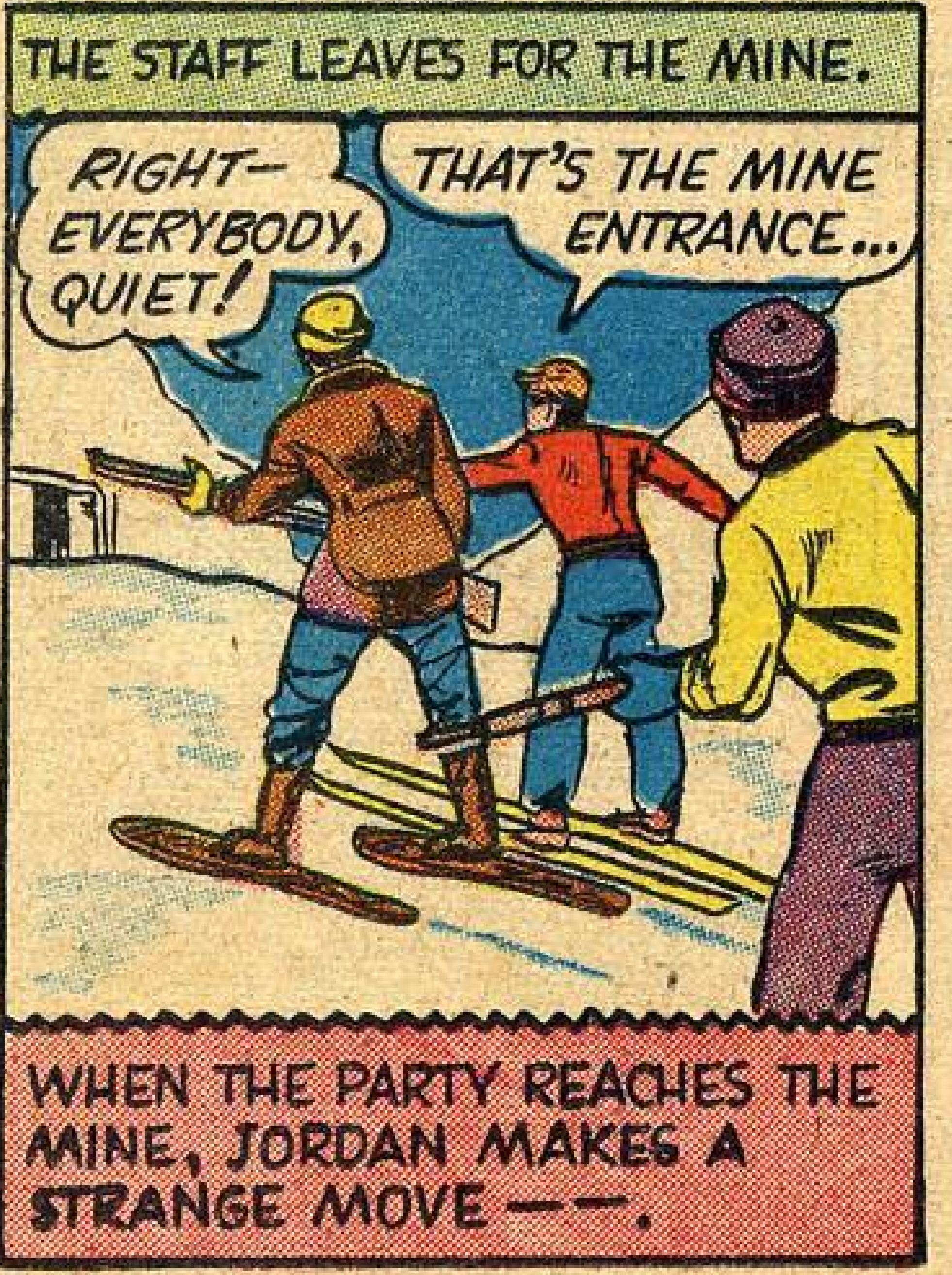

DEADLINE- WE'RE ON THE LEDGE- STOP..STOP!
HOW CAN WE? THE WOLVES! WE--OH--
OHH-H
TOO LATE, KEEP YOUR BALANCE! HERE WE GO!
OVER THE EDGE THEY GO— ONE OF THE WOLVES WITH THEM!
KEEPING HIS WITS ABOUT HIM, TERRY MANAGES TO STAY RIGHT SIDE UP......
BUT, DEADLINE COLLAPSES
UH-H-H-H-H
BAM
MADE IT! I'LL HAVE TO ENTER THE OLYMPIC SKI JUMP CONTEST NEXT YEAR!
DEADLINE! YOU OKAY?
DEADLINE- CAN YOU STAND UP?
"OUCH" YEAH-BUT I TWISTED MY FOOT!
WITH DEADLINE UNABLE TO CONTINUE ON HIS SKIIS, TERRY RIGS UP A TOBOGGAN. THEY DECIDE TO TAKE THE DEAD WOLF WITH THEM AS PROOF OF THEIR STORY
HANG ON, PAL- THIS IS A STEEP STRETCH!
THEY'LL HAVE TO BELIEVE US WHEN THEY SEE THIS WOLF!
④
THEY QUICKLY REACH THE BOTTOM...WHERE THEY LEFT THE CAR.
OH! MY HEAD! WHAT NOW, TERRY?
BACK TO YOUR OFFICE FOR HELP. THERE'S STILL A STORY THERE!



AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, THE REPORTERS SCOFF AT DEADLINE'S "FANTASTIC" STORY.

CONFIDENT IN TERRY'S DEDUCTION, MR. JORDON, THE EDITOR ADDRESSES THE STAFF.

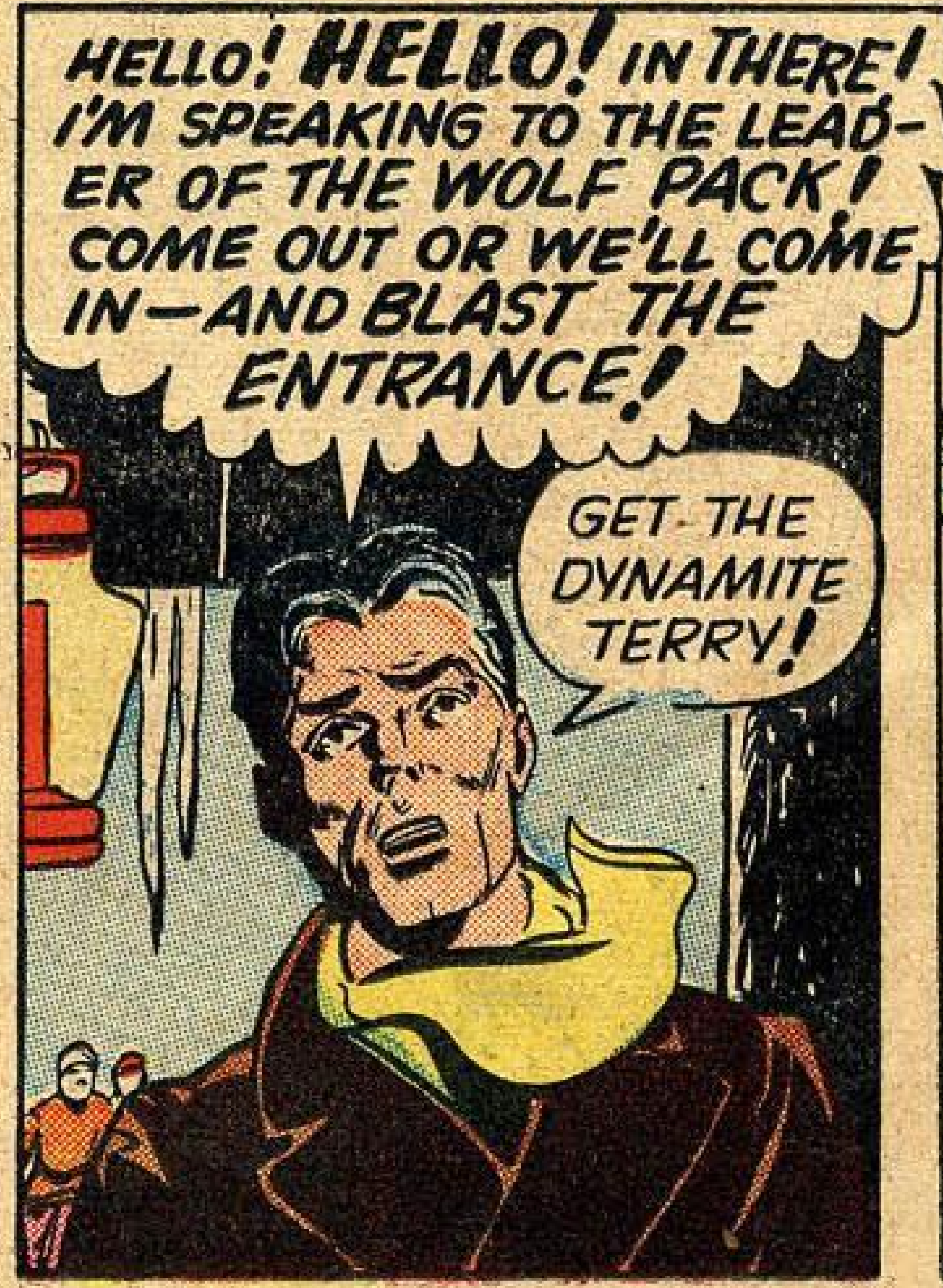
BUT, IT'S TRUE! THERE WERE ABOUT TWELVE WOLVES AND--
HM-M-JUST AS I THOUGHT!
SEE SOMETHING, TERRY?
YES SIR!
I'VE GOT A HUNCH. LISTEN, BZ-Z-Z-Z--!
WOW!
I WANT THREE MEN FOR A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT!
I'LL TAKE IT!
SWELL
YOU'RE ON!



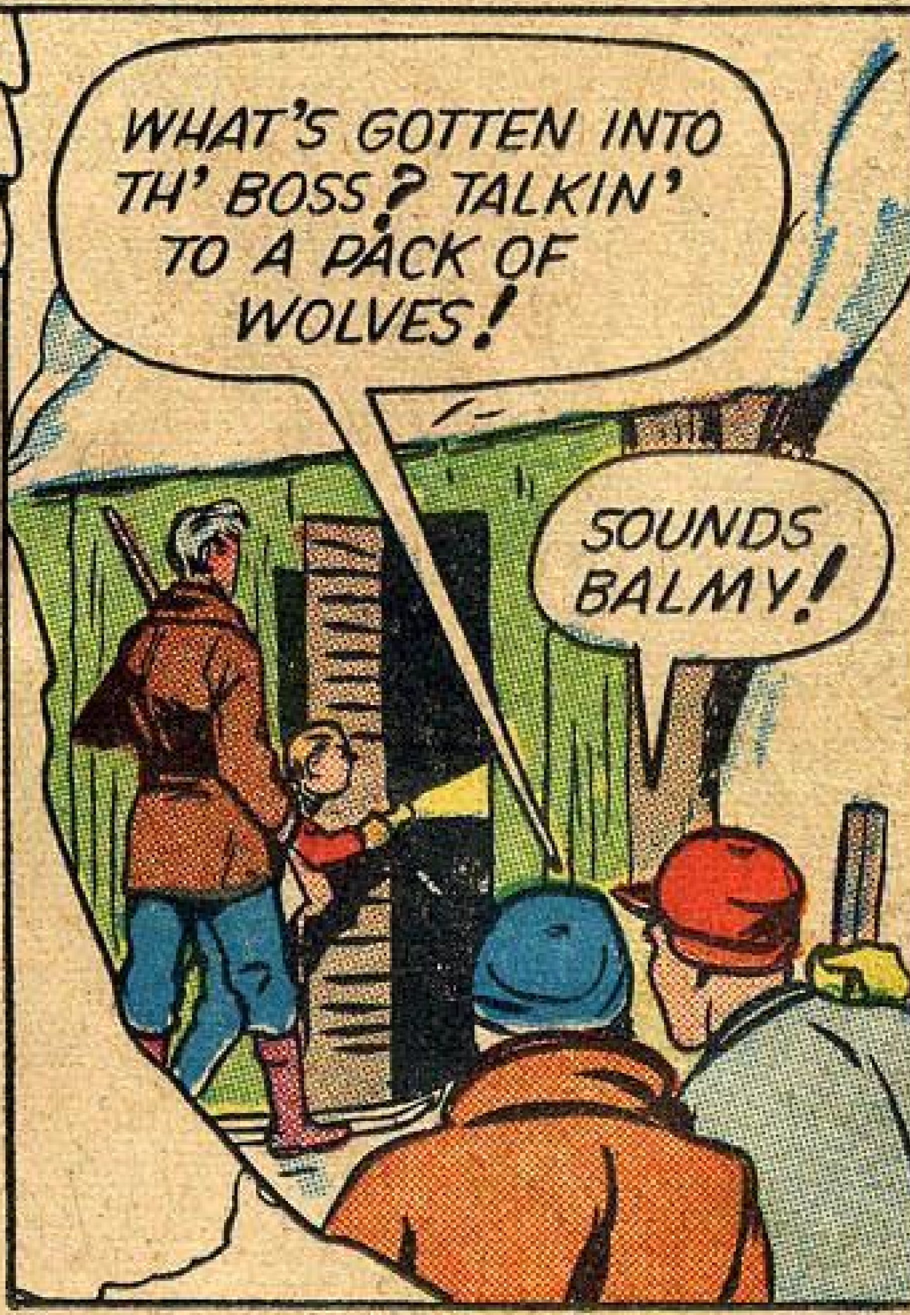
THE STAFF LEAVES FOR THE MINE.

RIGHT-EVERYBODY, QUIET!
THAT'S THE MINE ENTRANCE...

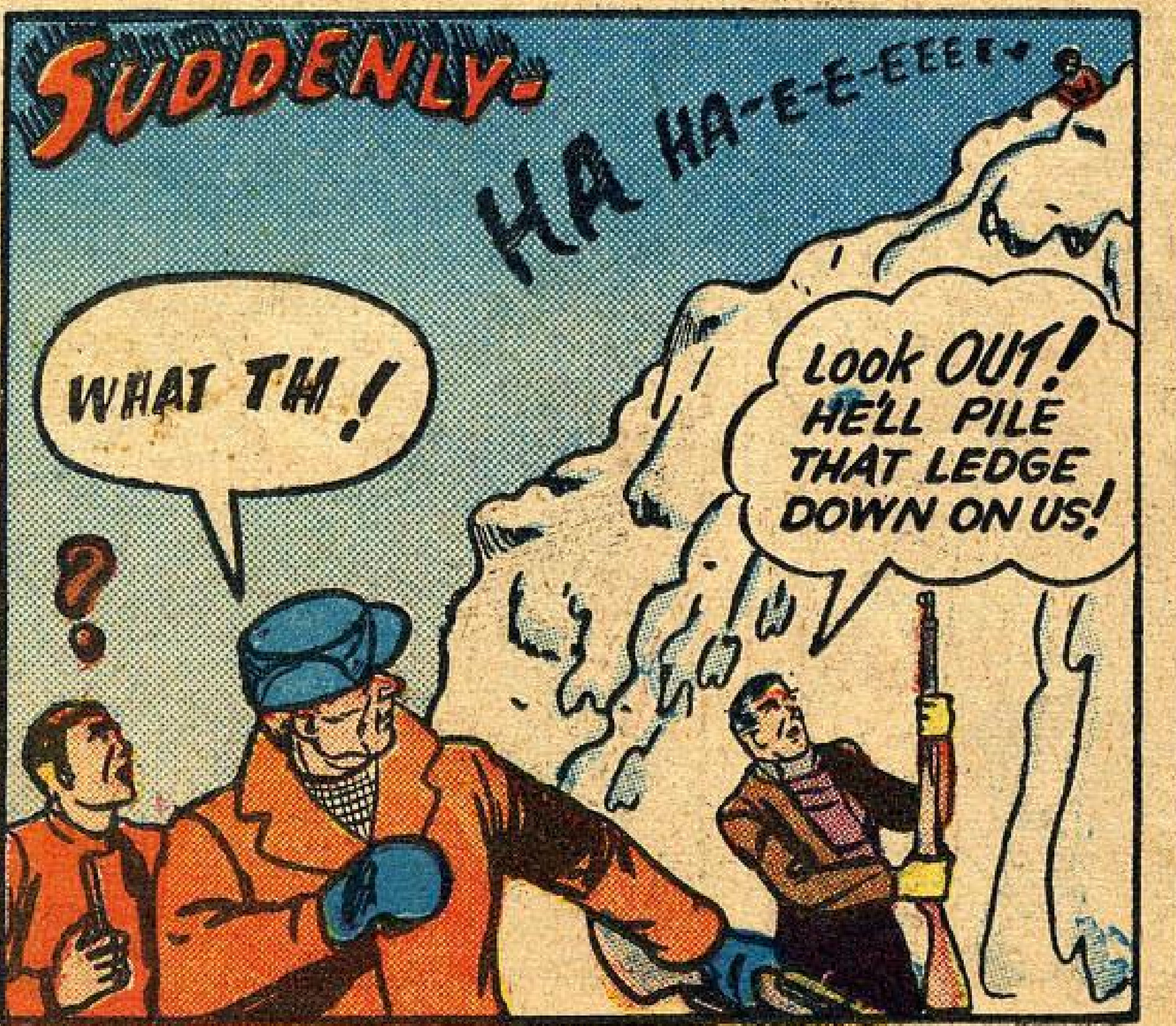
WHEN THE PARTY REACHES THE MINE, JORDAN MAKES A STRANGE MOVE--.



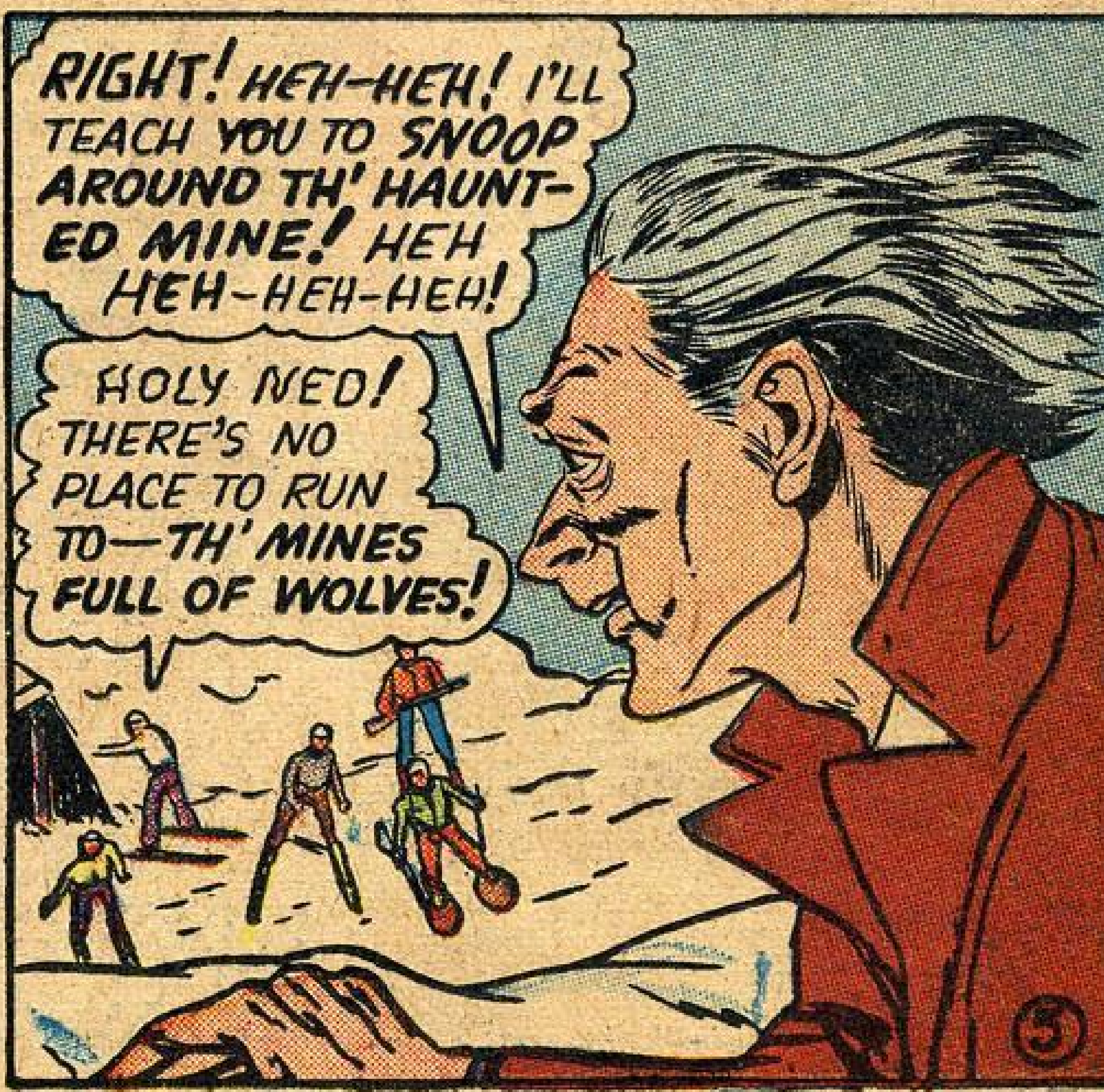
HELLO! HELLO! IN THERE! I'M SPEAKING TO THE LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK! COME OUT OR WE'LL COME IN-AND BLAST THE ENTRANCE!
GET THE DYNAMITE TERRY!



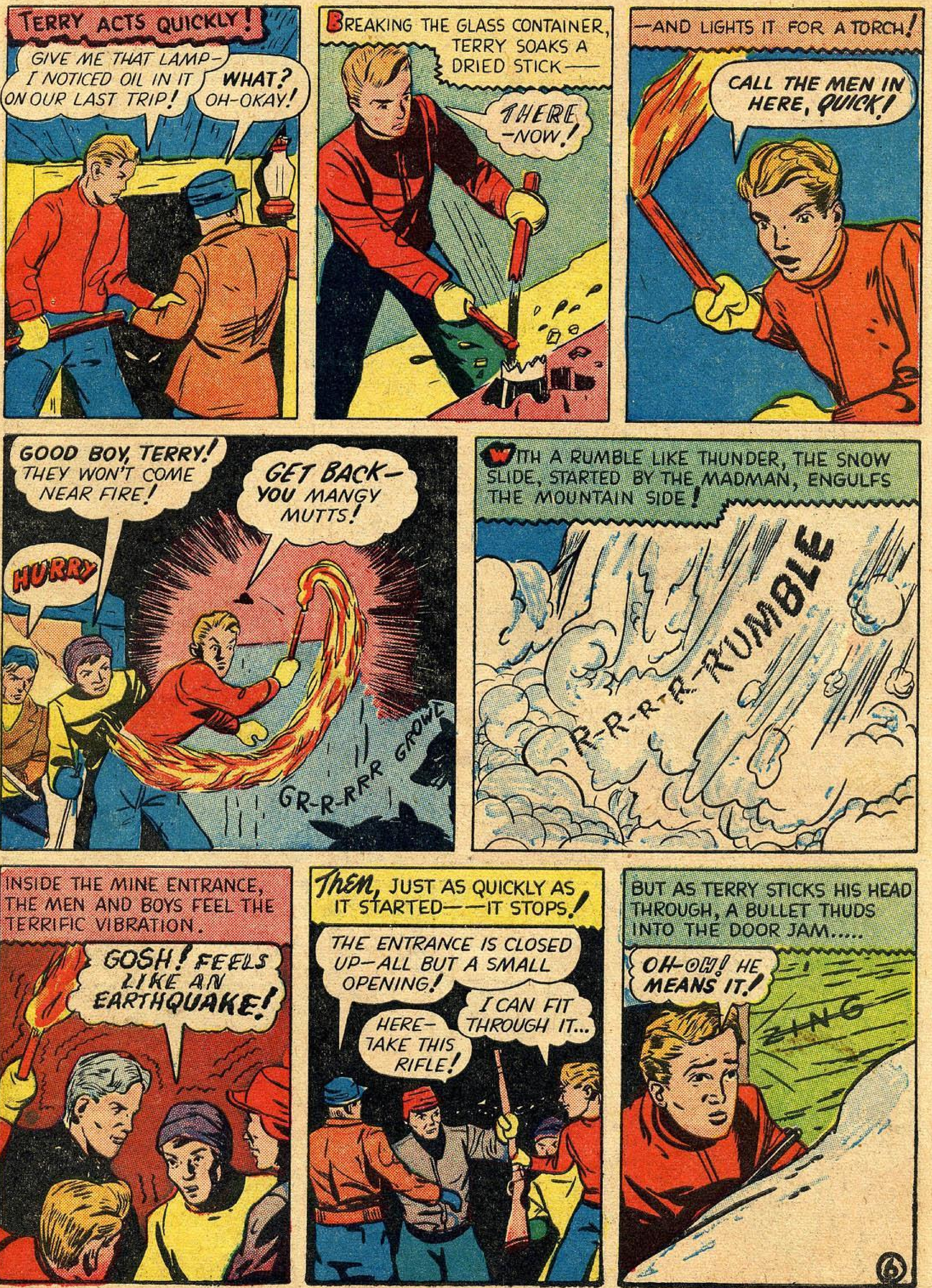
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO TH' BOSS? TALKIN' TO A PACK OF WOLVES!
SOUNDS BALMY!

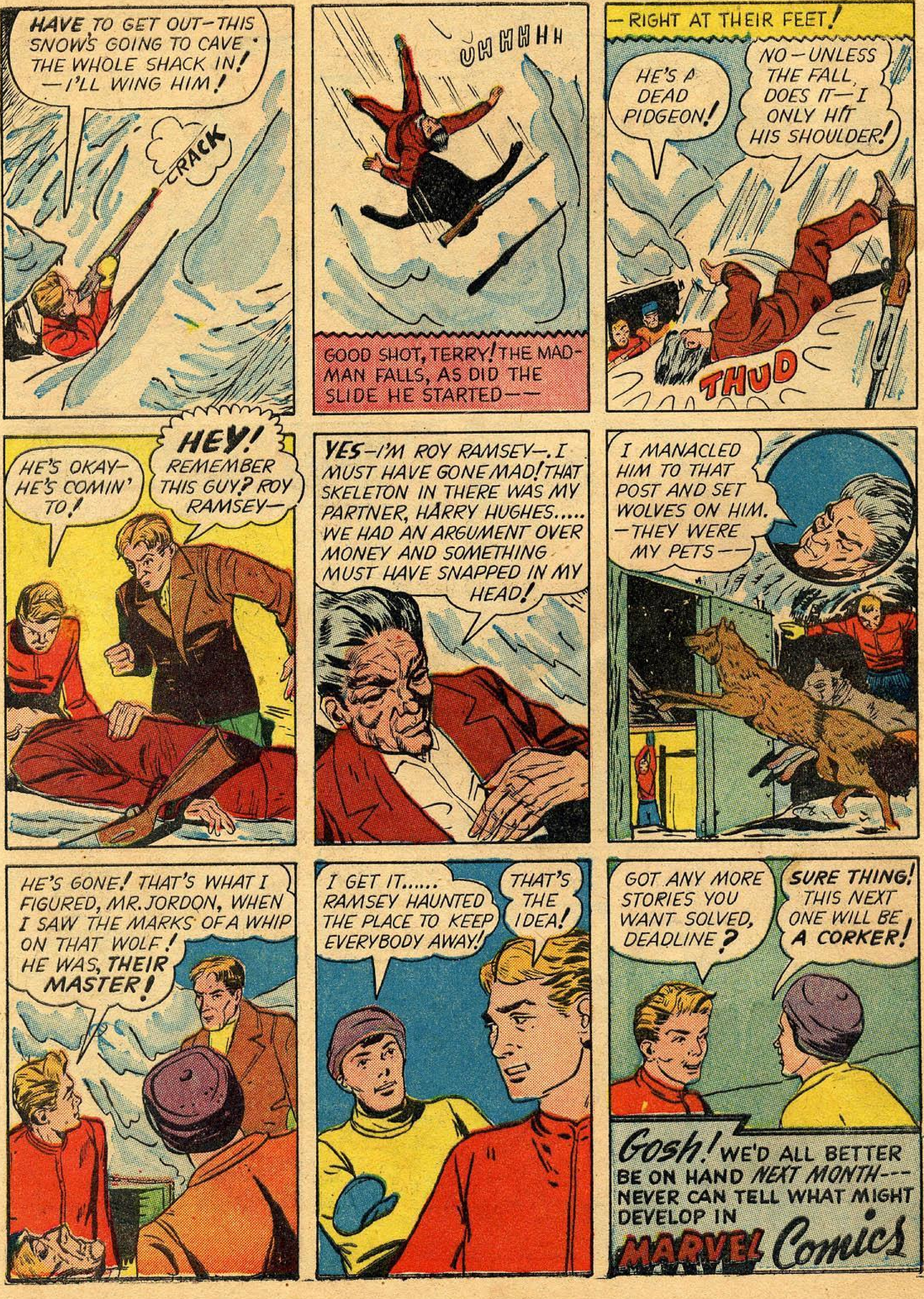


SUDDENLY-
HA HA-E-E-EEEE-
WHAT TH!
?
LOOK OUT! HE'LL PILE THAT LEDGE DOWN ON US!



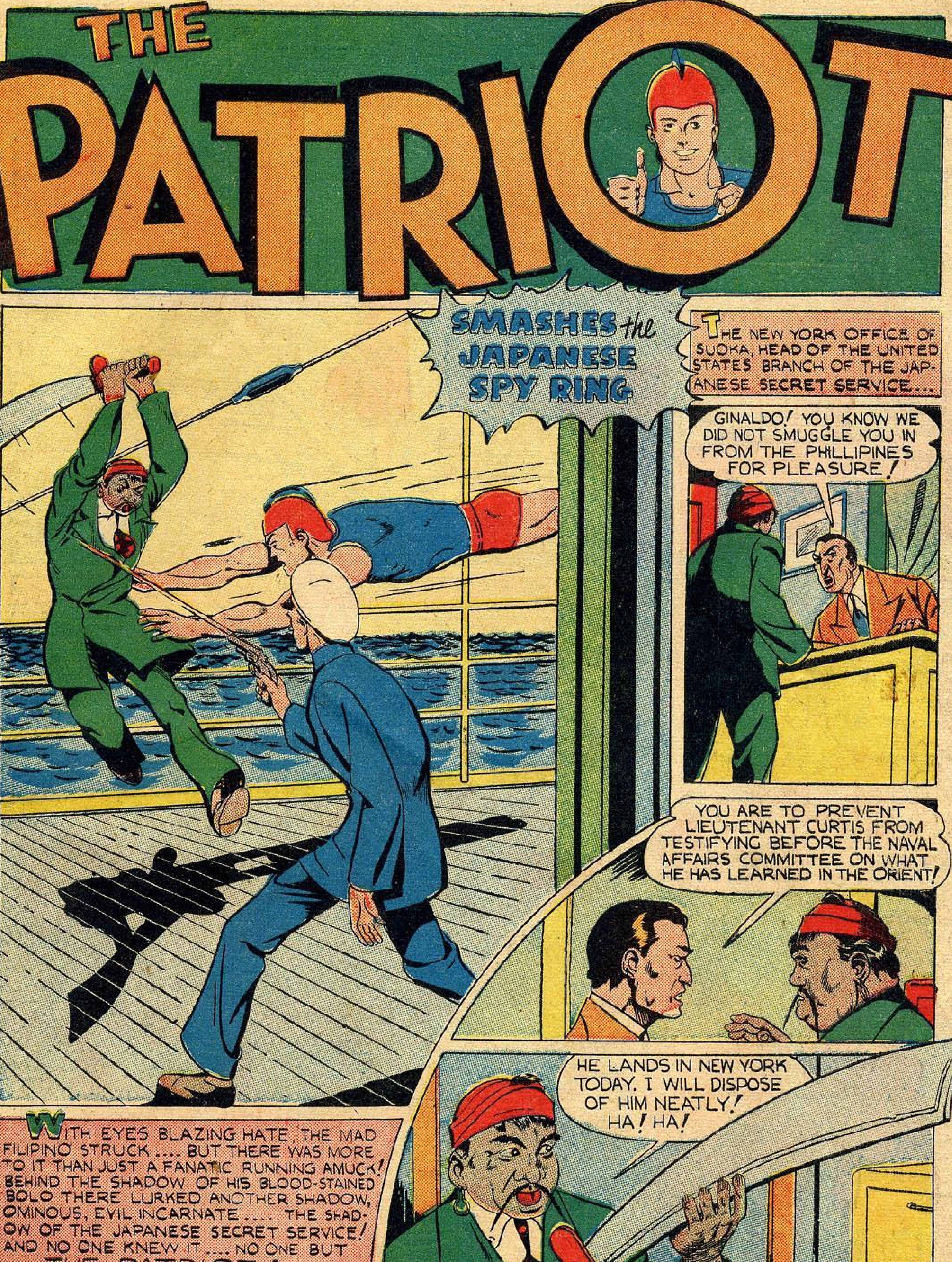
RIGHT! HEH-HEH! I'LL TEACH YOU TO SNOOP AROUND TH' HAUNTED MINE! HEH HEH-HEH-HEH!
HOLY NED! THERE'S NO PLACE TO RUN TO-TH' MINES FULL OF WOLVES!


TERRY ACTS QUICKLY!
GIVE ME THAT LAMP— I NOTICED OIL IN IT ON OUR LAST TRIP!
WHAT? OH-OKAY!
BREAKING THE GLASS CONTAINER, TERRY SOAKS A DRIED STICK——
THERE —NOW!
—AND LIGHTS IT FOR A TORCH!
CALL THE MEN IN HERE, QUICK!
GOOD BOY, TERRY! THEY WON'T COME NEAR FIRE!
GET BACK— YOU MANGY MUTTS!
HURRY
GR-R-RRR GROWL
WITH A RUMBLE LIKE THUNDER, THE SNOW SLIDE, STARTED BY THE MADMAN, ENGULFS THE MOUNTAIN SIDE!
R-R-R-R-RUMBLE
INSIDE THE MINE ENTRANCE, THE MEN AND BOYS FEEL THE TERRIFIC VIBRATION.
GOSH! FEELS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!
THEN, JUST AS QUICKLY AS IT STARTED——IT STOPS!
THE ENTRANCE IS CLOSED UP—ALL BUT A SMALL OPENING!
HERE— TAKE THIS RIFLE!
I CAN FIT THROUGH IT...
BUT AS TERRY STICKS HIS HEAD THROUGH, A BULLET THUDS INTO THE DOOR JAM.....
OH-OH! HE MEANS IT!
ZING

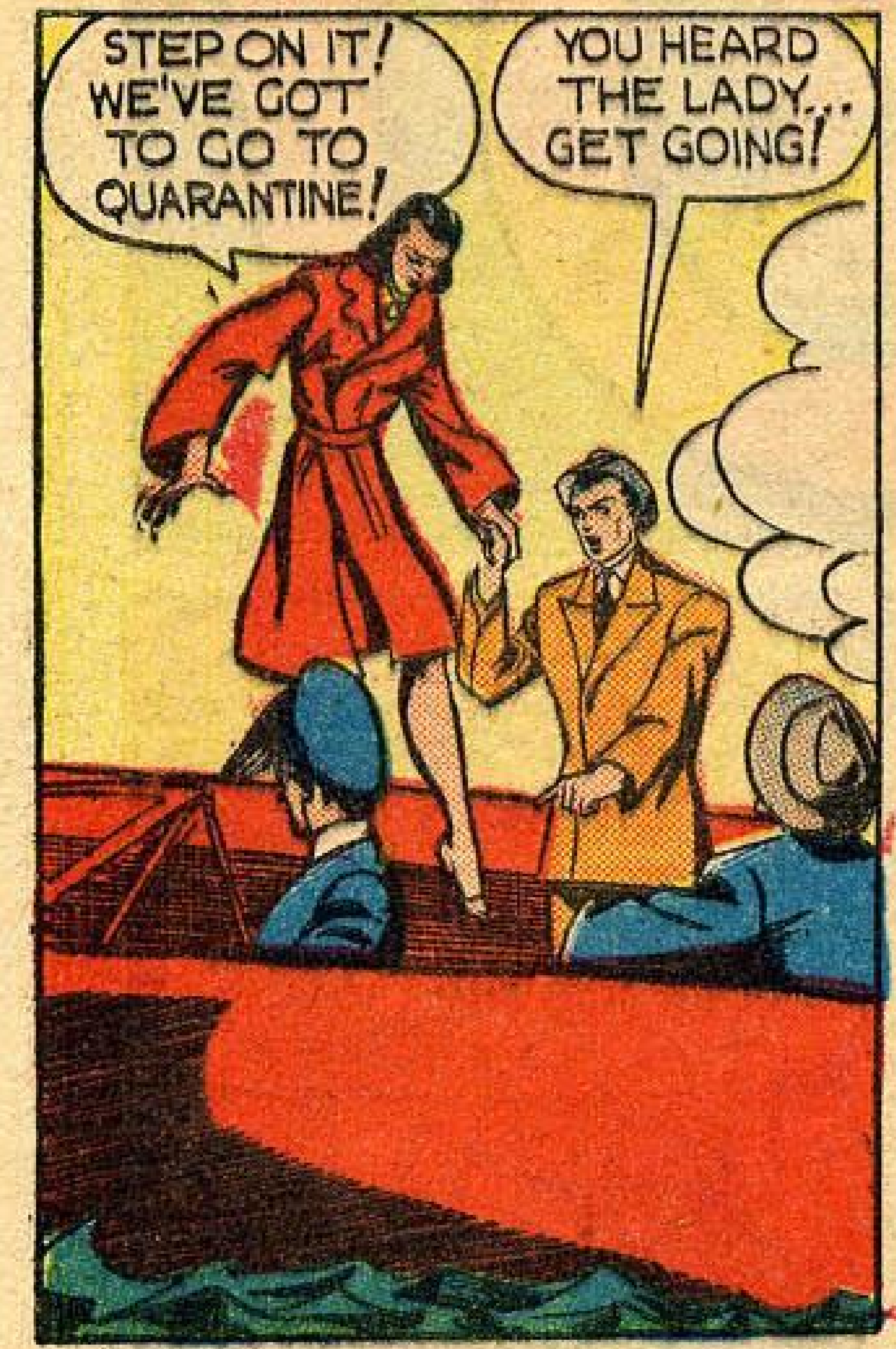

HAVE TO GET OUT—THIS SNOW'S GOING TO CAVE THE WHOLE SHACK IN! —I'LL WING HIM!
CRACK
UHHHHH
GOOD SHOT, TERRY! THE MADMAN FALLS, AS DID THE SLIDE HE STARTED——
—RIGHT AT THEIR FEET!
HE'S A DEAD PIDGEON!
NO—UNLESS THE FALL DOES IT—I ONLY HIT HIS SHOULDER!
THUD
HE'S OKAY—HE'S COMIN' TO!
HEY! REMEMBER THIS GUY? ROY RAMSEY—
YES—I'M ROY RAMSEY—. I MUST HAVE GONE MAD! THAT SKELETON IN THERE WAS MY PARTNER, HARRY HUGHES..... WE HAD AN ARGUMENT OVER MONEY AND SOMETHING MUST HAVE SNAPPED IN MY HEAD!
I MANACLED HIM TO THAT POST AND SET WOLVES ON HIM. —THEY WERE MY PETS——
HE'S GONE! THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED, MR. JORDON, WHEN I SAW THE MARKS OF A WHIP ON THAT WOLF! HE WAS, THEIR MASTER!
I GET IT...... RAMSEY HAUNTED THE PLACE TO KEEP EVERYBODY AWAY!
THAT'S THE IDEA!
GOT ANY MORE STORIES YOU WANT SOLVED, DEADLINE?
SURE THING! THIS NEXT ONE WILL BE A CORKER!
Gosh! WE'D ALL BETTER BE ON HAND NEXT MONTH—— NEVER CAN TELL WHAT MIGHT DEVELOP IN MARVEL Comics

THE PATRIOT

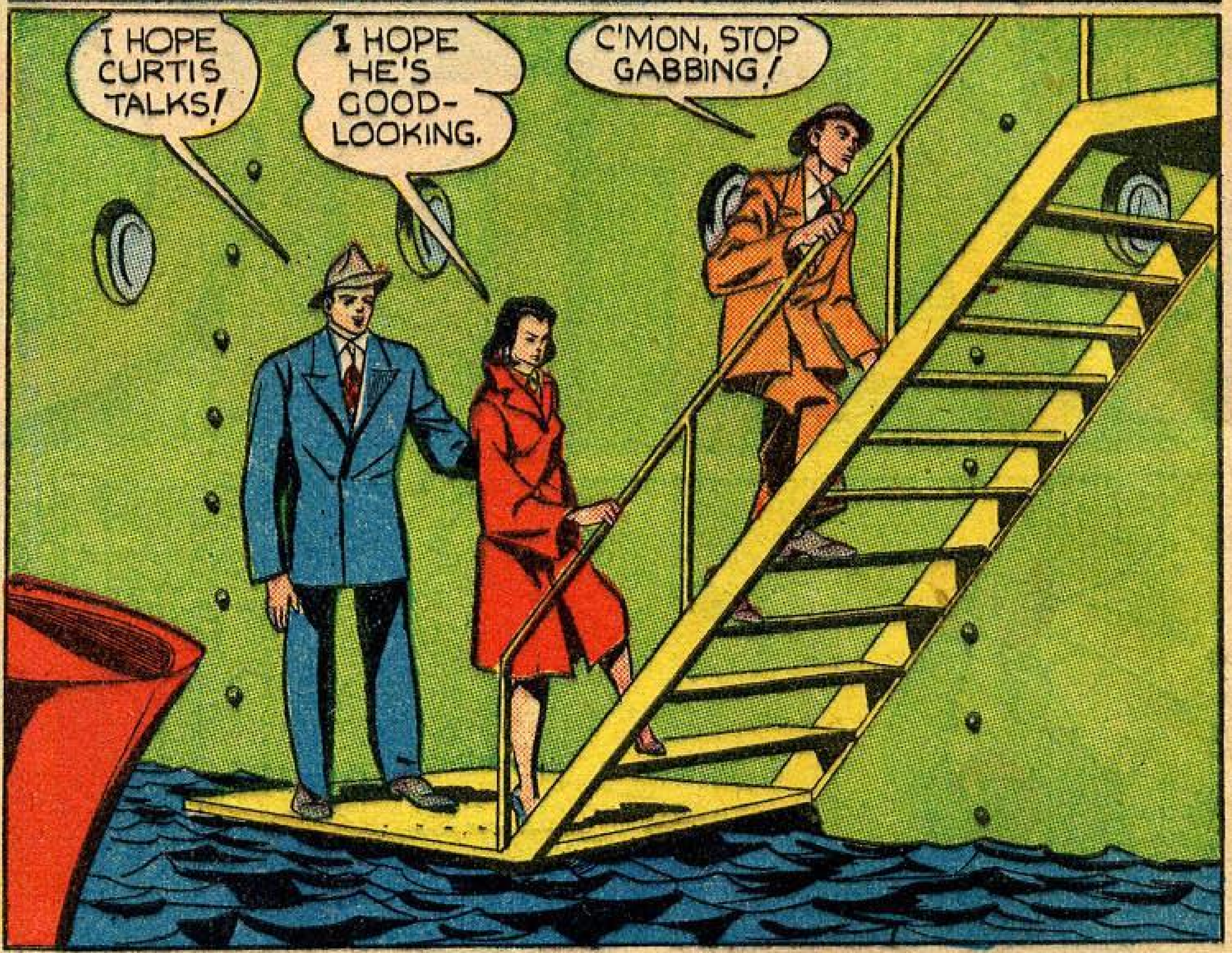
SMASHES the JAPANESE SPY RING


THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF SUOKA, HEAD OF THE UNITED STATES BRANCH OF THE JAPANESE SECRET SERVICE...
GINALDO! YOU KNOW WE DID NOT SMUGGLE YOU IN FROM THE PHILLIPINES FOR PLEASURE!
YOU ARE TO PREVENT LIEUTENANT CURTIS FROM TESTIFYING BEFORE THE NAVAL AFFAIRS COMMITTEE ON WHAT HE HAS LEARNED IN THE ORIENT!
HE LANDS IN NEW YORK TODAY. I WILL DISPOSE OF HIM NEATLY! HA! HA!
WITH EYES BLAZING HATE, THE MAD FILIPINO STRUCK.... BUT THERE WAS MORE TO IT THAN JUST A FANATIC RUNNING AMUCK! BEHIND THE SHADOW OF HIS BLOOD-STAINED BOLO THERE LURKED ANOTHER SHADOW, OMINOUS, EVIL INCARNATE... THE SHADOW OF THE JAPANESE SECRET SERVICE! AND NO ONE KNEW IT.... NO ONE BUT *THE PATRIOT!*

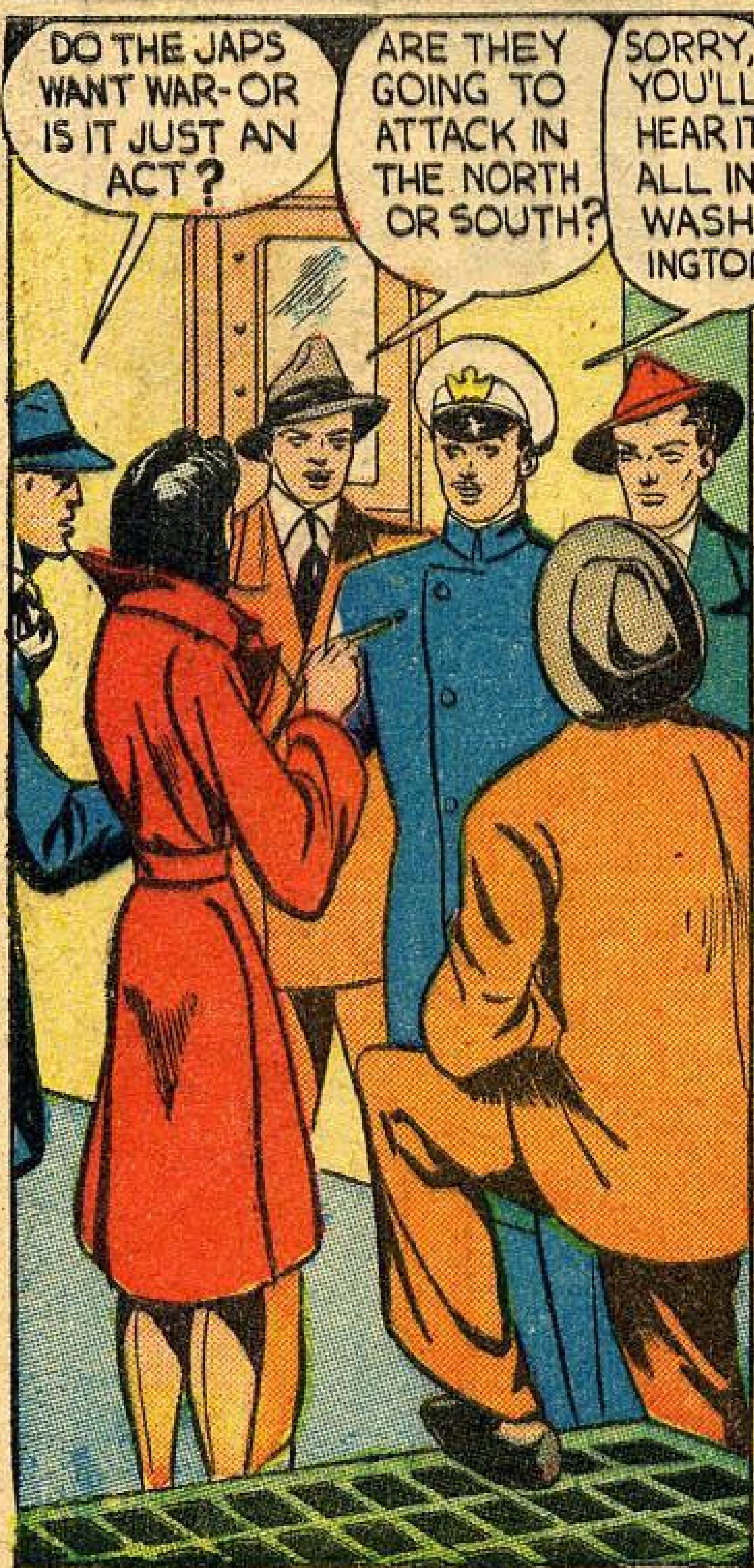
MEANWHILE, CASEY GETS A SHIP NEWS ASSIGNMENT... TO INTERVIEW CURTIS. JEFF MACE, ALIAS THE PATRIOT, AND MARY ACCOMPANY HIM ...


STEP ON IT! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO QUARANTINE!
YOU HEARD THE LADY... GET GOING!

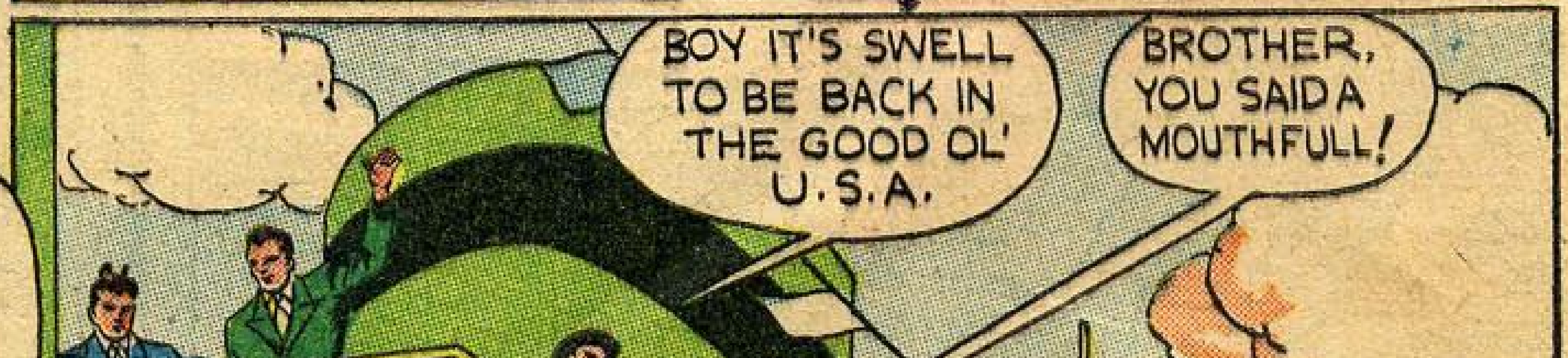
AT QUARANTINE, THEY BOARD THE LINER CARRYING LIEUTENANT CURTIS ....


I HOPE CURTIS TALKS!
I HOPE HE'S GOOD-LOOKING.
C'MON, STOP GABBING!

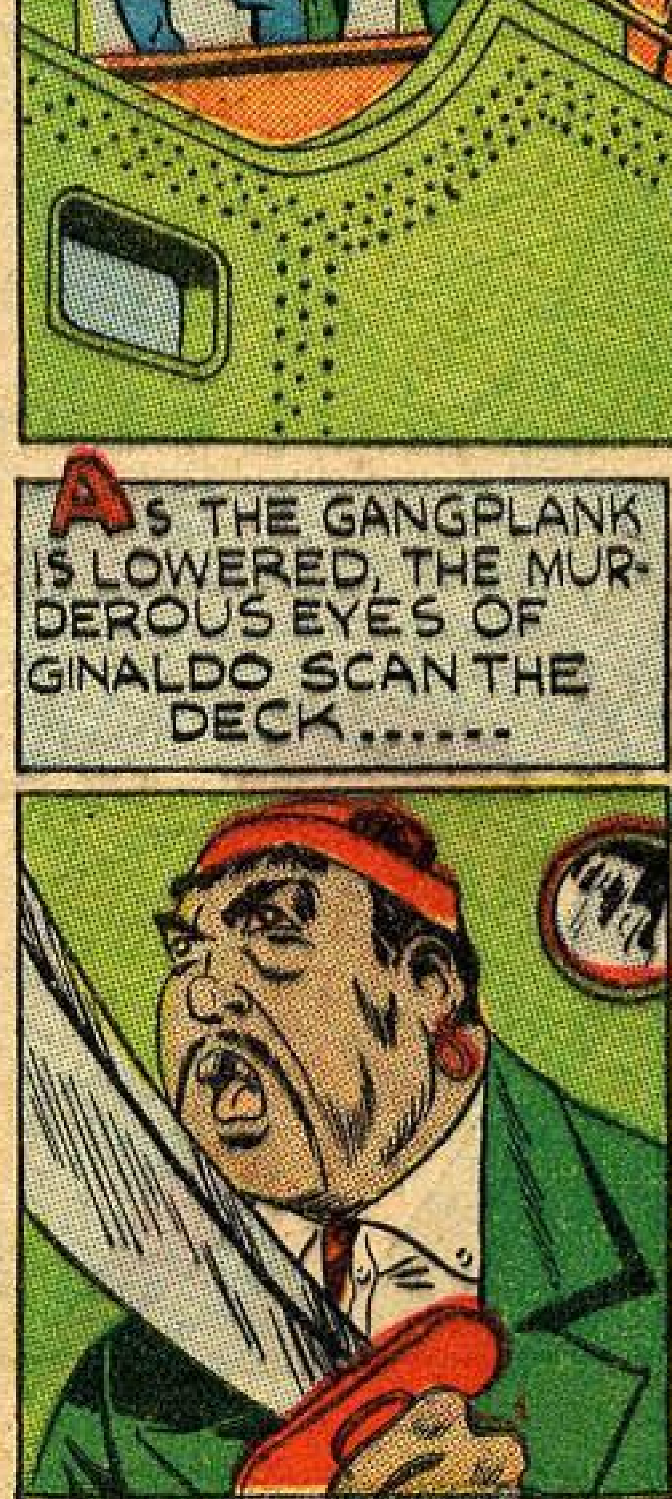
ON DECK, A PACK OF NEWSHOUNDS, INCLUDING CASEY, CORNER THE INTELLIGENCE AGENT ...


DO THE JAPS WANT WAR-OR IS IT JUST AN ACT?
ARE THEY GOING TO ATTACK IN THE NORTH OR SOUTH?
SORRY, YOU'LL HEAR IT ALL IN WASHINGTON!

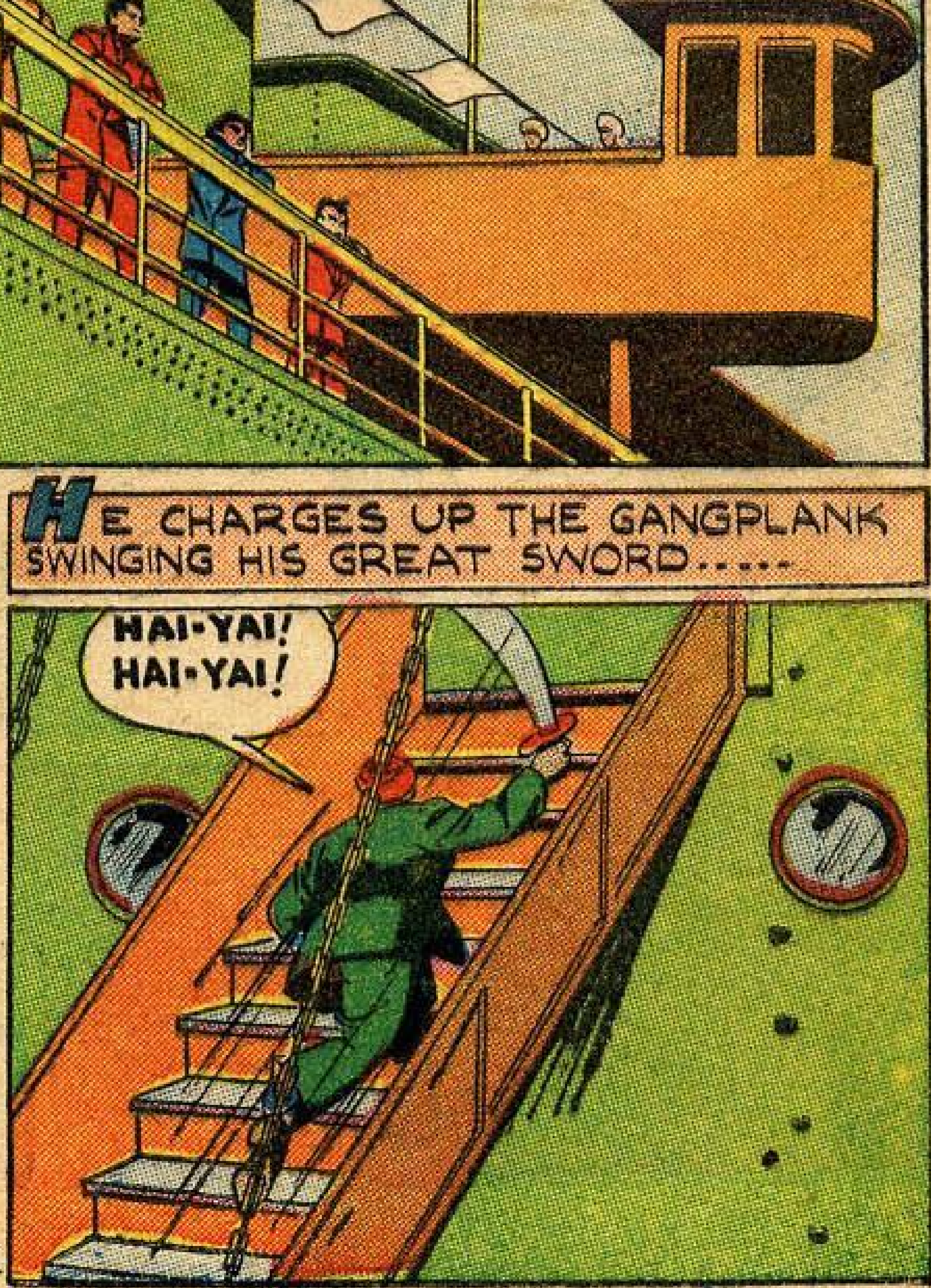
LATER, THE SHIP DOCKS AT NEW YORK .....

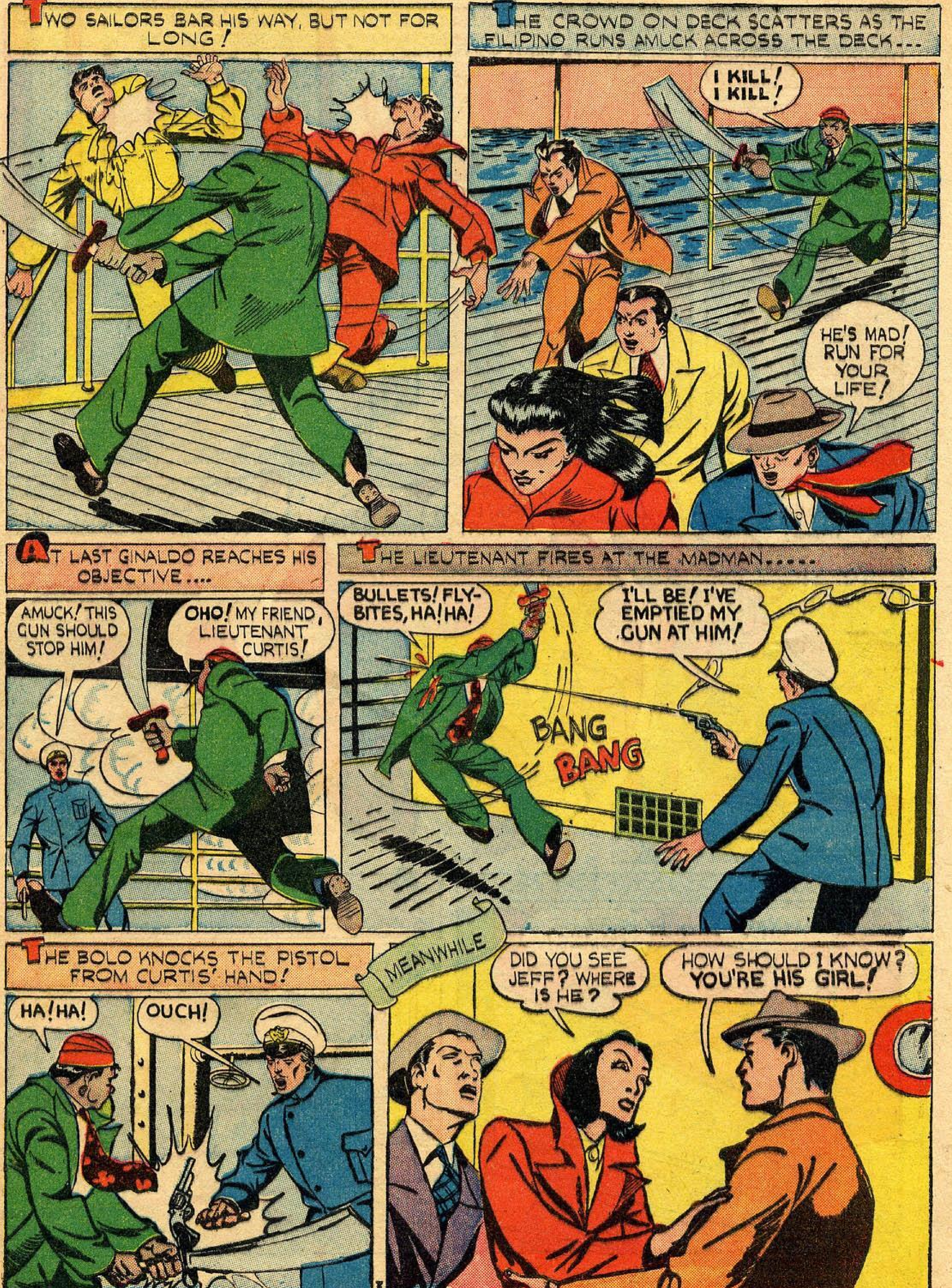

BOY IT'S SWELL TO BE BACK IN THE GOOD OL' U.S.A.
BROTHER, YOU SAID A MOUTHFULL!

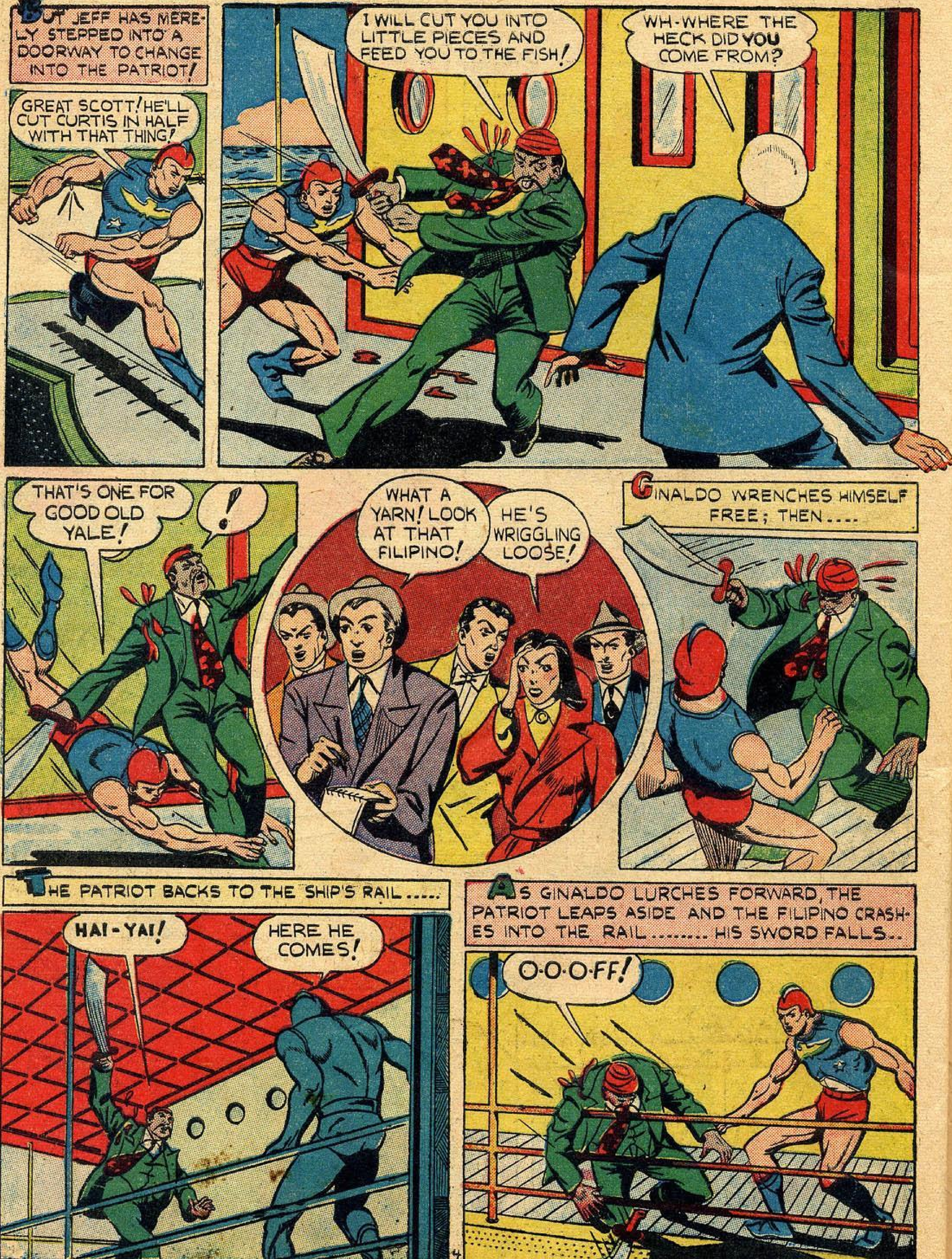
AS THE GANGPLANK IS LOWERED, THE MURDEROUS EYES OF GINALDO SCAN THE DECK ......

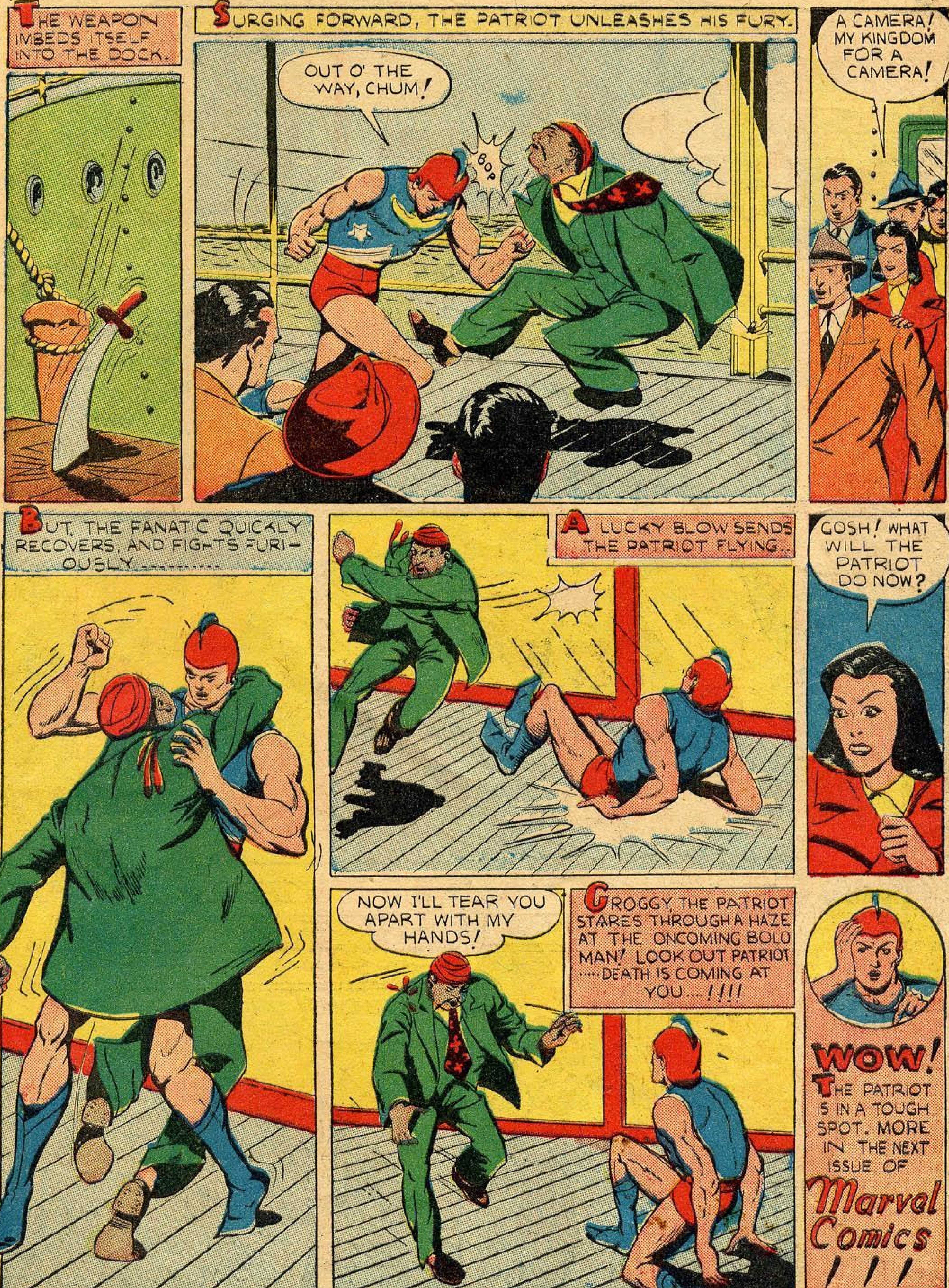


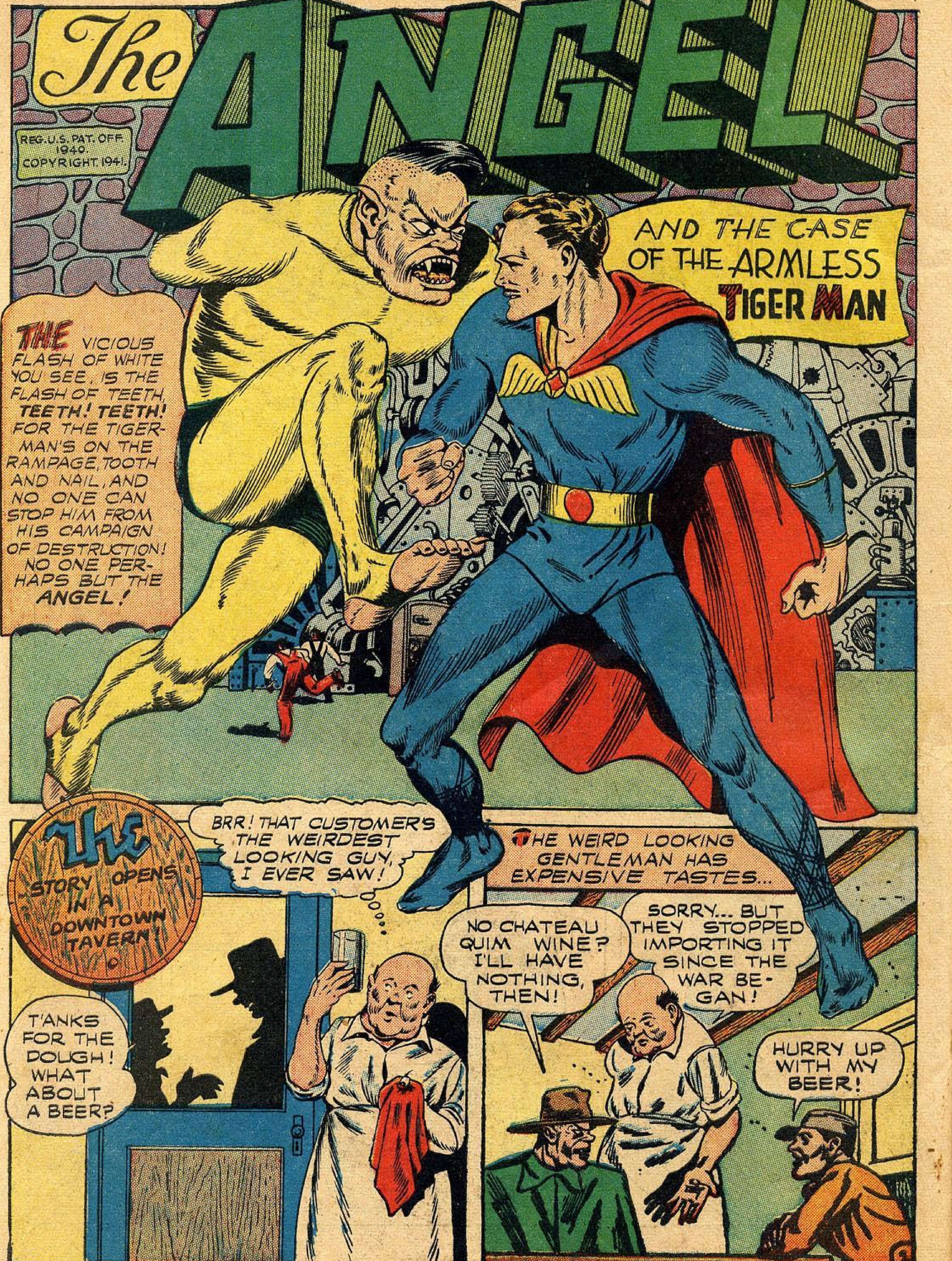
HE CHARGES UP THE GANGPLANK SWINGING HIS GREAT SWORD .....

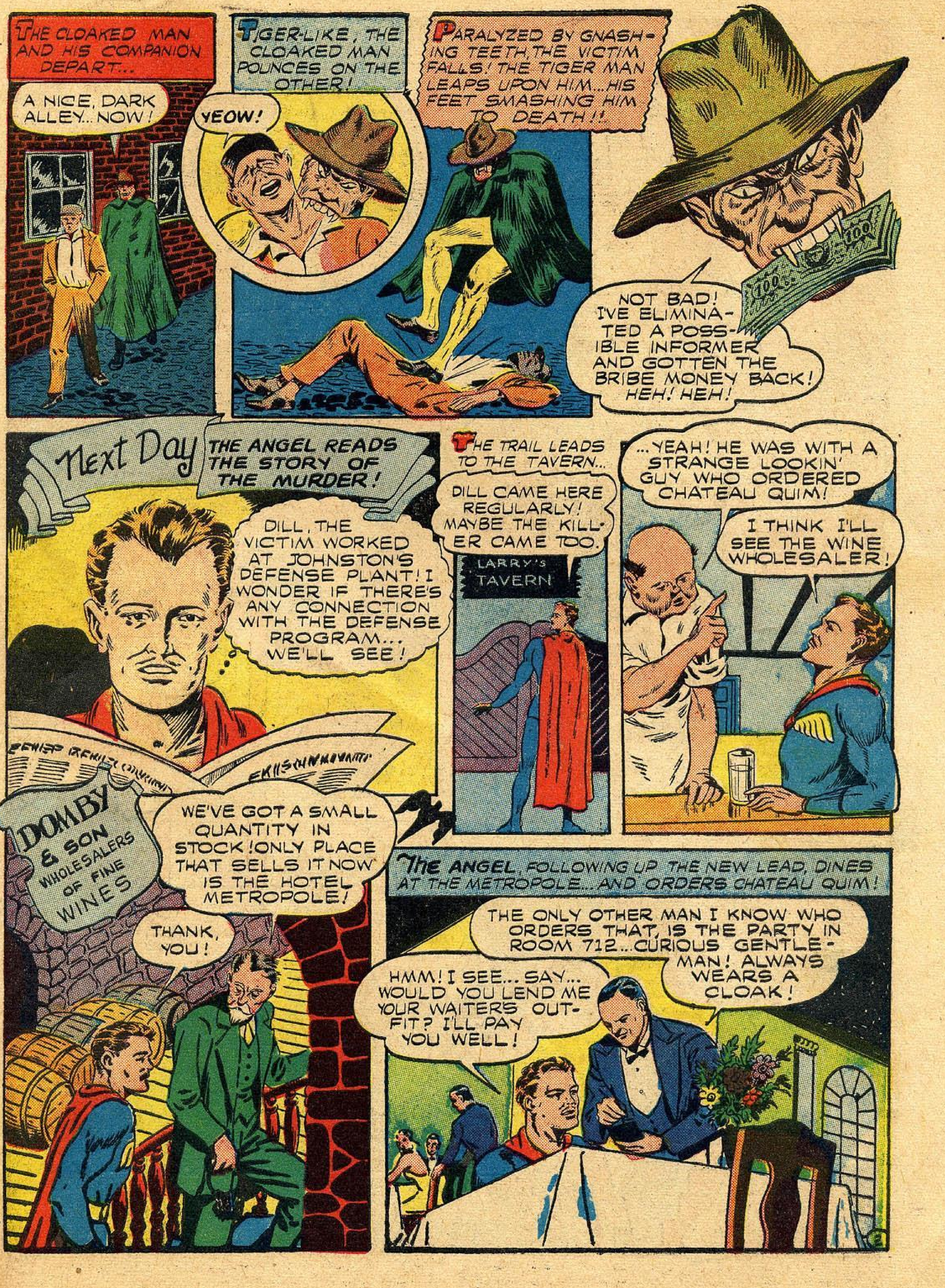

HAI-YAI! HAI-YAI!

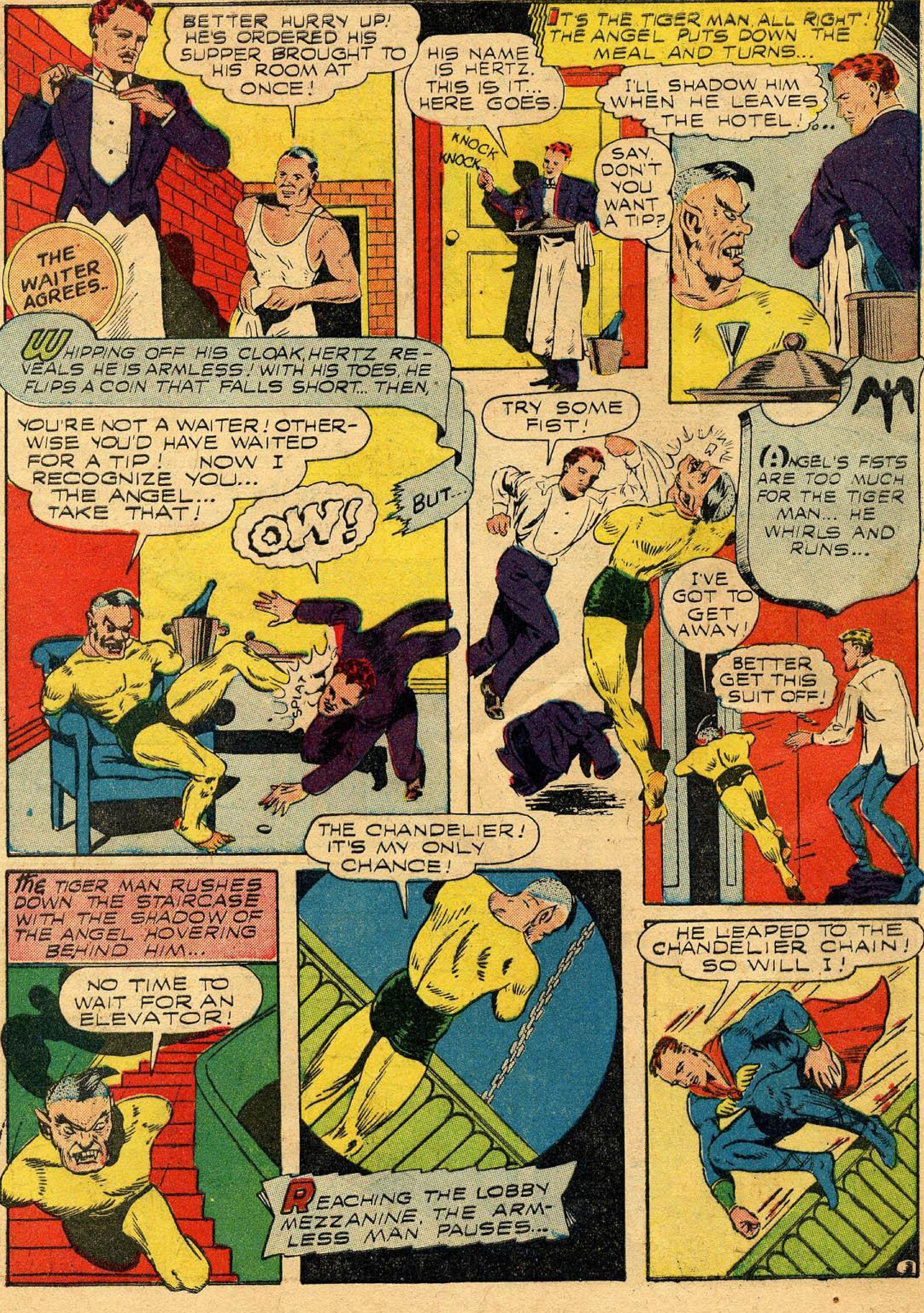

TWO SAILORS BAR HIS WAY, BUT NOT FOR LONG!
THE CROWD ON DECK SCATTERS AS THE FILIPINO RUNS AMUCK ACROSS THE DECK...
I KILL! I KILL!
HE'S MAD! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
AT LAST GINALDO REACHES HIS OBJECTIVE....
AMUCK! THIS GUN SHOULD STOP HIM!
OHO! MY FRIEND, LIEUTENANT CURTIS!
THE LIEUTENANT FIRES AT THE MADMAN.....
BULLETS! FLY-BITES, HA! HA!
I'LL BE! I'VE EMPTIED MY GUN AT HIM!
BANG
BANG
THE BOLO KNOCKS THE PISTOL FROM CURTIS' HAND!
HA! HA!
OUCH!
MEANWHILE
DID YOU SEE JEFF? WHERE IS HE?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? YOU'RE HIS GIRL!

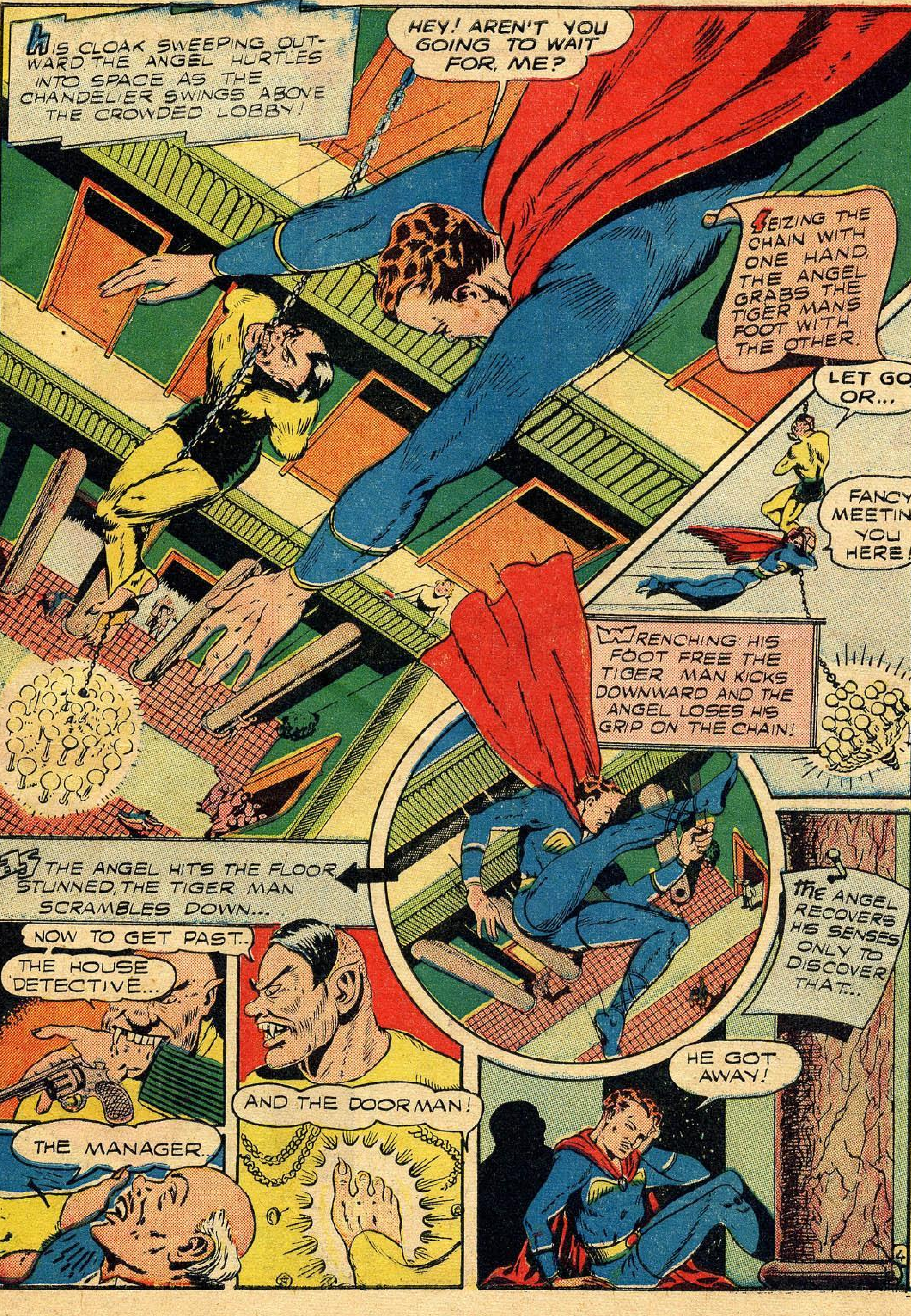

BUT JEFF HAS MERELY STEPPED INTO A DOORWAY TO CHANGE INTO THE PATRIOT!
GREAT SCOTT! HE'LL CUT CURTIS IN HALF WITH THAT THING!
I WILL CUT YOU INTO LITTLE PIECES AND FEED YOU TO THE FISH!
WH-WHERE THE HECK DID **YOU** COME FROM?
THAT'S ONE FOR GOOD OLD YALE!
!
WHAT A YARN! LOOK AT THAT FILIPINO!
HE'S WRIGGLING LOOSE!
GINALDO WRENCHES HIMSELF FREE; THEN....
THE PATRIOT BACKS TO THE SHIP'S RAIL.....
HAI-YAI!
HERE HE COMES!
AS GINALDO LURCHES FORWARD, THE PATRIOT LEAPS ASIDE AND THE FILIPINO CRASHES INTO THE RAIL........ HIS SWORD FALLS..
O-O-O-FF!

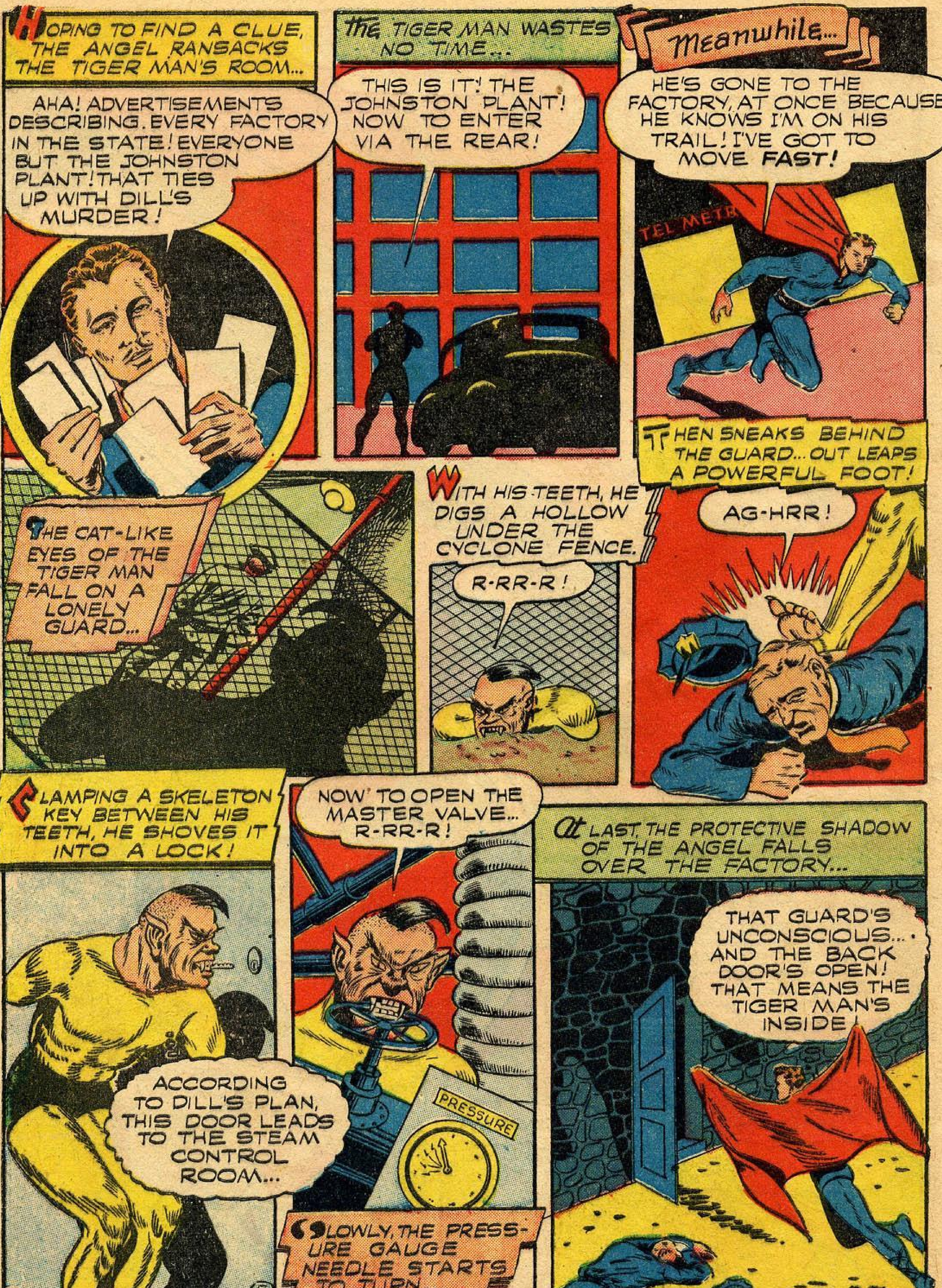

THE WEAPON IMBEDS ITSELF INTO THE DOCK.
SURGING FORWARD, THE PATRIOT UNLEASHES HIS FURY.
OUT O' THE WAY, CHUM!
BOP
A CAMERA! MY KINGDOM FOR A CAMERA!
BUT, THE FANATIC QUICKLY RECOVERS, AND FIGHTS FURIOUSLY..........
A LUCKY BLOW SENDS THE PATRIOT FLYING..
GOSH! WHAT WILL THE PATRIOT DO NOW?
NOW I'LL TEAR YOU APART WITH MY HANDS!
GROGGY, THE PATRIOT STARES THROUGH A HAZE AT THE ONCOMING BOLO MAN! LOOK OUT PATRIOT .....DEATH IS COMING AT YOU...!!!!
WOW! THE PATRIOT IS IN A TOUGH SPOT. MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF Marvel Comics!!!
5

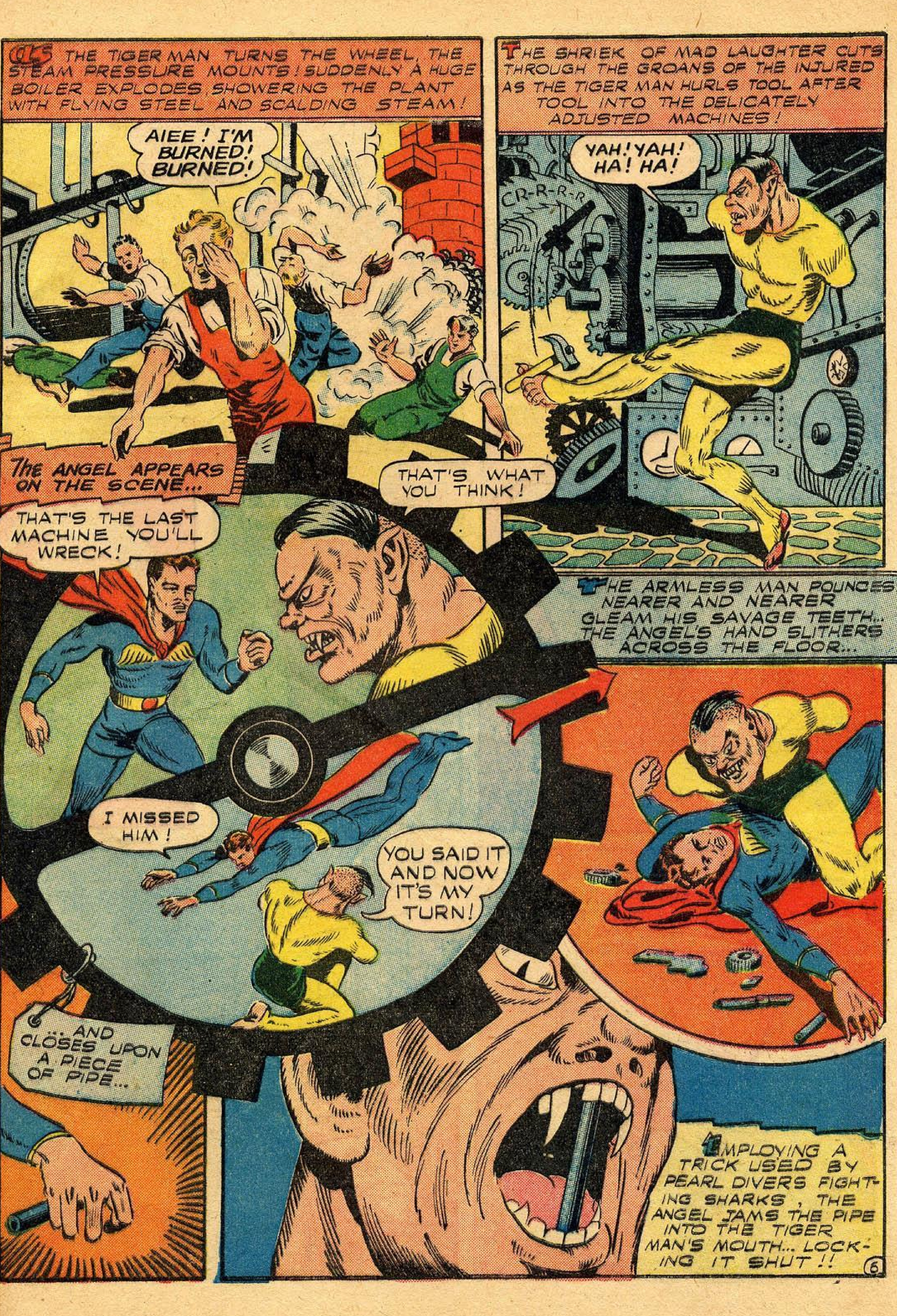

The ANGEL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940 COPYRIGHT 1941.
AND THE CASE OF THE ARMLESS TIGER MAN
THE VICIOUS FLASH OF WHITE YOU SEE, IS THE FLASH OF TEETH, TEETH! TEETH! FOR THE TIGER-MAN'S ON THE RAMPAGE, TOOTH AND NAIL, AND NO ONE CAN STOP HIM FROM HIS CAMPAIGN OF DESTRUCTION! NO ONE PERHAPS BUT THE ANGEL!
THE STORY OPENS IN A DOWNTOWN TAVERN!
BRR! THAT CUSTOMER'S THE WEIRDEST LOOKING GUY, I EVER SAW!
T'ANKS FOR THE DOUGH! WHAT ABOUT A BEER?
THE WEIRD LOOKING GENTLEMAN HAS EXPENSIVE TASTES...
NO CHATEAU QUIM WINE? I'LL HAVE NOTHING, THEN!
SORRY... BUT THEY STOPPED IMPORTING IT SINCE THE WAR BEGAN!
HURRY UP WITH MY BEER!

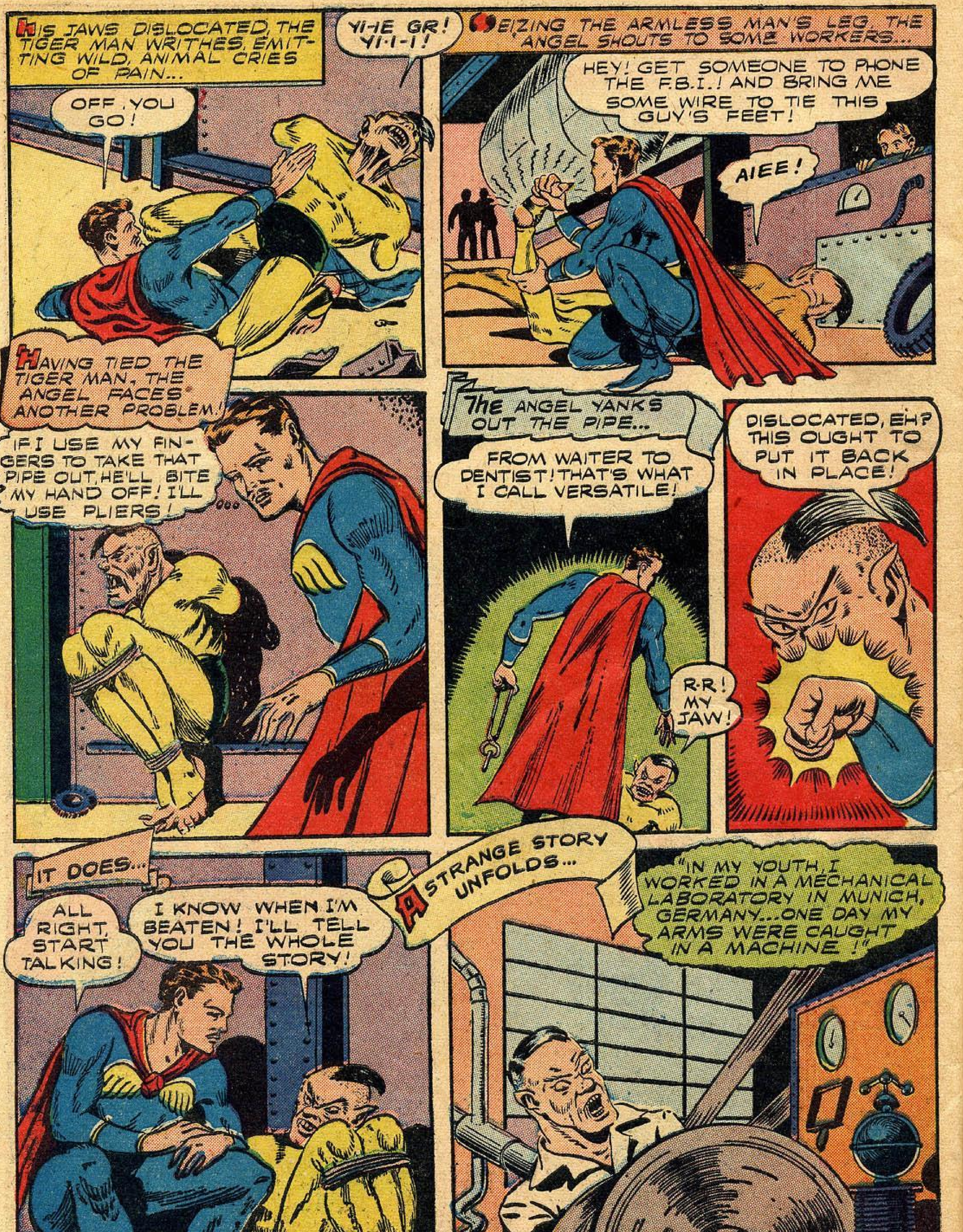

THE CLOAKED MAN AND HIS COMPANION DEPART...
A NICE, DARK ALLEY... NOW!
TIGER-LIKE, THE CLOAKED MAN POUNCES ON THE OTHER!
YEOW!
PARALYZED BY GNASHING TEETH, THE VICTIM FALLS! THE TIGER MAN LEAPS UPON HIM... HIS FEET SMASHING HIM TO DEATH!!
100
NOT BAD! I'VE ELIMINATED A POSSIBLE INFORMER AND GOTTEN THE BRIBE MONEY BACK! HEH! HEH!
Next Day
THE ANGEL READS THE STORY OF THE MURDER!
DILL, THE VICTIM WORKED AT JOHNSTON'S DEFENSE PLANT! I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION WITH THE DEFENSE PROGRAM... WE'LL SEE!
THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE TAVERN...
DILL CAME HERE REGULARLY! MAYBE THE KILLER CAME TOO.
LARRY'S TAVERN
...YEAH! HE WAS WITH A STRANGE LOOKIN' GUY WHO ORDERED CHATEAU QUIM!
I THINK I'LL SEE THE WINE WHOLESALER!
DOMBY & SON WHOLESALERS OF FINE WINES
WE'VE GOT A SMALL QUANTITY IN STOCK! ONLY PLACE THAT SELLS IT NOW IS THE HOTEL METROPOLE!
THANK, YOU!
THE ANGEL, FOLLOWING UP THE NEW LEAD, DINES AT THE METROPOLE... AND ORDERS CHATEAU QUIM!
THE ONLY OTHER MAN I KNOW WHO ORDERS THAT, IS THE PARTY IN ROOM 712... CURIOUS GENTLEMAN! ALWAYS WEARS A CLOAK!
HMM! I SEE... SAY... WOULD YOU LEND ME YOUR WAITER'S OUTFIT? I'LL PAY YOU WELL!
2

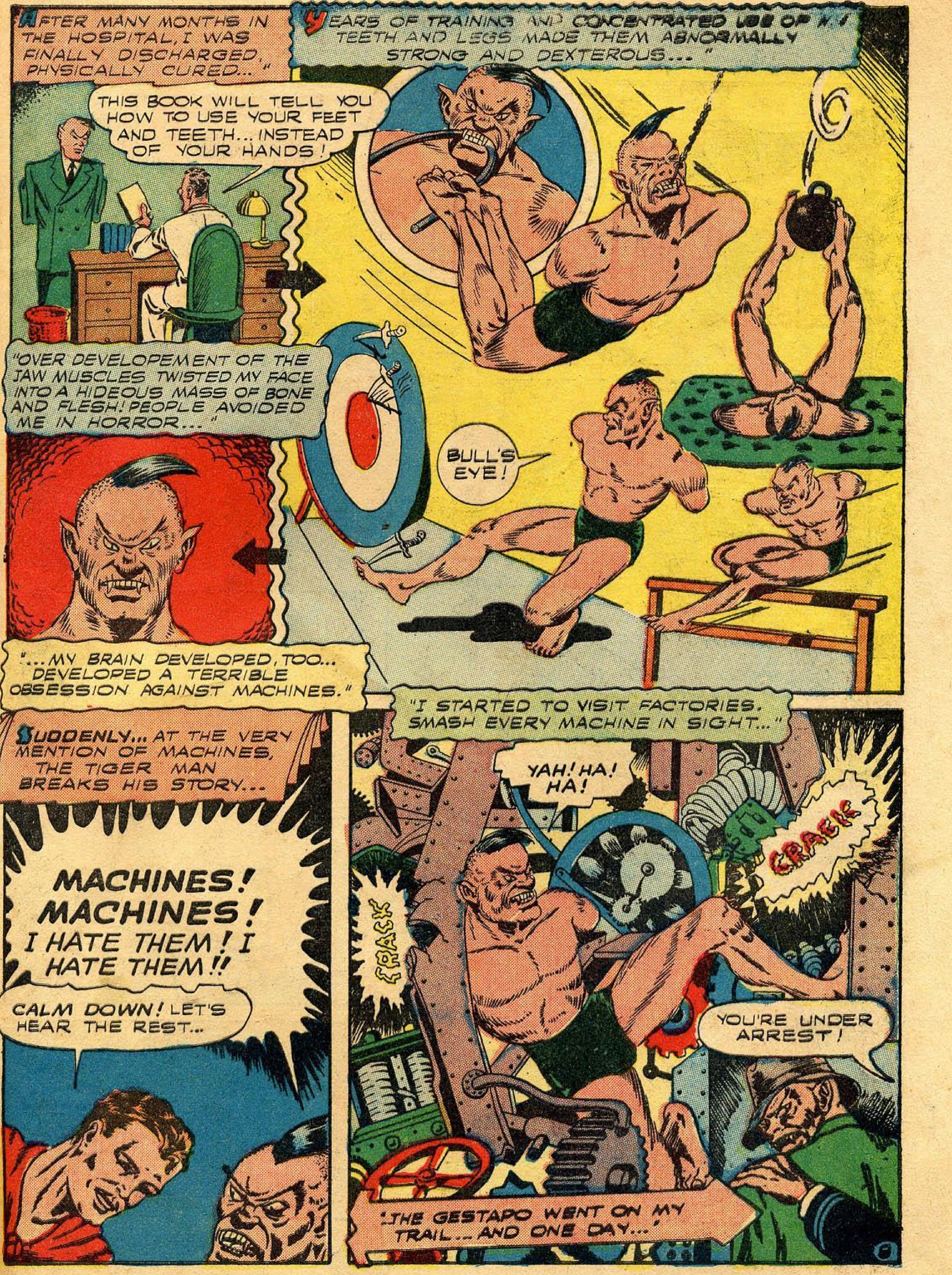

BETTER HURRY UP! HE'S ORDERED HIS SUPPER BROUGHT TO HIS ROOM AT ONCE!
THE WAITER AGREES..
HIS NAME IS HERTZ. THIS IS IT... HERE GOES.
KNOCK KNOCK
IT'S THE TIGER MAN, ALL RIGHT! THE ANGEL PUTS DOWN THE MEAL AND TURNS...
I'LL SHADOW HIM WHEN HE LEAVES THE HOTEL!...
SAY, DON'T YOU WANT A TIP?
WHIPPING OFF HIS CLOAK, HERTZ REVEALS HE IS ARMLESS! WITH HIS TOES, HE FLIPS A COIN THAT FALLS SHORT.. THEN,
YOU'RE NOT A WAITER! OTHERWISE YOU'D HAVE WAITED FOR A TIP! NOW I RECOGNIZE YOU... THE ANGEL... TAKE THAT!
BUT..
OW!
SPLAT
TRY SOME FIST!
ANGEL'S FISTS ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE TIGER MAN... HE WHIRLS AND RUNS...
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!
BETTER GET THIS SUIT OFF!
THE TIGER MAN RUSHES DOWN THE STAIRCASE WITH THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL HOVERING BEHIND HIM...
NO TIME TO WAIT FOR AN ELEVATOR!
THE CHANDELIER! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
REACHING THE LOBBY MEZZANINE, THE ARMLESS MAN PAUSES...
HE LEAPED TO THE CHANDELIER CHAIN! SO WILL I!

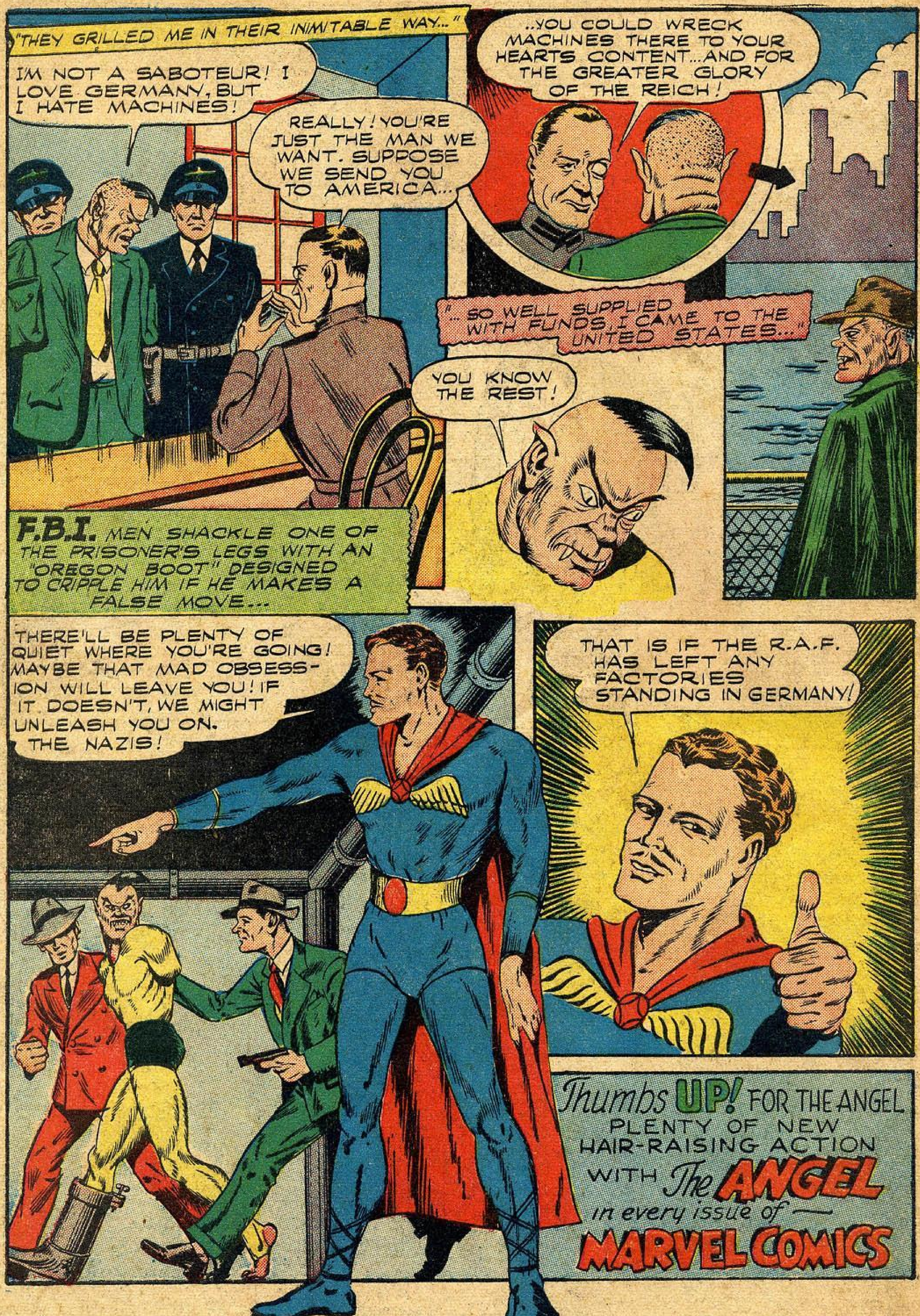

HIS CLOAK SWEEPING OUTWARD THE ANGEL HURTLES INTO SPACE AS THE CHANDELIER SWINGS ABOVE THE CROWDED LOBBY!
HEY! AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT FOR ME?
SEIZING THE CHAIN WITH ONE HAND THE ANGEL GRABS THE TIGER MAN'S FOOT WITH THE OTHER!
LET GO, OR...
FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!
WRENCHING HIS FOOT FREE THE TIGER MAN KICKS DOWNWARD AND THE ANGEL LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE CHAIN!
AS THE ANGEL HITS THE FLOOR STUNNED, THE TIGER MAN SCRAMBLES DOWN...
NOW TO GET PAST..
THE HOUSE DETECTIVE...
THE MANAGER..
AND THE DOORMAN!
THE ANGEL RECOVERS HIS SENSES ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT..
HE GOT AWAY!


HOPING TO FIND A CLUE, THE ANGEL RANSACKS THE TIGER MAN'S ROOM...
AHA! ADVERTISEMENTS DESCRIBING. EVERY FACTORY IN THE STATE! EVERYONE BUT THE JOHNSTON PLANT! THAT TIES UP WITH DILL'S MURDER!
THE TIGER MAN WASTES NO TIME...
THIS IS IT! THE JOHNSTON PLANT! NOW TO ENTER VIA THE REAR!
Meanwhile...
HE'S GONE TO THE FACTORY, AT ONCE BECAUSE HE KNOWS I'M ON HIS TRAIL! I'VE GOT TO MOVE **FAST!**
TEL METR
THE CAT-LIKE EYES OF THE TIGER MAN FALL ON A LONELY GUARD...
WITH HIS TEETH, HE DIGS A HOLLOW UNDER THE CYCLONE FENCE.
R-RR-R!
THEN SNEAKS BEHIND THE GUARD... OUT LEAPS A POWERFUL FOOT!
AG-HRR!
CLAMPING A SKELETON KEY BETWEEN HIS TEETH, HE SHOVES IT INTO A LOCK!
ACCORDING TO DILL'S PLAN, THIS DOOR LEADS TO THE STEAM CONTROL ROOM...
5
NOW TO OPEN THE MASTER VALVE... R-RR-R!
PRESSURE
SLOWLY, THE PRESSURE GAUGE NEEDLE STARTS TO TURN...
AT LAST, THE PROTECTIVE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS OVER THE FACTORY...
THAT GUARD'S UNCONSCIOUS... AND THE BACK DOOR'S OPEN! THAT MEANS THE TIGER MAN'S INSIDE!


AS THE TIGER MAN TURNS THE WHEEL, THE STEAM PRESSURE MOUNTS! SUDDENLY A HUGE BOILER EXPLODES, SHOWERING THE PLANT WITH FLYING STEEL AND SCALDING STEAM!
AIEE! I'M BURNED! BURNED!
THE SHRIEK OF MAD LAUGHTER CUTS THROUGH THE GROANS OF THE INJURED AS THE TIGER MAN HURLS TOOL AFTER TOOL INTO THE DELICATELY ADJUSTED MACHINES!
YAH! YAH! HA! HA!
CR-R-R-R
The ANGEL APPEARS ON THE SCENE...
THAT'S THE LAST MACHINE YOU'LL WRECK!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
THE ARMLESS MAN POUNCES! NEARER AND NEARER GLEAM HIS SAVAGE TEETH.. THE ANGEL'S HAND SLITHERS ACROSS THE FLOOR...
I MISSED HIM!
YOU SAID IT AND NOW IT'S MY TURN!
...AND CLOSES UPON A PIECE OF PIPE...
EMPLOYING A TRICK USED BY PEARL DIVERS FIGHTING SHARKS, THE ANGEL JAMS THE PIPE INTO THE TIGER MAN'S MOUTH... LOCKING IT SHUT!!

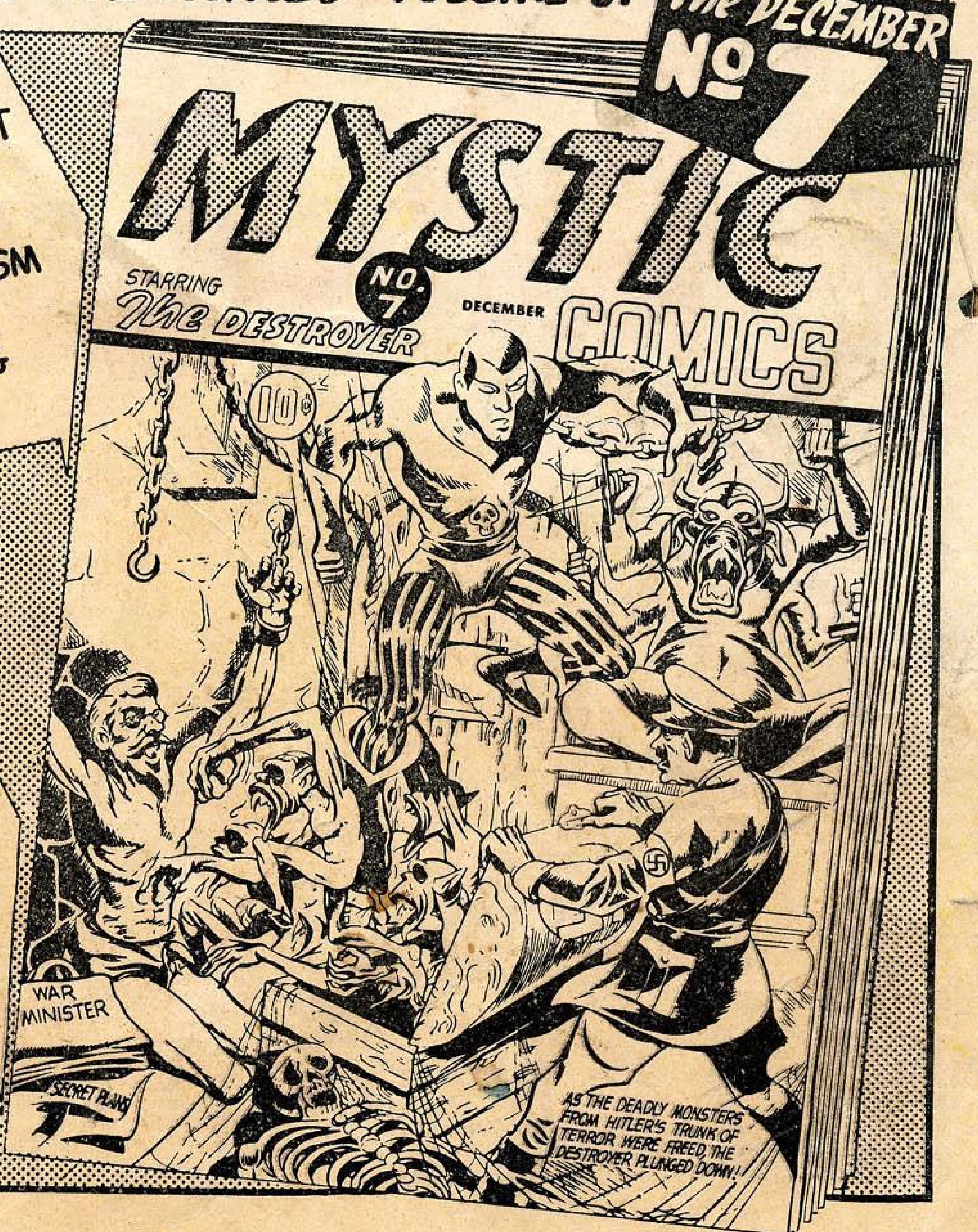

HIS JAWS DISLOCATED, THE TIGER MAN WRITHES, EMITTING WILD, ANIMAL CRIES OF PAIN...
YI-IE GR! YI-I-I!
OFF, YOU GO!
SEIZING THE ARMLESS MAN'S LEG, THE ANGEL SHOUTS TO SOME WORKERS...
HEY! GET SOMEONE TO PHONE THE F.B.I.! AND BRING ME SOME WIRE TO TIE THIS GUY'S FEET!
AIEE!
HAVING TIED THE TIGER MAN, THE ANGEL FACES ANOTHER PROBLEM!
IF I USE MY FINGERS TO TAKE THAT PIPE OUT, HE'LL BITE MY HAND OFF! I'LL USE PLIERS!
THE ANGEL YANKS OUT THE PIPE...
FROM WAITER TO DENTIST! THAT'S WHAT I CALL VERSATILE!
R-R! MY JAW!
DISLOCATED, EH? THIS OUGHT TO PUT IT BACK IN PLACE!
IT DOES...
ALL RIGHT, START TALKING!
I KNOW WHEN I'M BEATEN! I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY!
A STRANGE STORY UNFOLDS...
"IN MY YOUTH, I WORKED IN A MECHANICAL LABORATORY IN MUNICH, GERMANY...ONE DAY MY ARMS WERE CAUGHT IN A MACHINE!"


AFTER MANY MONTHS IN THE HOSPITAL, I WAS FINALLY DISCHARGED, PHYSICALLY CURED..."
THIS BOOK WILL TELL YOU HOW TO USE YOUR FEET AND TEETH... INSTEAD OF YOUR HANDS!
YEARS OF TRAINING AND CONCENTRATED USE OF MY TEETH AND LEGS MADE THEM ABNORMALLY STRONG AND DEXTEROUS..."
"OVER DEVELOPEMENT OF THE JAW MUSCLES TWISTED MY FACE INTO A HIDEOUS MASS OF BONE AND FLESH! PEOPLE AVOIDED ME IN HORROR..."
BULL'S EYE!
"...MY BRAIN DEVELOPED, TOO... DEVELOPED A TERRIBLE OBSESSION AGAINST MACHINES."
SUDDENLY... AT THE VERY MENTION OF MACHINES, THE TIGER MAN BREAKS HIS STORY...
MACHINES! MACHINES! I HATE THEM! I HATE THEM!!
CALM DOWN! LET'S HEAR THE REST...
"I STARTED TO VISIT FACTORIES. SMASH EVERY MACHINE IN SIGHT..."
YAH! HA! HA!
CRACK
CRASH
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
"THE GESTAPO WENT ON MY TRAIL... AND ONE DAY..."


"THEY GRILLED ME IN THEIR INIMITABLE WAY..."
I'M NOT A SABOTEUR! I LOVE GERMANY, BUT I HATE MACHINES!
REALLY! YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WE WANT. SUPPOSE WE SEND YOU TO AMERICA...
..YOU COULD WRECK MACHINES THERE TO YOUR HEARTS CONTENT...AND FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF THE REICH!
"...SO WELL SUPPLIED WITH FUNDS, I CAME TO THE UNITED STATES..."
YOU KNOW THE REST!
F.B.I. MEN SHACKLE ONE OF THE PRISONER'S LEGS WITH AN "OREGON BOOT" DESIGNED TO CRIPPLE HIM IF HE MAKES A FALSE MOVE...
THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF QUIET WHERE YOU'RE GOING! MAYBE THAT MAD OBSESSION WILL LEAVE YOU! IF IT DOESN'T, WE MIGHT UNLEASH YOU ON. THE NAZIS!
THAT IS IF THE R.A.F. HAS LEFT ANY FACTORIES STANDING IN GERMANY!
Thumbs UP! FOR THE ANGEL
PLENTY OF NEW HAIR-RAISING ACTION WITH The ANGEL in every issue of —
MARVEL COMICS

The BOOK YOU WANT!
The STORIES YOU DEMANDED
The EXCITEMENT YOU LOVE

ALL BROUGHT TOGETHER IN THE ***NEW, LARGE, ACTION-CRAMMED*** VOLUME OF The DECEMBER No 7

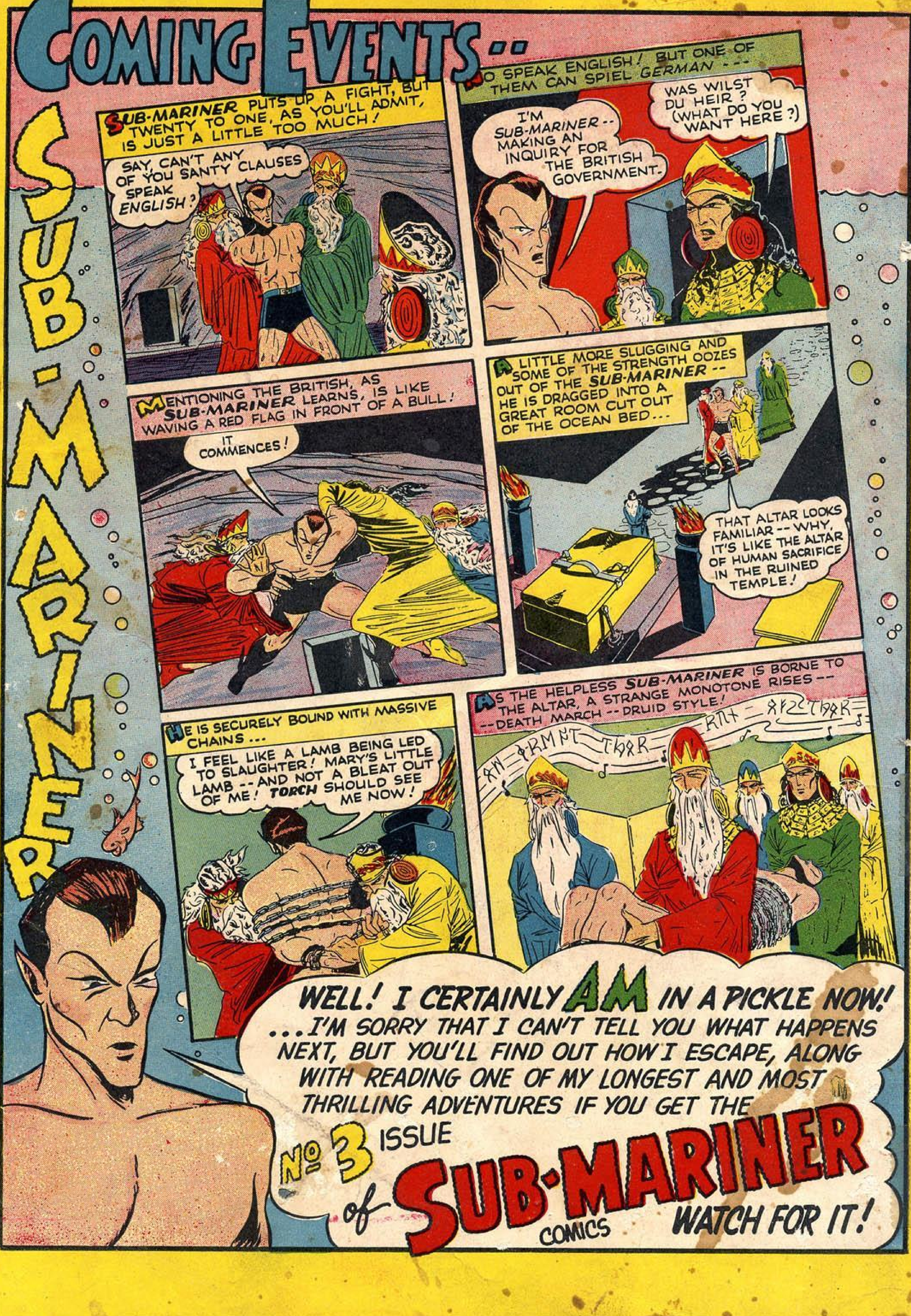

MYSTIC COMICS
STARRING
The DESTROYER
NO. 7
DECEMBER
10¢
WAR MINISTER
SECRET PLANS
AS THE DEADLY MONSTERS FROM HITLER'S TRUNK OF TERROR WERE FREED, THE DESTROYER PLUNGED DOWN!

LED OFF BY 15 PAGES OF THE NEWEST ***DESTROYER*** ADVENTURE, AS KEEN MARLOW BATTLES NAZISM INSIDE GERMANY WITH HIS VERY LIFE HANGING IN THE BALANCE!

Also

DON'T MISS!

The CHALLENGER
The BLACK WIDOW
DAVY AND THE DEMON
The WITNESS
BLACK MARVEL
BLAZING SKULL
The TERROR


COMING EVENTS..
SUB-MARINER
SUB-MARINER PUTS UP A FIGHT, BUT TWENTY TO ONE, AS YOU'LL ADMIT, IS JUST A LITTLE TOO MUCH!
SAY, CAN'T ANY OF YOU SANTY CLAUSES SPEAK ENGLISH?
NO SPEAK ENGLISH! BUT ONE OF THEM CAN SPIEL GERMAN ---
I'M SUB-MARINER -- MAKING AN INQUIRY FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.
WAS WILST DU HEIR? (WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?)
MENTIONING THE BRITISH, AS SUB-MARINER LEARNS, IS LIKE WAVING A RED FLAG IN FRONT OF A BULL!
IT COMMENCES!
A LITTLE MORE SLUGGING AND SOME OF THE STRENGTH OOZES OUT OF THE SUB-MARINER -- HE IS DRAGGED INTO A GREAT ROOM CUT OUT OF THE OCEAN BED...
THAT ALTAR LOOKS FAMILIAR -- WHY, IT'S LIKE THE ALTAR OF HUMAN SACRIFICE IN THE RUINED TEMPLE!
HE IS SECURELY BOUND WITH MASSIVE CHAINS...
I FEEL LIKE A LAMB BEING LED TO SLAUGHTER! MARY'S LITTLE LAMB -- AND NOT A BLEAT OUT OF ME! TORCH SHOULD SEE ME NOW!
AS THE HELPLESS SUB-MARINER IS BORNE TO THE ALTAR, A STRANGE MONOTONE RISES -- --DEATH MARCH -- DRUID STYLE!
WELL! I CERTAINLY AM IN A PICKLE NOW! ...I'M SORRY THAT I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, BUT YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW I ESCAPE, ALONG WITH READING ONE OF MY LONGEST AND MOST THRILLING ADVENTURES IF YOU GET THE
No 3 ISSUE of SUB-MARINER COMICS
WATCH FOR IT!